

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

European Front

WHILE the Western Allies swing their vast land, sea, and air power into position for the grand assault upon the Nazis, Adolf Hitler seeks desperately to reassure a badly shaken Germany that the "Atlantic Wall," at least, is impregnable. But like the pledges given by Marshal Hermann Göring in 1940, that no German city would be bombed in this war, Hitler's claims for the Atlantic Wall would seem to be just one more abortive prophecy.

Today German leaders are making elaborate comparisons between the defense structures reared along the Atlantic coasts and the Maginot Line in France — and a complete reversal of Germany's military attitude is evident in that propaganda.

Until last November the Germans called this coastal system the "West Wall." Now this title is being applied once more to the original pre-war fortifications along the Rhine. Thus, even while the Nazis wax lyrical about the might of their defenses along the Atlantic shore, they apparently envisage eventual retreat to the old western frontiers of the Reich.

Yet warnings from London and Washington about the strength of Germany's Atlantic Wall and the probable costs of breaching it have substance. These fortifications extend from Narvik to the vicinity of Bordeaux. They have been under construction ever since the loss of the Battle of England, in late 1940, raised the possibility of an eventual counter-invasion from Britain. The "East Wall" in Russia began to take formidable shape only a year ago.

Fortifications on the French Mediterranean shore and along the Italian peninsula did not get really under way until after the North African invasion, in late 1942. The Nazis have had approximately three and one-half years at their disposal for development of

defenses along the Atlantic coasts of Europe, with a prodigal supply of forced labor to supplement the work of their famous Todt Organization, under direction of highly competent military engineers.

What is the Atlantic Wall?

Properly speaking, the Atlantic Wall is not a wall at all, but a system of defenses, varying in depth from one occupied country to another, adapted to the requirements of topography and to strategic imperatives.

Central and Northern Norway, though inviting as invasion points, are considered less dangerous by the Germans than *Southern Norway* and *Denmark*. Accordingly, the Atlantic Wall north of Bergen consists mostly of heavy concentrations of coastal artillery supported by tank traps, pillboxes, and fortified strong points, stretching back toward the Swedish border and commanding the main highways and rail lines.

More intensive preparations are reported by the Norse underground in the area of *Southern Norway*, which flanks the gates of the Baltic. Oslo is now a mighty fortress. It is worthy of note that Marshal Erwin Rommel, on his recent inspection tour of the Atlantic Wall, did not go north of this district.

The German High Command regard *Denmark* as one of "the three probable objectives" of any full-scale invasion drive from Britain. They have assembled no fewer than fifteen divisions in the little peninsula country which controls the water gateway to Germany's unprotected Baltic shores and offers a valuable base for direct overland invasion of Germany by way of the estuaries of the Elbe and the Weser. Attack on Denmark in Jutland, moreover, would threaten to isolate the Norwegian garrison.

Danish barricade

Germany's defense system along the coasts of *Jutland* is highly ingenious. Cities and towns situated on the littoral are all fortified. Tank traps command all roads leading from seaports and harbors and strategic waterfront shorelines. These are reinforced by heavy entrenchments, barbed-wire entanglements, and hidden batteries. Esbjerg, the center of the Jutland defense system, is a congeries of blockhouses, gun emplacements, barricades, and subsurface machine-gun nests. In Silkeborg, a fortress similarly enmeshed, every school, hospital, and hotel has been taken over and fortified as a garrison base.

With the unwilling assistance of 38,000 conscripted Danes, the Todt Organization has evacuated whole districts, devastated the buildings, and converted the wreckage into material for the construction of defenses. Clearing away all trees, shrubs, and natural growths which held the dunes from shifting, Nazi engineers have dug subterranean defense labyrinths connected by cement passages entirely below the earth's surface. The works are studded with defense weapons. Sands shifted by the sea winds afford remarkable concealment.

All strategic areas in Copenhagen are mined. Every defense center in Denmark is well stocked with supplies for its defenders. Invasion hostage lists are drawn up here, as in Norway and the Netherlands — lists of Danes who are to be executed in batches in reprisal for every act of assistance given the expected Allied invaders by the glowering Danes.

General von Henneken, German commander in Denmark, has his headquarters astride the rail line at Holsted. This places him in control of the approaches to Schleswig — a logical route for invaders bound for the Reich. Every administrative department of the Danish government is obliged to keep a representative at Henneken's headquarters. Emergency police preparations are set up separately under direction of the Gestapo.

The invasion coasts

The Dutch coast presents a repetition of the Danish pattern. Here the Germans have subterranean shore defenses so close to the sea that at high tide they are almost wholly submerged. Huge tank traps cut athwart many Dutch cities. One, at the Hague, nearly a third of a mile long, parallels the shore approaches where barbed wire entanglements, "bumblebee guns" (firing a highly explosive aerial torpedo), rocket guns, and artillery are supplemented by assorted pillboxes, forts, fortified buildings, and trenches.

Reports from the Dutch underground warn of the possibility that some of the German installations

appear destined for use of gas. If so, the air superiority of the Allies will provide an answer.

The *Netherlands*, *Belgium*, and the northern coasts of *France*, in addition to the actual shore fortifications, have an elaborately developed system of defense in depth. This consists of "hedgehog" positions, adapted from the Russian front and extending at intervals as far back as the great lower loop of the Rhine and the heights of the Meuse. Evidently the German strategy is to hold mobile forces in the rear among these inner lines and fling them as reinforcements at any coastal area where fixed defense forces need help.

The German behind the gun

Despite its apparent power, Germany's difficulties in holding her Atlantic Wall will be many. Air-borne assault troops may invalidate much planning. The German High Command in the West possesses no reserves of importance. It can summon no naval strength adequate to challenge the combined might of the British and American navies in the Channel, the North Sea, or the Bay of Biscay, now that loss of the *Scharnhorst* removes the last of German capital ships in usable condition. The staggering subtractions made by the British this past year from Axis merchant shipping — nearly 1,750,000 tons — cripple Germany's coastal supply system.

In the air, the RAF and the American Eighth Air Force already dominate the skies. No German Luftwaffe reserve can hope to contest their supremacy for long. Finally, the Wehrmacht in the West of Europe is not only badly outnumbered: its morale is bad. The bulk of these German troops have not been in action for more than eighteen months.

Notwithstanding ruthless deportations of able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to Germany, thousands of Dutch, Belgian, Danish, and French men, women, and boys are members of guerrilla forces throughout Western Europe. Sabotage since the Teheran and Cairo conferences is reaching unheard-of proportions. The German command is compelled to immobilize literally thousands of troops to guard its communications, its supply dumps, and its equipment against swift depredations of an elusive, apparently omniscient enemy on the spot.

How numerous that foe is can be divined from the fact that in Belgium alone 190 underground papers defy the German police as invasion approaches. Several of these have circulations exceeding 35,000 each. In France nearly a quarter of a million clandestine issues circulate every week among the population. Here is an invaluable auxiliary which the invading Allies should find useful.

Hitler's New Year

Germany's mood as the most ominous year of the war opens for her in Europe is better reflected in Hitler's unguarded New Year's proclamation, in the dark forebodings of the German domestic press, and in the hysterical campaign of Herr Goebbels against "pessimism," than in boasts about the invincibility of the Atlantic Wall.

Hitler's determination to drag all Europe down into ruin with him in the event of defeat, his remark that this war will leave no victors and no vanquished, but only survivors and annihilated, is a repetition of the pledge given in *Mein Kampf*. It is being demonstrated in Italy and in the Balkans.

Hitler's frank admissions about the disastrous impact of the air war on German production centers fits into the present doomsday mood of the Reich. Nine of Germany's largest cities now consume more than they produce — which cancels them out as war production centers. Five others have been damaged almost as severely. Forty others have felt the flail of the Allied aerial bombardment.

The iron rain on Berlin is playing more havoc with Germany in her efforts to bring Russia to a halt in the East than is generally appreciated. Berlin is not only the largest city on the Continent: it is the key rail center for the whole of Central Europe. Its ruin involves the communications and supply system of the Wehrmacht in the East in an inextricable tangle.

Hitler's "running dogs"

Within the past month the Nazis have made some progress in mending fences among satellite states. But Finland, terrified by the onward sweep of the Russian forces, is wavering again. So is Hungary. The bogey of bolshevism is less effective in Bulgaria, where signs point to a revolutionary explosion, backed by pro-Russian elements. Meantime, with a bewildering complexity of offensives, the Soviet armies slash Germany's lateral communications, driving toward the Baltic, Central Poland, but above all, Rumania and the Balkans.

Russia's gigantic offensive at the north and center of the eastern front is secondary to her smashing progress toward the Balkans through the Dnieper bulge in the South. Von Mannstein is bound to make a desperate attempt to halt the northern lunge along the Bug River line in Central Poland. But can he manage it? This line is the last genuinely powerful defense position left the Nazis east of Warsaw.

The huge German army in the South now faces a battle of annihilation. Its line of withdrawal into the Balkans is inadequate, and the task of herding so

enormous a force to safety into the Carpathians and Rumania may prove beyond the capacity even of German generalship.

France and the underground

The German military are convinced that danger is increasing along the Mediterranean shores of France and in the vicinity of Bordeaux where the Allies might enjoy a secure southern flank in neutral Spain, where they would receive substantial support from guerrilla bands roving the forests and foothills of the French Pyrenees, and where the broad valley of the Garonne opens directly inland from the sea. If the invading forces hit both the Mediterranean shore and the coast near Bordeaux, they might nip off the whole southwestern corner of France.

These possibilities explain Hitler's new French policy. Marshal Pétain, after a brief, futile flurry of rehabilitation, is again under suppression. The notorious Otto Abetz is back in France after nearly two years' absence, with orders elevating Pierre Laval to greater power than the butcher's apprentice from Auvergne has ever before enjoyed. A campaign to exterminate the French underground and guerrilla forces is the immediate result.

The French underground persists. In spite of heavy raids, during which more than 4000 suspected members were arrested in one month by the Gestapo and the Mobile Guard, the three leading resistance groups in Northern France have convened in a secret congress with their eight corresponding groups in the zone once ruled by Vichy. At this gathering, for the first time, the independent Communist resistance group agreed to join a common front. A structure with centralized leadership is the result.

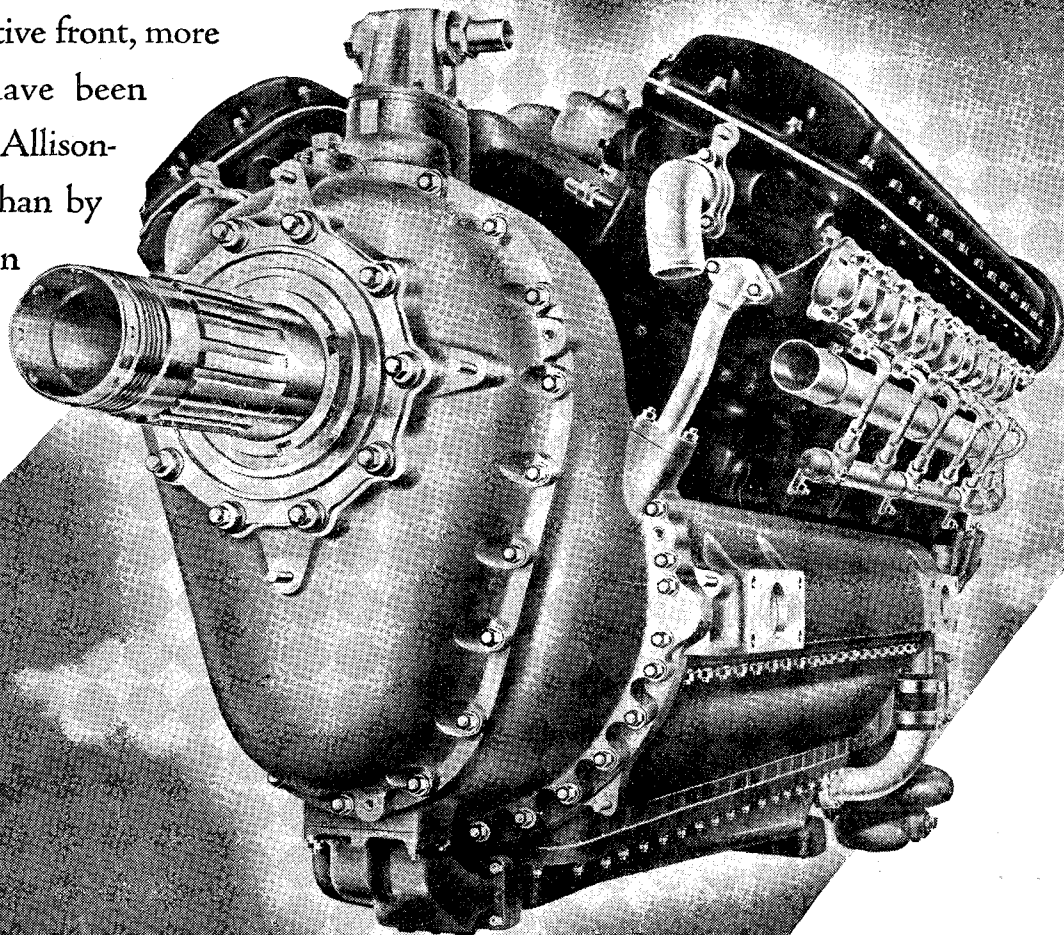
Here, once more, directors of American and British policy face trouble unless there is drastic revision of their attitude toward the French. Moreover, the example of the French in setting up a Committee of National Liberation is being followed elsewhere in Europe. Marshal Tito Broz's Partisans have now instituted a Provisional Government. A Committee is emerging in Bulgaria. A third is in full swing in Northern Italy. This last, like its French model, has been joined by the independent Communists.

WHAT TO WATCH

1. Russia's progress in liquidating the Nazis in the south.
2. Bulgaria — where insurrectionary moves threaten to crumble Germany's whole Balkan bastion.
3. The "softening up" of the coastal defenses of Western Europe and the progress of the Allied effort to lure out and smash the Nazi fighter force.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

The Pacific War

THE fighting in the Pacific demonstrates the wisdom of the original decision to defeat Hitler first. It is clear that this decision was based on the sound military maxim of containing the enemy at his strong point and attacking him at his weakest.

Whatever the contrast between German and Japanese industrial and military strength, we could get at the European Fortress but not at the Co-prosperity Sphere. Yet in spite of the concentration upon Hitler, there is good reason to believe that we have convinced Japan's leaders that they cannot hope to win the war.

If we compare our front in the Pacific with the Russian front, it is not to belittle our allies, but to find a parallel. Like the Russians, we lost just about all the territory and equipment we could afford to lose and still be in a position to strike back.

Our Navy, in the Pacific war, suffered an initial defeat which, in terms of relative fighting power, was as serious as that suffered by the Russian Army. The factors which saved us both are also comparable. The Japanese Navy, like the German Army, overreached itself; it set itself problems of supply of enormous magnitude.

Our submarines in the Pacific did the same work as Russian guerrillas behind German lines; the turning point at the Battle of Midway compares with Stalingrad. Certainly the loss of the Hawaiian Islands, which could easily have followed if we had failed at Midway, would have been as serious for us as would have been the loss of Stalingrad for Russia.

In both cases the enemy lost the initiative because he was outthought as well as outfought. The mark of our offensive against Japan, as of the Russian offen-

sive against Germany, is the shifting weight we throw against the long front; once we secure the initiative, the enemy has the impossible task either of gambling on the direction from which the attack will come, or of fortifying every last inch of frontier. In both cases the reconquest of territory means little if the major forces of the enemy, the German Army and the Japanese Navy, are not destroyed.

Japan's dilemma

It is difficult to say at what moment the Japanese lost the initiative. The process was gradual, taking in Midway, Guadalcanal, Attu; it came with our winning of the battle of production, our acquisition of experience in the technique of jungle fighting, and the shift of the fortunes of war in the Atlantic.

The movement from Guadalcanal to New Guinea and New Britain reveals a brilliant exploitation of sea and air power. If this is island-hopping strategy, it is not the sort that Tokyo expected: it is a process of destroying the enemy by seizing key points and by avoiding all unnecessary deviation.

To secure control of the Vitiaz Strait, for example, we neutralized some 40,000 Japanese on Bougainville, leaving them to starve or attempt to escape. What can Japan do, apart from leaving isolated garrisons to fight desperately, if she does not challenge our control of the sea? She cannot defend her outposts unless she maintains garrisons. But garrisons cannot be supported unless she can keep open her supply lines — a task which requires superiority in the air and on the sea. It takes a lot of shipping to supply possibly 100,000 troops in the area formerly centered on Rabaul.

There are two scores on which Japan cannot hope to match us in the sea and air. One is productive ca-

capacity, which needs no argument. The other is technological superiority. This has been apparent in several sea engagements but is just now striking in the air. A very important factor in upsetting Japanese calculations has been the increasing range of our fighter planes. Formerly they could accompany bombers only 200 miles from their bases, but that range has now been doubled. The explanation of the devastating bombing of Cape Gloucester, of the Marshalls, of airfields all the way from Ceram to Bougainville, lies in the tremendous range and bomb-carrying capacity of the B-24 Liberator bomber.

Japan could hardly have anticipated that, two years after Pearl Harbor, with a European war on our hands, we should be able to acquire naval supremacy in the waters of the Aleutians, in parts of the Central Pacific, and in the Southwest Pacific. Nor could such tremendous bomb loads have been expected — in one week 700 tons were dropped on Cape Gloucester — when we have to fight on a front of 8000 miles, with supply lines of about the same length. Only tremendous resources and superior technology could have achieved this result.

One of the more spectacular developments in airplanes is the new B-25 Mitchell equipped with a 75-millimeter gun, a cannon which flies at 300 miles an hour. This weapon, throwing a 15-pound projectile, is extremely damaging to Japan's shipping. In the New Guinea area five direct hits left a Japanese destroyer sinking.

These are some of the qualitative factors behind the growing Pacific offensive. Add the facts that we now have over 800 warships afloat, that heavy British units are in the Pacific, that many of our big aircraft carriers — there was only one in the Pacific after Midway — are in use against the Japanese, and we can see the basic reason for the changed outlook. Nothing would please our Navy more than a full-dress battle with the elusive Japanese Navy — which will probably remain elusive because it could lose the war in an afternoon.

Admiral Nomura is reported to have said that Japan would win many battles but lose the war if she fought the United States. Whether or not Japan wins more battles depends on many factors — not least the progress of the war in Europe.

Our interest in India

The danger of an attack on India has passed, but the development of India as a base of operations against Burma and Malaya is another matter. It is one in which we have a vital interest because American troops are stationed there (to keep open the route to China) and because whatever happens in India is important to us, politically, in the whole Pacific area.

From a strictly military point of view there is much to know about the strides India is making in industry and the growth of her volunteer army. From a strictly military point of view also we should like to know more about the Bengal famine. To what extent was it due to the loss of Burma, to diversion of shipping, to bad administration?

The disadvantage of the limited discussion of the real problems of India, as of China, in the American press is that the views of those who visit those countries, whether good or bad, will obtain unchallenged circulation. Since many of the reports coming from Americans are not very favorable to the authorities concerned in either country, it is possible that well-meaning official efforts to limit discussion may cause opinion to be malformed.

How to reorganize Asia

There is one aspect of Indian affairs which will concern us more and more as political warfare develops in Asia. It is the old question of the differing British and American attitudes towards imperial possessions. But is it as simple as that? Nothing could be more disastrous than to make the question of imperialism an issue between Britain and the United States — and nothing could be less real. The real issue is an internal one for both the United States and Britain.

If that is not clear to anyone, he has only to watch the Chinese or British press in its search for the future intentions of the American people — will it be the American century or the century of the common man? Eventually we shall have to take sides in the international organization of human freedom.

The war in the East is going to bring this issue to a head more than the war in Europe. There are urgent reasons why discussion should be open and frank. But the price of admission is that we should be serious and responsible.

There are three main methods of organizing large groups of people of differing nationalities and races. The oldest, and in some ways most highly successful, is the British method: it is based on the idea of union of free peoples under one crown. It is in practice a complex composite of many levels of freedom.

The newest method is that of the Soviet Union, based on respect for national and cultural identity of groups forming a federation of soviet republics. In practice it is a composite of great simplicity, held together by a single party and dedicated to the establishment of a planned society.

The third method is our own. Within the Union, we believe in the assimilation of all national and racial groups — but our idea of world organization is still

based on the assumption that all peoples, however large or small, if they are politically independent, will want peace and will achieve prosperity.

Hirohito a prince of peace?

Mr. Grew recently brought one issue to public attention. For two years we have been fighting Japan without very much public discussion of the role of the Japanese Emperor after the war. Something has been done to clarify his position in Japanese political life, but public attention has been directed to the militarists as the chief cause of Japanese aggression.

Mr. Grew suggests that our attitude towards Japan in the post-war world should be coöperative and helpful, not one of browbeating and vindictiveness. We should make clear to the Japanese what they have to gain by joining the family of nations and "playing the game with the rest of the world."

There are elements, Mr. Grew suggests, in Japanese society which would rebuild their country, after a proper probationary period had seen the elimination of the fanatical military spirit, into a respectable member of the international family. In this connection the great devotion of the Japanese people to the Emperor could be a factor for good if the Emperor were a peace-loving man.

The importance of Mr. Grew's speech, even though he was speaking as a private citizen, is that it is the first attempt on the part of a high government official to define any basis for political warfare against Japan.

Considered as political warfare, therefore, Mr. Grew's line is excellent; it provides a basis for splitting the enemy without giving him any ammunition. An attack upon the Emperor would play right into the hands of the militarists, but the suggestion that the militarists misled the Emperor and therefore the people — that we could get on with a peaceful Emperor and a peaceful Japan — is most embarrassing to the militarists. The Tokyo radio reacted immediately, repudiating Mr. Grew's distinction between the Emperor and the militarists.

Our chief concern is not with the future of the Emperor, but with the future of the Japanese people. It is their business whether they want to keep him — and if they do not, no power on earth will be able to put him on his horse again. The general aim of our policy is to make no decisions for liberated peoples, but to establish the conditions in which they can make decisions themselves. Heaven knows we have erred from that policy. But there is no ground for assuming, as some do, that Mr. Grew's speech means the American government is going to back reaction in Japan.

If backing reaction were an issue, there is no question that the American people would take the same stand that Chiang Kai-shek outlined in his brilliant New Year's speech: "As to what form of government Japan should adopt, that question can better be left to the awakened and repentant Japanese people to decide for themselves. More important still," Chiang added, "if the Japanese people should rise in a revolution to punish their warmongers and to overthrow their militarist government, we should respect their spontaneous will and allow them to choose their own form of government."

If President Roosevelt approves of this idea, as Chiang suggests, then we have a basis for propaganda during the war and the hope for an intelligent attitude toward the Japanese people after the war.

The British are thinking more and more about this matter, and are leaning possibly a little in Mr. Grew's direction. The Soviet press has broken a long silence on Japan: it is discussing the Pacific war with a freedom that reveals no fear of Japan's forces in Manchuria.

Backfiring propaganda

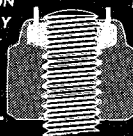
In the meantime the militarists are doing their best to identify themselves with the Emperor. Imperial rescripts continue to pour upon the people the news of great victories against the American Fleet. It is doubtful whether even the Emperor's prestige can withstand the burdens it is asked to bear.

What will happen when the war news is shown by inescapable events to be false? Japanese now believe that in two years Japan has sunk 450 and damaged 250 warships belonging to the United States. Some day this technique of short-term propaganda is going to be bankrupt, and the Emperor may be bankrupt with it.

Without exaggerating Japan's difficulties, it is clear that the more garrisons which have to be reported as dying valiantly to the last man, the more apparent will become the plight into which her leaders have brought her. The capture of Makin and Tarawa by American forces on November 25 was not announced in Japan till December 20. The fall of Attu, however, was announced several days before we received full details. The change in timing is significant.

It is well for us that the Japanese have decided to keep up the heroic line of "honorable death" and "no surrender" for home consumption. While Japan was winning, this announcement occurred infrequently and provided an excellent stimulus to morale, but now that she is losing, the effects of too many examples of useless sacrifice will undoubtedly be depressing.

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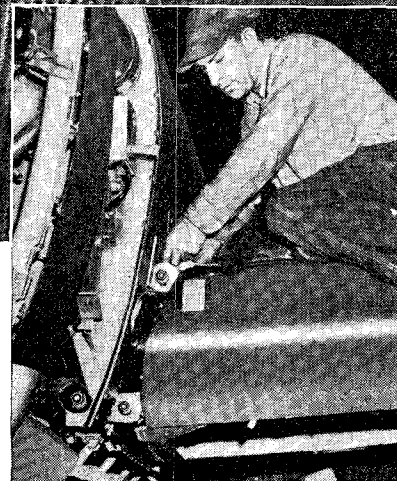
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Latin America

IN THE freezing early morning dark of the High Andes about a week before Christmas in La Paz, Bolivia, there took place what looked, on the surface, like a standard Latin American palace revolution. There were spatters of gunfire about outlying barracks and a rush of picked men on the presidential dwelling. President Enrique Peñaranda left on the next airplane bound for Chile.

By early afternoon it was possible for a revolutionary junta to proclaim itself as a new government. It did so, naming a young army officer, Major Gualberto Villarroel — politically almost unknown, but a Chaco War hero — as Provisional President; and a very important Bolivian political leader, Dr. Victor Paz Estenssoro, an economist, as Finance Minister.

And yet these almost routine proceedings — Bolivia has revolutions substantially in this pattern every few years — confronted the United States and the United Nations with one of the most puzzling and potentially dangerous situations they have had to face in Latin America since World War II began.

The new government's official statements breathed economic collaboration with the United Nations — to whose war plans Bolivian tin, tungsten, quinine, and rubber are vital — and devotion to their cause. The new rulers pledged free elections in 1944 to the Bolivian people and relief for the grievances of the Bolivian tin miners.

The government appointed as its Washington agent Dr. Enrique de Lozada, who resigned his important post as special adviser on Latin American affairs to Nelson Rockefeller, in the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, in order to take the job. A former Bolivian diplomat and Williams College professor, Dr. de Lozada has been pleading for

more than ten years with audiences in the United States for a liberal political solution of Bolivia's problems. Since coming to Washington, he has probably advised Vice President Wallace on his progressive Latin American views quite as intimately as he has Mr. Rockefeller.

Furthermore, when Dr. de Lozada made it a condition of taking the job, that his government disclaim anti-Semitism and recognize Soviet Russia, the junta back home promptly sent him a passionate denial of anti-Jewish policies, and instructions to find some Russians and start negotiations for recognition.

Our State Department deliberates

Known facts in the background of the situation held the State Department in Washington on the uneasy seat past the turn of the year. Dr. Paz Estenssoro, the true chief of the revolution, was mixed up a little more than two years ago in a plot to overthrow the government, with the Nazi Minister to Bolivia, Ernst Wendler, and Bolivia's military attaché in Berlin, Major Elias Belmonte. Within a few weeks of his present coup, Paz Estenssoro was in Buenos Aires, in contact there with old Nazi friends and with important members of the Fascist and pro-Nazi military junta now governing the Argentine.

A number of the new Finance Minister's associates in the coup group at La Paz, such as Alberto Taborga, former head of the national traffic police organization of Bolivia, — which actually functions as a highly ruthless national constabulary, — had many Nazi connections of recent years.

Because of the suspicions aroused by these shady circumstances, Secretary of State Hull took the position, a few days after the coup, that there would be no recognition for the new regime in Bolivia until the

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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

question of its ties with the enemy — and, by implication, with the Argentine military Fascists — had been cleared up. By mid-January, only Argentina had recognized the new Bolivian government.

Wars in the making

The Argentine military Fascists, for their part, consider that, in building up a bloc of anti-United States "strong" governments in lower South America, they have practical interests which transcend anything that might happen to the Nazis. Such a bloc, under Argentine leadership, could conceivably break up the whole program of inter-American collaboration, in the peace as well as during the war, destroy United States influence in Hemisphere matters south of Panama, and eventually, perhaps, challenge Brazil to a struggle for hegemony over South America.

The idea of a coast-to-coast sphere of influence has been an old dream of Argentine "imperialists," dating from long before World War II and even before the coming of the Nazis. Through the Chaco War of 1932-1935 and in many of its relations afterward, Argentine diplomacy has worked subtly to transform Paraguay and Bolivia into friendly satellite states.

Over in Chile, several interesting persuasions are under way. Argentine diplomatic and political agents are known to be infiltrating into Chilean army and conservative circles, spreading the propaganda that a "strong government" — Argentine-authoritarian style — is what Chile needs in order to preserve the security of the republic.

Again, on the Nazi pre-war plan, Chileans are being encouraged to vacation in Argentina, where special concessions on foreign exchange and Argentine food abundance are being utilized to convince them that a "strong" militarist government is the best cure for the acute economic distresses of South American societies.

Finally, Argentine ideas are being circulated quietly among army leaders in Peru, to the effect that only the United States and her United Nations connections are holding back Peru from a conquest of Ecuador; and that a "strong government" coup could rather easily correct these difficulties.

One indication of how seriously the danger is being taken, incidentally, is to be found in the recent action of President Vargas of Brazil in converting most of the boundary territories of the republic into military districts. It is perfectly true — and the Brazilian government's political scouts and diplomatic informants certainly know it — that the Argentine plan for luring half the continent into a federation of "strong governments" has no assurance of succeeding as yet.

Brazil's move to arm her borders suggests that she considers her involvement in a South American balance of power war — or series of wars — within the range of possibility. The Brazilians are inclined to take no chances.



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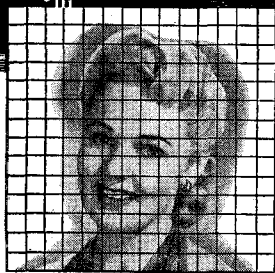
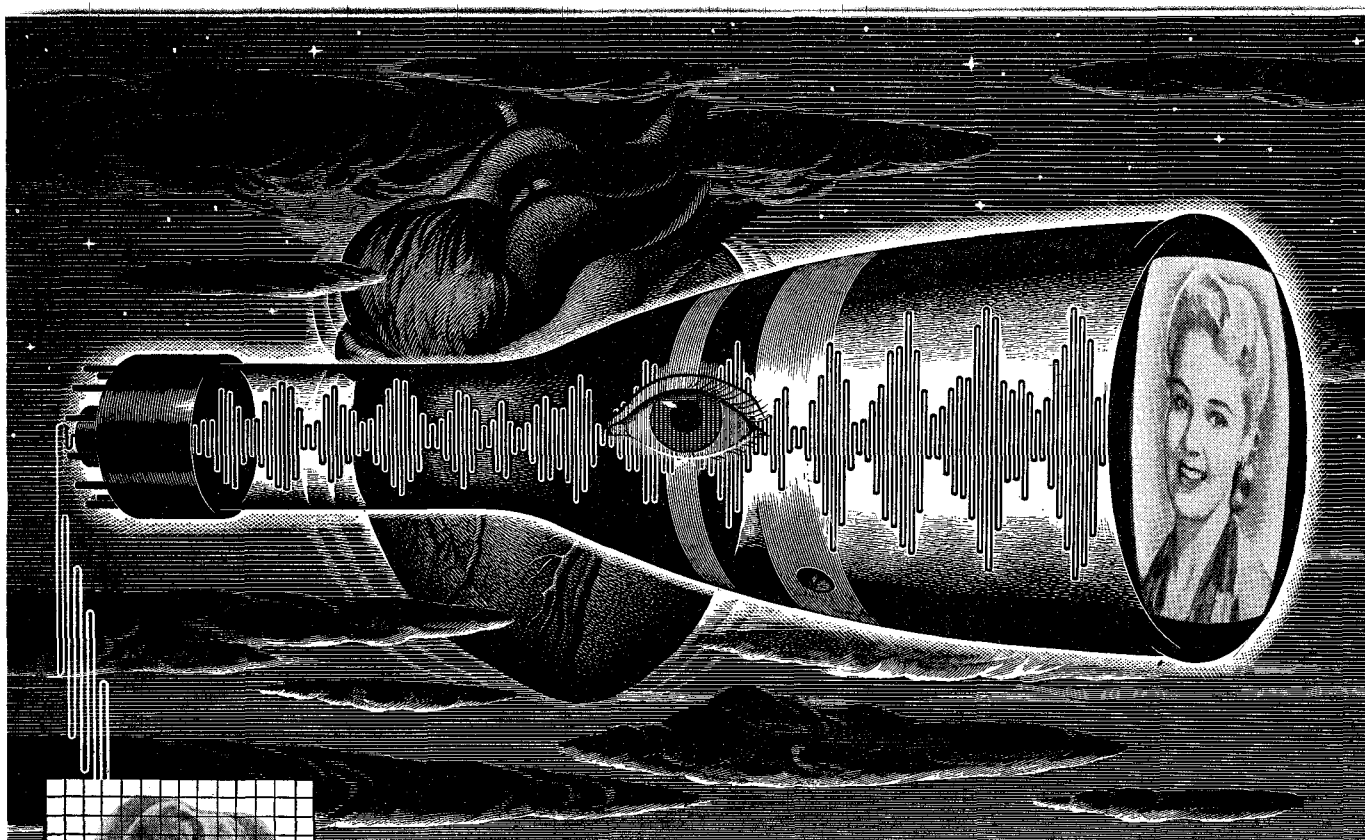
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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

Furthermore, casual as it may appear in the situation, Washington policy is not inclined to allow this kind of dynamite to go off in South America. And this consideration, fairly plainly, played a part in bringing forth, late in December, one of the most revolutionary recommendations for political collaboration in the whole history of inter-American diplomacy.

The Inter-American Committee moves

Within less than a week after the Bolivian coup, the Inter-American Committee for the Political Defense of the Western Hemisphere — the basic organization for fighting fifth column activities in the republics — proposed a resolution from its headquarters in Montevideo: that for the duration of the war, new governments established by force in the American continents be refused diplomatic recognition until the other American republics have had a chance to consult together and inform themselves of each new government's loyalty to the United Nations. The governments to be called into consultation, by the terms of the resolution, are to be limited to those which have either broken relations with the Axis or declared war upon it; thus Argentina is excluded.

From Washington, on December 21, Secretary of State Hull sent word back to the Committee that he "wholeheartedly approved" the resolution, and intimated that the United States was ready to start the consulting. By January 7, Mr. Hull could announce a considerable exchange of information among the nineteen anti-Axis countries.

To keep the peace

Technically, of course, the resolution proposed a war measure only. In practice, too, the joint consultation method of recognizing revolutionary governments will work only if it is accepted, and participated in, by all the republics which are now fully active members of the inter-American power concert.

But if it is adopted, such a procedure looks forward to a form of "pooled diplomatic sovereignty" among the American nations, which could offer immense advantages, both immediate and long-range, to the security and peace of the Hemisphere. If such a method should work efficiently during the war, it could easily, by a change of a few words in the Montevideo Resolution, apply to post-war conditions.

A method of the sort foreshadowed by the Montevideo Resolution would not necessarily exclude from recognition a government established by force in order to overthrow dictatorship or tyranny, or to remedy great social and economic abuses.

In other words, an arrangement could be worked out by which all violently established aggressive or threateningly nationalistic governments in the Hemisphere could be denied recognition — and the priceless survival advantages of recognition — until their sister republics could decide, upon mature judgment, to admit them into the privileges of the inter-American concert of republics.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Washington

TEHERAN gave Washington the best close-up it has yet had of the most significant man in modern history — Joseph Stalin. The Russian leader is in a hurry to finish off Hitler. He is not keying his plans, as so many whisperers would have us believe, to American politics in 1944.

The condition of the Russian masses is Stalin's great concern. As soon as Hitler is licked, he wishes without a moment's delay to begin the reconstruction of Russia, so that the living standard of the Russians may be improved until it approximates the best in Europe. That is his consuming ambition.

Stalin held nothing back. He explained what he had done, what he was going to do. His review of the war on the eastern front persuaded our military observers that this is the strategy. Even the tactics are Stalin's, for not a move is made without his inspiration. It was against this background that the military could judge his pledges.

When the Anglo-Americans had finished explaining their intentions, he made his longest statement. When they hurled themselves over the divide, he said, they would probably think they had all the Nazi legions to contend with. They must not mistake noise for strength. He would still be containing over 200 enemy divisions, and, he added, he still had several score more reserve divisions which he would usher into the fight on the morrow of invasion.

This was sweet music to the Anglo-American strategists. There had been much speculation on Russia's reserve strength, but because of the complete lack of information from the Russians, Russia has been terra incognita. Not only the military intelligence, but the economic intelligence as well, has known nothing about the Russian potential.

A well-known British economist whose job is evaluating other countries for the military has said that, while he could understand Germany economically, he had to confess that there were no data at all on Russia on which he could base a single conclusion. It will be different from now on. Information became a two-way process for the first time at Teheran. And Stalin inspired faith in his data as well as in his pledges. Our observers came back with the impression that Stalin is both a military genius and a man of his word.

The Russian bogey

This was perhaps the outstanding result of Teheran. In military Washington the suspicion of Russia has hitherto been profound. Now all the crossed fingers have been uncrossed. The military skepticism was, of course, explicable on grounds of Russian secrecy. Russians could urge, by way of extenuation, that they couldn't trust any secret in the whispering gallery of the American capital.

Aside from lack of information, however, our military intelligence can be justifiably charged with prejudice. There was a sort of vested interest in the original estimate that Russia would fold up in six weeks.

The only military man on our side who had faith in Russia's residual strength was General Philip Faymonville. He knew the Russians intimately. For a generation he had been military attaché either in Tokyo or Moscow. But when his prognostications proved right, the Army dropped him. The Lend-Lease Administration put him back in Russia. Again he ran foul of the military, and now he is back in America on service somewhere in a training camp.

G-2, as our military intelligence is called, simply had no faith in Russian staying power. Perhaps the reason

was that it rated the Nazis too high. Up till Teheran, at any rate, its members were describing German retreats as strategic.

Army respect for the German machine has always been august. Only three months ago General Strong, head of G-2, was calling the Nazi might greater than in 1939. In absolute terms, it is; but it is absurd to contend that it is greater relatively.

Russia and Japan

Stalin's banter at Teheran was indulged in, apparently, at Churchill's expense. Churchill's first meeting with Stalin, in 1942, was evidently not very successful. At that time Stalin shared the general Russian view that the war would be won by "Russian blood, American material, and British time." Churchill at Moscow didn't take kindly to Stalin's chaffing. He appeared equally uncomfortable when, at the dinner table, Stalin made sly references to Allied procrastination.

During one of these exhibitions of Stalin's raillery the Prime Minister spoke about the war with Japan. He brought it up again in the official conferences. When would Russia declare war on Japan? In Washington the belief now prevails that within twenty-four hours of the defeat of Hitler, Russia will be at war with Japan.

That Russia will make war on Japan seems obvious from the circumstances of this global conflict. Russia is more and more an Asiatic power. It must be a party to the remaking of the map of the Far East; and the entrance fee to peacemaking, to paraphrase Badoglio in connection with Italy's war on France, is a share of the casualties.

It is difficult to find out what Russia thinks of the preliminary draft of the peace terms to be exacted of Japan. One gathers that Stalin raised no objection to them. As to the general peace, the Big Four appear to be agreed upon a new map dotted with free ports and United Nations bases, so as to maximize trade and to ensure security.

There will be no soft peace in regard to either Germany or Japan. It will be a peace secured by sanctions continuously applied. It is the consensus in Washington that this assumption of joint responsibility arising out of a realistic appraisal of the present war is the best assurance that peace will survive.

Germany's fate

Of course, the problems of either the transition period or the peace were not all settled at the world conferences. Policy toward Germany has been fixed. But the method of applying that policy requires further exchanges. There may be zones of occupation, per-

haps integrated by a tripartite committee sitting in Berlin. The alternative is a military government for all Germany, composed of representatives of America, Britain, and Russia. It is felt in Washington that this sort of condominium would be a difficult arrangement to work out.

That the Russians are set on retribution is obvious from the trials at Kharkov. These have caused such uneasiness in London and Washington over the possibility of reprisals at the expense of American and British prisoners in Germany that the American and British governments have been constrained to ask Moscow to postpone the trials.

In other respects the three governments see eye to eye about the treatment of Germany. Demilitarization is basic. There will be no wholesale dismemberment, though if separatist tendencies show themselves, they will be encouraged.

As much agreement has not been obtained about Eastern Europe or the Balkans. Stalin has declared flatly that Russia's new frontiers are a Russian concern, though the Administration clings to the hope that one of these days our good offices may be entertained in behalf of Poland and Finland. The fate of all the border countries is a matter of concern to Washington.

AMG and FEA

The importance of AMG — the Allied military government of occupied territories — in the transition period is still a question. Will it be given the responsibility for the restoration of civilian functions and the beginning of reconstruction? The notion of a continuance of military government is unfortunate. The phrase has disturbed several of the governments in exile. In Washington the headquarters of AMG at the Combined Chiefs of Staff are known as the Office of Civilian Affairs. That gives a better idea of what AMG has aimed at.

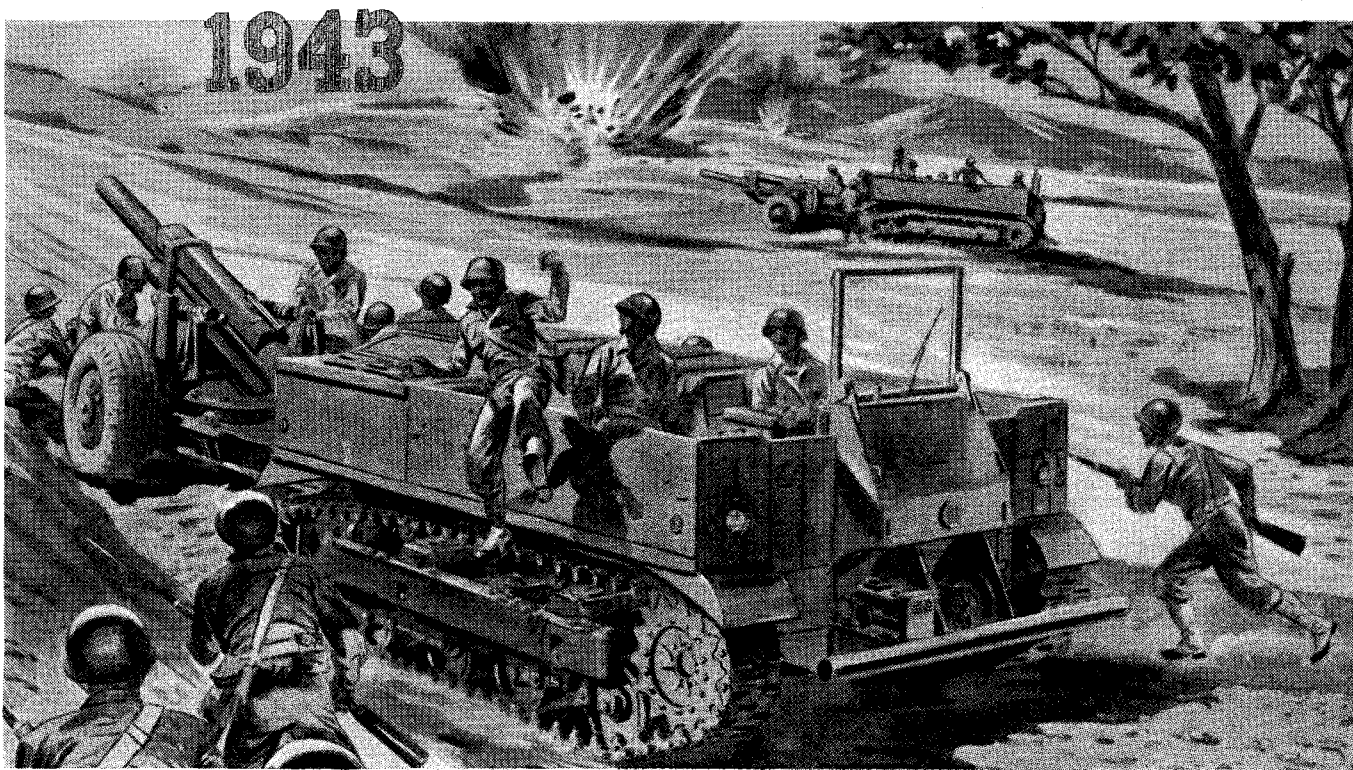
The organization in liberated Italy has made arrangements for supplies, afforded aid in relief and rehabilitation, and endeavored to assist the rise of civil authority free from enemy taint. The task has proved extremely difficult. There has been the great difficulty of transporting needed goods. Military operations have had the first priority, of course, and the Germans did a capital job of wrecking Italian ports.

Civilian agencies have been set up by the Allies to further the work of reconstruction. One of these agencies is UNRRA, or United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration; the other is FEA, or Foreign Economics Administration. The men in these organizations will carry on where AMG leaves



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WASHINGTON (continued)

off. The relation between UNRRA and FEA, however, is still unclear, and FEA itself is in an embryonic state.

FEA is the grand amalgamation of all the government agencies having to do with economic relations abroad. It arose out of the Wallace-Jones feud. In FEA are absorbed the following agencies: Office of Economic Warfare, Lend-Lease Administration, Procurement Division of the Commodity Credit Corporation, Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, Office of Foreign Economic Coordination of the State Department.

So far as one can make out, FEA has a few men in the field already, but not many. Some have acted as consultants and observers with AMG in Italy, ready, presumably, to take over when AMG finishes its task. Others have come back to Washington to await the outcome of the present reshuffle, notably James M. Landis and Alexander Royce, who had been sent to Africa with credentials from the Office of Foreign Economic Coordination of the State Department.

Presumably FEA, carrying out policies laid down by the State Department, will supervise on the spot American units of UNRRA. But nobody seems to be certain that it will. It looks as if some more coordination is necessary in order to avoid overlapping. There is some question, indeed, whether FEA will ever attain any large degree of effectiveness under its present management.

In the meantime reliance has been placed on AMG in the hope that it would prove the grand coordinator of our non-belligerent activities in the transition period. In Washington the job has been headed up by John J. McCloy, Assistant Secretary of War, Dean Acheson, Assistant Secretary of State, who is also an officer in the UNRRA setup, and Lauchlin Currie, Executive Director of FEA. McCloy is reputed to be the directing genius. He has been in closest touch with AMG operations in the field.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

Washington observes the contrast between the direction abroad and the lack of it at home. The domestic spectacle gives the appearance of players competing to kick through their own goal. Civilian officials feel that the domestic mess will be straightened out when heavier casualties occur.

The mood of the Capital urges that the fruits of victory be not imperiled by the lesions in the home front. Compromise is the order of the day between Congress and the President. Only by compromise can government show a solid front to all the pressure groups which have been making a football of the government. The new firmness is necessary to afford a breathing space in which the two branches of government can cooperate to prepare for peace — an increasingly urgent duty.



LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

In Memoriam: Laurence Binyon

Sir:

It is nearly a year since Laurence Binyon died. His noble gifts as a poet are widely recognized; one of his poems, "For the Fallen," has become part of our national inheritance. His love for the masters of English water-color painting, for Turner, Girtin, and Cotman, for Blake and his followers, for the arts of India, China, and Japan, indeed for all work touched with the glow of imagination, has stirred thousands in both hemispheres. Moreover, his own high character, his response to anything he found gallant in life, among young people especially, made his influence one of the most fruitful of our generation.

He himself found the greatest pleasure and enlightenment in visits to other countries, in appreciation of their ways of life and thought as well as of their art, cities, and countryside. Some of the contacts thus made ripened into intimate friendships.

It is proposed to establish a Binyon bursary at his old University, Oxford, to give, so far as the fund collected will permit, annually, or biannually, a student (or students) the opportunity, which would not otherwise be open to him, of a visit abroad, to some land, East or West, to which he may be drawn by interest and sympathy.

Donations for this purpose will be gratefully received by Mr. R. C. Trevelyan, Honorable Treasurer, The Shiffolds, Holmbury St. Mary, Dorking, England.

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The Preacher on the Air

Sir:

Apropos of "The Listener's" timely and pertinent words in the December, 1943, *Atlantic* regarding radio preachers, I would add a footnote on the music accompanying their programs. There is the religious jazz which detracts from what should be a beautiful

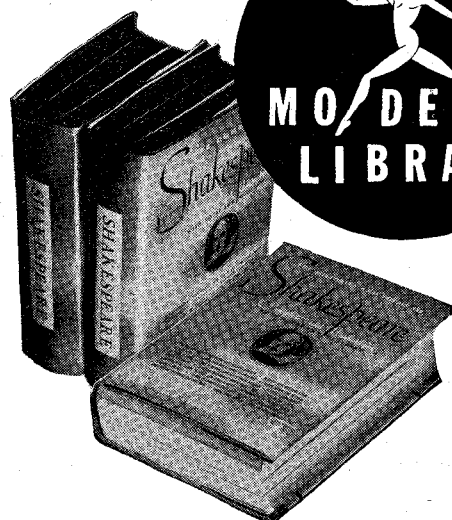
and reverent service; and equally to be deplored is the mournful, long-drawn-out melody of those who have never learned that religion is cause for joy, not grief. Such strains must inevitably repel the scoffer — and no wonder! I have in mind the music of perhaps the most outstanding religious service, broadcast every Sunday afternoon on Eastern networks. An eminent and inspiring preacher, sponsored by the Federal Council of Churches, delivers a most worthwhile sermon, but before he speaks one must endure the doleful outbursts of a gloomy quartet. Oh for singers who can render dignified Christian music with joy and verve!

ROGER S. BOARDMAN
Bloomfield, N. J.

Sir:

I most heartily agree with "The Listener," who in the December, 1943, issue of the *Atlantic* pleads for a more liberal, intelligent, and technically informed use of the radio by American ministers. Living as my wife and I do within a few blocks of what is perhaps the proudest and most imposing citadel of religious intolerance and obscurantism in the United States, I think that I know the religious radio at its worst. How could I help knowing it — does not the mighty radio voice of this church come screeching through the quiet dignity of the New York Philharmonic program each Sunday? Yes, I know religious radio which in its most positive manifestations is an impertinence, in its negative ones a bore. But I know the other side of the picture too, and it does not seem to me that "The Listener" stresses it sufficiently.

A Congregationalist with broad, liberal sympathies for the best in all religions and all churches, I have listened with interest and profound inspiration to the Catholic Hour, the companion Jewish program, and the Protestant half-hour National Vespers, of which Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is the minister. Without wishing to disparage many other fine programs, both national and local, it seems to me that here is religious radio at its best. In these church broadcasts, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, there



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is nothing of the "bark, roar, howl, and bemoan" of which "The Listener" speaks, nothing of the "There will be a meeting of the Finance Committee this week." In them there is the modern spirit, the realistic approach to everyday problems, the beauty and inspiration of the great religious tradition. Nor do these programs beg for an audience. In one season there were seventy-five thousand requests for Dr. Fosdick's printed sermons. I know of another minister, one of the kind of which "The Listener" and, I might add, this correspondent do not approve, whose mail is much larger. But, as a corporal friend of mine in the Army put it, Dr. Fosdick's audience is not the kind which "writes in."

CORPORAL PALMER VAN GUNDY
Camp Haan, Cal.

Handbag Stories

Sir:

F.P.A.'s discourse on Handbagitis in the December, 1943, *Atlantic* reminds me of a routine we had years ago in Chicago to describe a woman paying her fare on a streetcar.

When the conductor came for her nickel:—

She opened her bag and took out her purse and closed the bag and opened her purse and took out a ten-dollar bill and closed her purse and opened her bag and dropped in her purse and closed the bag and handed the conductor ten dollars. He gave her back the change.

She opened her bag and took out her purse and closed the bag and opened her purse and dropped in the change and closed her purse and opened her bag and dropped in the purse and closed the bag and found she was two blocks beyond her destination.

L. C. BURKE
Madison, Wis.

Sir:

Mr. Adams is very funny; and since he is exactly my age, our ideas of humor coincide. The handbag shaft struck home. I chuckled as I started the first of several daily mop-ups of the bathroom. As I cleaned the shelf, I counted:—

FOR HIM

- 1 bottle of hair oil
- 1 razor
- 1 machine for stropping blades
- 1 jar of salt with spoon in it
- 1 glass pint jar for making salt solution to gargle
- 1 ash tray (He prefers the washbowl)
- 1 special tooth powder for Him
- 1 tube nasal jelly
- Shaving cream

FOR HER

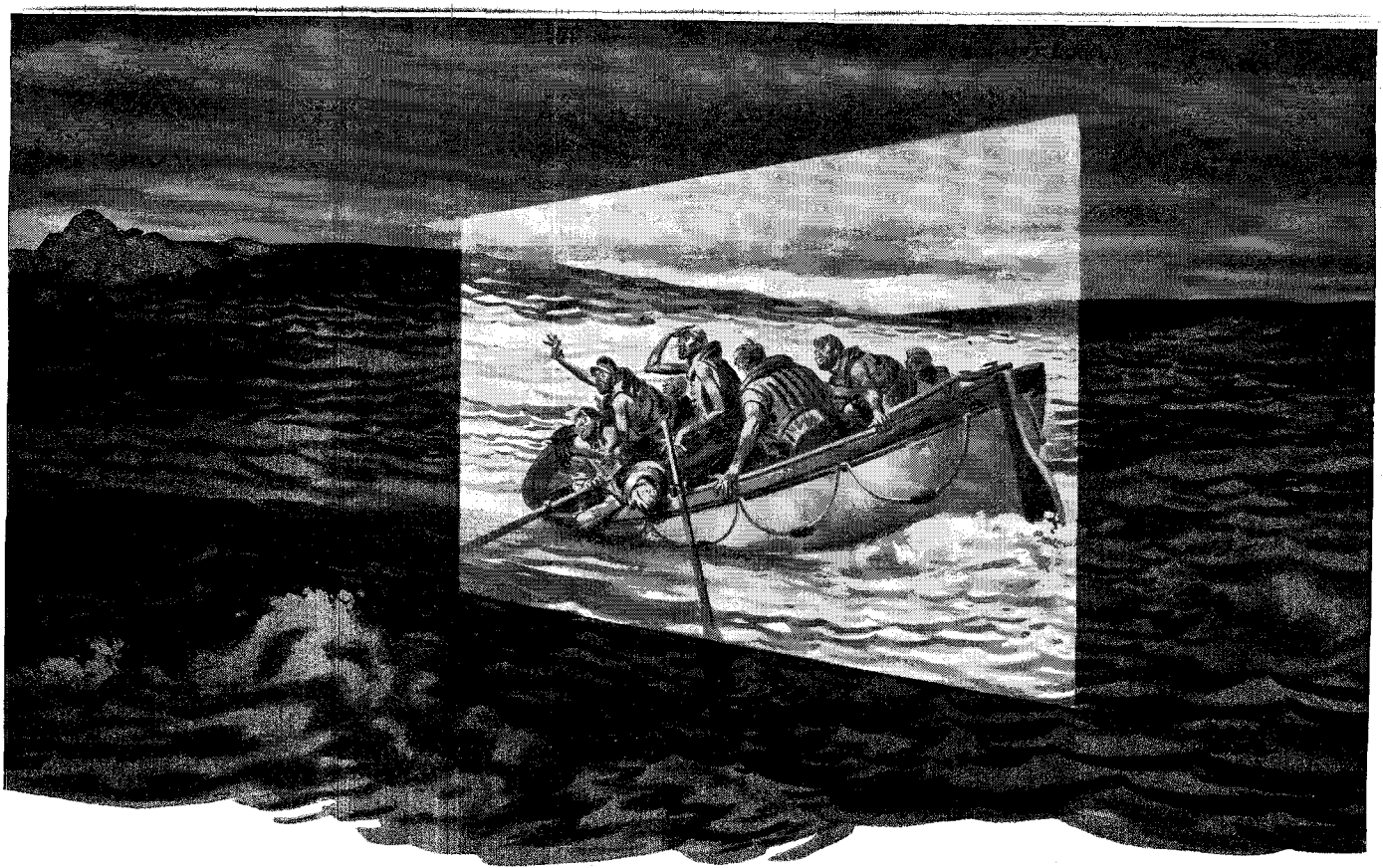
- 1 tube tooth paste

KATHLEEN THOMS
Racine, Wis.

Racial Prejudice

Sir:

The article, "The Negro Comes of Age in Industry" (September, 1943, *Atlantic*), is an encouraging report, as is any report of progress or attempted progress in the direction of breaking down prejudicial barriers against Negroes. I shall never cease to marvel at the naïve glibness with which the American



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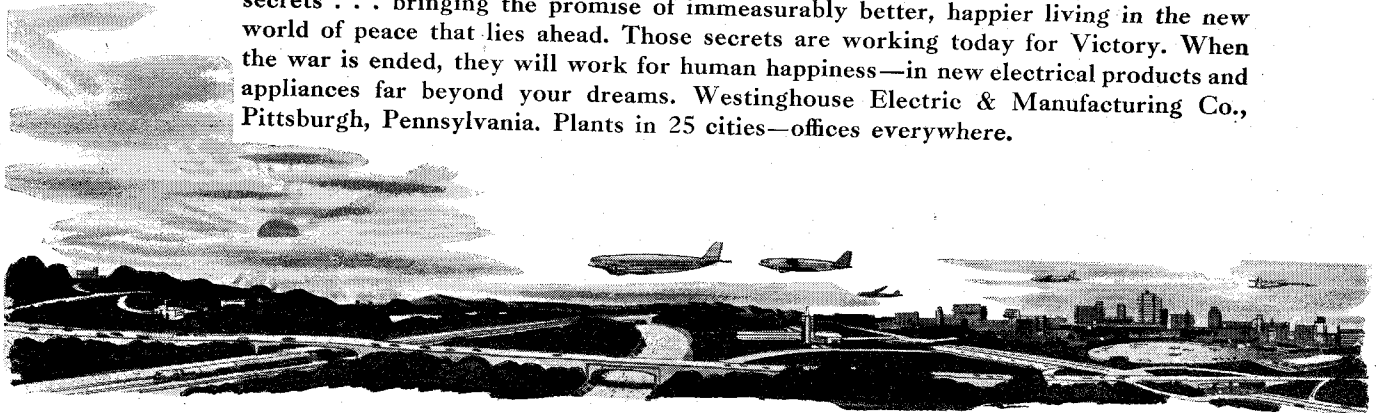
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nation can pursue a war which is ideologically against racial prejudice and at the same time refuse to accept fully the close coöperation of its own racial minorities because of lack of tolerance for them.

I am cynical enough — in a less candid moment I might say "realistic" enough — not to expect a complete social integration of the Negro with the American majority race ever to be accomplished. At the same time I feel that it is within the realm of realistic thinking to believe that this group can be brought efficiently into the economic program of the post-war nation. To achieve an appreciable advance in this connection, however, an enormous change of the basic mental attitude toward minority races must be effected.

Not infrequently the Negro question arises in barracks conversation, and invariably a heated argument ensues. The vehemence with which a large percentage of the men — all normal American youths of at least average intelligence — can hurl invectives against the Negro race is truly terrifying. And the outstanding point is always this: the Negro-baiter never has an argument to explain or to support his hatred; whenever he is backed into a corner argumentatively, he can only shout from the heart of his ignorant prejudice that the black is inferior to the white, he doesn't care what anybody says. The prejudice is neither intuitive nor based upon logic; it has been given birth and allowed unrestrained growth by improper training.

Since the home itself, because of the influence of prejudiced parents, is the principal perpetuator of intolerance, it is left chiefly to the school and to the church to strike at the first inbreedings of prejudice in the younger generation. In the main these organs have been ineffectual even when their efforts have been sincere; and often, I fear, such efforts have been either nonexistent or insincere. The immediate problem of these organs is not to drop eloquent speeches of vague moral principles upon uncomprehending ears, but to attempt to foster in young minds an appreciation of ability and intelligence in whomever it may be found. As it is, the most unlettered Southerner will stubbornly and violently proclaim that the most brilliant Negro is utterly inferior in every respect to any white man; and with this attitude rampant to a greater or lesser degree among Americans, efficient economic coöperation is utterly impossible.

PRIVATE JAMES E. APPLEGATE
Fort Sill, Okla.

I Personally —

Sir:

We have just read the excellent article by Grover Loening in the November, 1943, issue of the *Atlantic*. Also, we are much interested in the preface to this article, which outlined subsequent articles on post-war aviation.

One point in Mr. Loening's article which prompts us particularly to write you is his statement that the requirements of private aviation will be around 100,000 planes, exclusive of the helicopter. We do not suggest that this figure is necessarily too high or too low, but we have tried by every avenue of approach we could think of to arrive at a figure which would represent a really factual forecast of the

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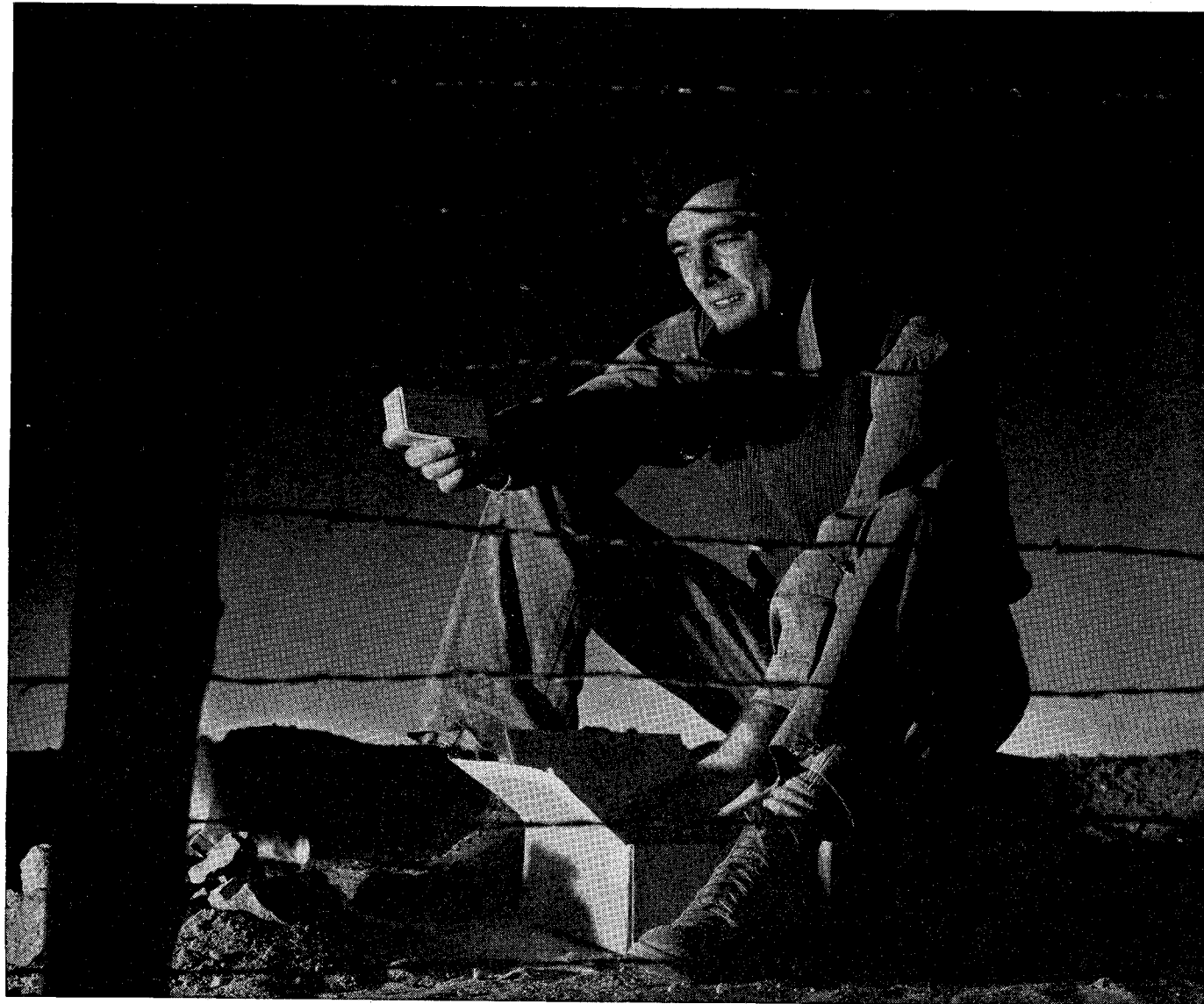
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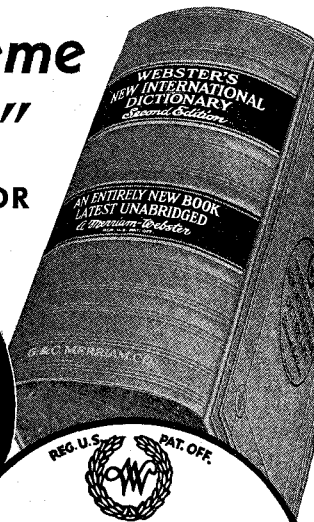
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personal airplane market. These efforts have, in the main, met with no success, largely because there are simply no indices applicable to the question. All factors relating to the subject as they affected personal flying before the war are of very little value in forecasting the post-war era.

DON VALENTINE
Cessna Aircraft Company
Wichita, Kan.

Sir:

The five installments from the diary of Raoul de Roussy de Sales which the *Atlantic* has published, starting with the August, 1943, issue, are completely fascinating. Needless to say, they are trenchant, erudite, and provocative. Beyond that, however, they are a remarkable example of the emotional schizophrenia of the twentieth-century intellectual. For, while posing as a believer in democracy, M. de Sales reveals very little respect for, or understanding of, common people — the persons who, individually and collectively, make a democratic country or world. And, while avowing his faith in the France of *Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité*, he reveals that he accepts those ideals only for a limited few. Ideals, it seems, are for the metropolitan Frenchman, not for the other people who live under the flag of France. Here, M. de Sales is putting himself in the curious and unexpected posture of walking hand in hand with the *Herrenvolk* of Hitler.

This is not to say that M. de Sales and Hitler are synonyms. M. de Sales has the refinement and tolerance that Hitler lacks, and so he is a reasonably harmless example of the "double-standard" ideals and logic which, when adopted by the ruthless, resulted in the war we have today.

Another example of this double-standard thinking came over the radio last night. Senator Wheeler was discussing world affairs. On the one hand, he opposed the Connally Resolution and the Moscow Declaration — because they mean that the United States will have to surrender some of its "sovereignty." On the other hand, the only solution of European troubles is to have a United States of Europe. It's perfectly all right, of course, for European nations to be expected to give up sovereignty, but the United States must not even consider, let's say, a 10 per cent reduction.

No amount of erudition, no amount of debating genius, no amount of patriotism or idealism will achieve the deliverance of a man's thinking until he has got down to fundamental issues and has then been completely honest with himself.

SEYMOUR FISKE OCHSNER
Lake Kushagua, N. Y.

● The December *Atlantic's* "Quotes" reported Professor Samuel M. Brownell of Yale as envisioning "little prospect that the inefficient teaching of today will be replaced by expert instruction in the future." We regret that the report of his remarks which reached us failed to include an important qualifying word. This statement should have ended: "in the *near* future."

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THE LABOR CRISIS

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

REPRESENTATIVES of the A. F. of L., the CIO, and the railroad brotherhoods, meeting recently with President Roosevelt, called the "Little Steel" formula, which is the heart of our wage policy, "outdated," "unworkable," and "untenable" in the light of price increases. The CIO Convention demanded that the formula be scrapped and that collective bargaining be substituted for it. Wage demands are now being presented by many unions, which, if granted, would smash the formula.

The time lost from strikes is rising. During seven months of 1943, labor disputes cost twice as much time as during all of 1942. Substantially more days of production will be lost because of strikes this year than in 1938 or 1940, when we were not at war.

The Smith-Connally Act, designed to prevent strikes among war workers by requiring a thirty-day notice of intention to strike and a government-conducted strike vote, has proved a farce. In over 95 per cent of the strikes among war workers, the law has been simply ignored. Of 87 strike votes conducted in the first five months under the Act, only eight resulted in a vote not to strike. In only one out of four cases where a strike was voted, however, did the men walk out.

Is the national wage stabilization policy about to

break down? Is the lid on wages and prices about to blow off? Is the no-strike pledge given to the President by union leaders shortly after Pearl Harbor about to go into discard? Will the workers of America force the country to choose between having the flow of tanks and planes to the front interrupted, and having a spiral of wage-price increases — a spiral which at the best would leave the purchasing power of most current incomes unchanged? In the face of the growing drive against the "Little Steel" formula and the rising tide of strikes, what should the government do?

Let us see how labor has fared during the war. Next to farmers, wage earners have had a faster rise in incomes than any other group in the country. Payrolls have considerably more than doubled since 1939, and this year will exceed 100 billion dollars for the first time. Although farm incomes have risen faster than wages, the average farmer started from such a low level that even today he gets in a year little more than half as much cash as the average factory employee. The rise in payrolls has been more than four times as great as the rise in all other forms of income combined since 1939, and twenty-four times as large as the rise in payments to property owners. While payrolls were more than doubling, the income of property owners has risen less than 40 per cent and income payments to property owners have risen only 15 per cent.

The spectacular rise in payrolls since 1939 (57 billion dollars in all) has not been brought about in

Farsighted economist, mediator, and teacher, SUMNER H. SLICHTER has held the respect of labor and of management by his nonpartisan attitude toward labor relations. In this paper he throws new light on the human motives and the little-known facts behind our labor crisis.

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the main by a higher price of labor. Indeed, less than one fourth of this rise, or about 13 billion dollars, is attributable to the rise in the price of labor. *Had every wage rate in every plant in the United States been frozen in 1939, payrolls still would have doubled.* The biggest cause of larger payrolls has been more people at work. This accounts for over one third of the rise, or about 21.2 billion dollars. The next largest source of greater payrolls has been the movement of millions of men from low-paying to high-paying plants and industries. It accounts for 13.4 billion dollars of the increase. About 7.1 billion dollars of the increase in payrolls is explained by the longer working week, and 2.1 billion dollars by penalty overtime.

The advance in the price of labor has been considerably less than the public suspects. The currently published figures on average hourly earnings greatly exaggerate the rise in the price of labor because they are based upon the present distribution of workers among industries and, therefore, are raised by the large movement of workers from low-paying to high-paying industries, and also by penalty overtime payments. Had factory workers been distributed among different industries in July, 1943, in exactly the same way that they were distributed in 1939, and had they worked no overtime, their hourly earnings would have been only 82.3 cents instead of 96.3 cents — the figure published by the government. The actual rise in the price of factory labor between 1939 and July, 1943, was about 32.3 per cent, not 52.1 per cent, as indicated by the government's figure.

Workers outside of factories have had smaller increases in wage rates than factory employees. In fifteen non-manufacturing industries employing about 10 million workers, straight-time hourly earnings rose 19.2 per cent between 1939 and July, 1943. There are about 15 million other non-agricultural employees (office workers, employees in theaters, banks, government employees) not included in the published wage figures. No one knows how much their straight-time hourly earnings have risen, but it is probably about 15 per cent. On this assumption, the average increase in the price of labor in all industries between 1939 and July, 1943, was a little more than 20 per cent. In the same period the index of the cost of living rose 24.7 per cent.

The man in the street has the impression that the price of labor has been gradually getting out of control and has been rising faster and faster. This is not true. In fact, for two years the rate at which hourly earnings are rising has been gradually decreasing. The largest increase came during the first half of 1941, when straight-time hourly earnings

in manufacturing (corrected for shifts from low-paying into high-paying industries) advanced 6.6 per cent. In the second half of 1941 the increase was 5.8 per cent; in the first half of 1942, 4.1 per cent; in the second half of 1942, 4.5 per cent; in the first half of 1943, 3.7 per cent.

Note that the decline in the rate of increase came long before the President's stabilization message of April 27, 1942 — the date which marks the beginning of the government's efforts to stabilize wages. Note also that the institution of the policy of stabilization has not accelerated the decline. In fact, the "Little Steel" formula, which was announced in July, 1942, was followed by a temporary rise in the rate of increase. It would be erroneous to conclude that the national wage policy has had no effect in controlling the increase in earnings, but the failure of the policy to produce a recognizable effect on wage trends suggests that other restraints have been more important than the influence of the government. One influence has been the hostility of the public toward strikes. Another has been the opportunity of workers to move into higher-paying jobs. The war has given this chance to about 15 million workers.

2

HAS the national wage policy been fair to the country and fair to the workers? It has been denounced as unfair to the country on the ground that raising wages to meet increases in the cost of living would force up prices, thus creating a vicious spiral. The steady decline in the rate at which wages have increased refutes this criticism of the policy.

But has the policy been fair to the workers? When Congress in October, 1942, sought to strengthen the stabilization policy of the government, it "authorized and directed" the President to stabilize wages "as far as practicable" at the levels of September 15, 1942. The President took advantage of the expression "as far as practicable" to keep the "Little Steel" formula as part of the national wage policy. This permits the wage rates of groups of workers to be raised by 15 per cent above January, 1941, the amount by which the cost of living increased between that time and May, 1942, the effective date of the "Little Steel" decision. Increases beyond this amount are permitted only to correct inequalities or inequities or to aid in the effective prosecution of the war.

Workers argue that if it is fair to protect wages against the rise in the cost of living up to May, 1942, it is fair to protect them beyond that date. Since May, 1942, the index of the cost of living has gone

up 7 per cent. The real cost of living, they argue, has risen much more than the index — mainly because the index does not fully reflect either deterioration in quality or above-ceiling prices.

The demand that wages should be increased to offset rises in the cost of living subsequent to May, 1942, is persuasive. How does one explain to a worker why his protection against higher living costs does not go beyond May, 1942? Certainly there is no logical reason for stopping the adjustment of wages at that particular time.

Despite this shortcoming of the "Little Steel" formula, a large proportion of workers, particularly in manufacturing, have no real cause to find fault with it. More than half of the factory workers are paid by the amount of their output under either piece work or bonus plans. Managements are constantly introducing improvements which make the same *rates* yield larger earnings with no more exertion by workers — often with less exertion. Consequently, straight-time hourly earnings of nearly all piece or bonus workers have risen far faster than the cost of living. Among factory workers as a whole, straight-time hourly earnings (when corrected for shifts of men from low-paying industries into high-paying) rose 27.7 per cent between January, 1941, and July, 1943, in comparison with a rise in the cost of living of only 22.5 per cent in the same period. The advance in the straight-time hourly earnings of piece workers has probably exceeded 35 per cent; that of time workers in factories has been little more than 20 per cent.

The complaint that the index of the cost of living fails to reflect above-ceiling prices is not correct. Agents of the Bureau of Labor Statistics say that a large proportion of the prices reported to them are above the ceiling. It is true, however, that the index fails to reflect fully the drop in the quality of goods. But everyone in the community, not the worker alone, suffers from the poorer quality of goods. It is a cost of the war which everyone shares. Incidentally, most discussions of changes in the cost of living overlook an important respect in which the cost of living has gone down: namely, the fact that the average worker now has fewer dependents. In 1940, there were 1.4 dependents per worker; at present, there are 1.1 dependents. Since 1940 there has been a rise of 8 million in the working force and a drop of 6 million in non-workers.

3

ALTHOUGH the "Little Steel" formula seems to have worked out with substantial fairness to per-

haps half the workers, particularly the piece and bonus workers, some revision is badly needed. The President has asked for an extension of the price stabilization act of October, 1942, but he says nothing about correcting the injustices of the "Little Steel" formula. He proposes subsidies to keep down the cost of some foods. These subsidies may work, or they may simply increase the inflationary pressure elsewhere. And the cost of living involves much more than food. Hence the practice of adjusting wages to meet changes in the cost of living should not stop with May, 1942. It should be carried down to date and new adjustments should be made at reasonable intervals — say every six months.

Would not this change inevitably produce an inflationary spiral? Not if the connection between the cost of living and wages is based upon straight-time hourly *earnings* rather than upon wage rates. The original wording of the "Little Steel" formula was unfortunate: it stated that workers were entitled to adjustments in wage *rates* to offset increases in the cost of living. In practice, however, the "Little Steel" formula has usually been applied as it related to straight-time hourly *earnings* rather than to rates. If this rule is continued (as it should be), the linkage between the cost of living and wages beyond May, 1942, will not produce a vicious spiral. If living costs continue to rise, proportionate increases in labor costs will not be inevitable, because managements could keep down wage rates by helping piece workers and bonus workers to raise their hourly earnings. As indicated above, more than half of the employees in manufacturing are piece or bonus workers, and payment by results is also extensive in mining, transportation, retailing, and selling.

A modification should be made in the "Little Steel" formula to eliminate the gross injustice which it imposes on time workers. The groups of workers whose wages are adjusted by the "Little Steel" formula usually include *everyone* in the plant, both time workers and piece workers. The improvements in working conditions which have helped to raise the earnings of the piece workers have not increased the earnings of the time workers. Hence in many a plant where piece workers formerly earned less than skilled maintenance men, they now earn considerably more. This condition has produced seething discontent among time workers. Consequently, it is only fair that time workers be counted as a separate group in ascertaining whether straight-time hourly earnings have risen as much as the cost of living.

If the "Little Steel" formula were changed as proposed, payrolls would increase during the next year by about 7 billion dollars. This would be only

one third of the rise between 1942 and 1943. The reason for the much smaller increase in payrolls is that three of the principal causes for larger payrolls are disappearing: the working force is no longer growing; hours of work are not increasing; and the large movement from low-paying industries into high-paying industries is virtually over.

It is now becoming apparent that the government has overordered on a large number of items and is holding larger stocks of some goods than can be kept without spoilage. Consequently, even if the war against Germany continues throughout most of 1944, the supply of consumer goods will probably be larger than in 1943. Should the war against Germany end by midsummer, the supply will be *considerably* larger than in 1943. It will not be large enough to absorb all the income of consumers, but the people have already shown a marked disposition not to reach for goods at fancy prices and to hold on to their money until goods of the kind they wish become available.

Although the "Little Steel" formula could be considerably improved without precipitating a disorderly rise in prices, it would be unrealistic to assume that the danger of inflation is over. The revolt against the "Little Steel" formula may precipitate competition among aggressive and powerful groups for preferred treatment from the War Labor Board. The miners have already shown that they are willing to jeopardize the flow of supplies to the men at the front in order to gain a few additional cents a day.

Much harm has been done by ill-informed radio commentators and editorial writers who created the impression that Mr. Lewis won huge concessions when, in fact, he obtained little more than the men could have earned *by working their present hours* under their old contract. Neither piece rates nor basic day rates were raised, and under the new contract penalty overtime is not counted until after forty hours instead of after thirty-five hours as under the old contract. Yet the popular impression that Mr. Lewis achieved great gains has put every union leader "on the spot" by demands from the rank and file that he be tough enough to win concessions equal to those which Mr. Lewis is supposed to have obtained. More dangerous to stabilization than the settlement of the miners' case has been the generous reward to some of the railroad unions after their threats to strike.

If the government continues its policy of giving preferred treatment to powerful groups in response to strikes or threats, the control of wages and prices will quickly break down. One may or may not like the national wage policy. Regardless of personal preferences, however, every citizen should insist

that the government boards apply the policy, whatever it is, without fear or favor, to all groups, large or small, weak or powerful. That is the keystone to preventing inflation. Let the government continue rewarding toughness, and stabilization will quickly be destroyed.

4

WHAT about strikes? The failure of the Smith-Connally Act is plain. In general the law is ignored, but where strike votes are held, the majority is nearly always in favor of interrupting production.

Fortunately, most of the 2500 strikes in ten months of 1943 have been brief flare-ups lasting a day or so. The average strike this year has lasted under five days. About one of four strikes is intended to hasten action by some government agency, and others are spontaneous outbreaks against bad conditions of long standing. Of course, there are glaring exceptions. Jurisdictional strikes particularly are inexcusable in time of war. Such a strike tied up the Massachusetts leather industry for eighteen days, and leather is a high-priority war material.

Quite inexcusable also is the government's policy, embodied in the Smith-Connally Act, of conducting strike votes in war plants. As the fighting becomes grimmer and the casualty lists grow longer, deliberate votes on whether to stop work in an airplane or an ordnance plant will become less and less tolerable. Incidentally, such votes are dangerous to the labor movement, because the soldiers and sailors will remember them when they come back.

The Smith-Connally Act authorizing strike votes should be repealed, and without delay. What else should be done? A general prohibition against strikes is not the answer. Such prohibitions do not work. Revision of the "Little Steel" formula is essential because it would help to remove the sense of injustice from which many workers now smart. A fair wage policy is a necessary foundation for a strong policy toward disputes.

Equally important is a stronger and more uniform policy toward labor disputes. The government should stop the practice (started with Mr. Lewis and now repeated with the steel workers) of offering concessions to men who are on strike. The instigation or support of strikes against government boards or of strikes to compel employers to violate the government's wage stabilization policy should be penalized. This means that taking strike votes, maintaining picket lines, holding strike rallies, and paying strike benefits would all be punishable. Once the War Labor Board or other agency has

made a decision, it should be supported firmly by the President and Mr. Vinson unless price issues are raised. The confusion which has followed failure to observe this rule is illustrated by the railroad crisis. Five operating unions threatened to strike *against* the award of a government board, while, simultaneously, fifteen non-operating unions threatened to strike in order to compel the government to *accept* the award of one of its boards! Incidentally, once the President starts meddling in labor disputes, he virtually invites each union to indulge in strike threats in order to assure that he will intervene in its case.

Even with the best of wage policies, with the best of administration, and with penalties against instigating or supporting certain types of strikes, there are bound to be a few groups of embittered workers who refuse to submit their cases to arbitration, or who reject the awards of the War Labor Board or other agencies and threaten to deprive our soldiers and sailors of urgently needed supplies. The wisest way to handle these situations is to turn them over to the leaders of labor, because uninterrupted production is one of the responsibilities which the labor movement owes to the community.

Let Congress in repealing the Smith-Connally Act create a "Board for Enforcing the Nation's No-Strike Policy." Let it be a small board of six or nine, composed solely of labor leaders, with two or three each from the A. F. of L., the CIO, and the railroad unions, appointed by the President. Let it have one and only one responsibility — that of getting men back to work in the few hard cases where they strike against an order of the War Labor Board or other similar agency, or where they strike rather than accept arbitration.

Such a board should have the authority to deprive strike leaders of seniority rights, to take over a local, to deprive a local of its bargaining rights. In a few cases the board might fail to restore operations promptly. To handle these few cases a national service act is not required. All that is necessary is that the President should be given authority, not only to take over plants, but to call the recalcitrant workers to the colors and to operate the plants as military establishments. This authority might never be used, but in fairness to the men at the front the government must have a sure-fire way of promptly restoring the production of urgently needed supplies.

5

WHAT does the labor situation boil down to? Despite the rise in days lost from strikes, despite the

bad example of the miners, the leather workers, and others, and despite the strike votes of the railroad workers, American labor as a whole does not intend to abandon its no-strike policy. The railroad workers engaged in unfortunate and dangerous bluffing, but they did not intend to strike. The steel workers in announcing their recent wage demands were careful to state that they do not intend to strike. The rubber workers in their convention in October reaffirmed their pledge of "no strikes, no stoppages, no slowdowns, and no interruptions," and stated that they would suspend any member who violated the no-strike pledge. Daniel Tobin, president of the Teamsters and Chauffeurs, which is the largest union in the A. F. of L., has just published a strong no-strike editorial in the union journal. No one can ask for a better statement than Mr. Tobin's.

The greatest danger to labor is from the present timid and vacillating policy of the government. A continuation of the policy of rewarding toughness is bound to bring about a breakdown of the unions' no-strike policy because it plays into the hands of the irresponsible minorities who believe that strikes or strike threats are the way to win concessions. The gains achieved in these ways, however, are likely to be costly to unions in the long run. If the soldiers and sailors come back believing that organized labor let them down, they will support movements to deprive unions of their recently won rights.

The protection of the country against a disorderly rise in prices will require that the new crop of wage demands be for the most part rejected. The straight-time hourly earnings of a large proportion of the workers making these demands have already gone up more than the cost of living and more than the earnings of most other workers. Nevertheless, the "Little Steel" formula must be revised. This statement holds true regardless of whether or not the price of food is kept down by subsidies.

This revision will involve some rise in prices. The rise, however, need not be great enough to require upward adjustments in piece and bonus rates. Hence a vicious spiral of self-sustaining wage and price increases can be avoided. Indeed, there is now a real chance that the danger of inflation will subside until the end of the war. Whether it does or not will depend in the main upon whether the government abandons its policy of rewarding powerful unions for halting or threatening to halt production, and applies a revision of the "Little Steel" formula without discrimination to all groups alike.

THIRTY-FOUR MEN AND I

by ELIZABETH FOWLER

A native-born American, ELIZABETH FOWLER has spent the greater part of her life in England. She, her husband, and their four-year-old daughter Niccie were living peacefully in Kent when the blitz hit. Then the little household was broken up. Mrs. Fowler took Niccie to New York, where she was fortunate in placing her with lend-lease parents. Then she traveled on to the Gold Coast to rejoin her husband, now serving as a doctor in the Colonial Medical Service. After a year in Africa, she secured passage on the little freighter *West Kebar*, planning to pick up her daughter in Manhattan. The big convoy was bound for England, and when her ship was detached for the Atlantic run, her adventures began.

The incidents which follow have been drawn from Mrs. Fowler's book, which is to be published shortly by Dodd, Mead & Company under the title of *Standing Room Only*. — THE EDITOR

1

WE REMAINED with the convoy for a few days after leaving Freetown in Sierra Leone. Then one evening the Commodore of the convoy broke out flags addressed to our ship. We were to proceed "independently routed" for our home port in the United States. We were to be on our own.

"Safe voyage. Godspeed." The signal from the Commodore was repeated by all the ships of the convoy. A stirring send-off, but I felt my heart torn as I watched the convoy vanish on its way to England and all she meant to me: my home for over twenty years.

I wandered into my cabin, which was so stuffy that I went back on deck. As I passed the hatch, I heard the men talking among themselves. I had my knitting, so I kept on at it in the darkness. I felt something of an intruder. The general attitude was that women traveling in wartime were a damned nuisance. Although this was my fourth Atlantic crossing in wartime, there were many ships which would not carry women, and I counted myself lucky to be there.

How enveloping the darkness was! Though it was cool, a heaviness in the air weighed down like a shroud. There was no sound but the rhythmic thud of the engines and the flight of unseen waters as we plowed through them into space. My eyes were resting softly on the impenetrable black when a blinding flash revealed everything with startling clarity. The report of the explosion roared in my ears as I sprawled on the deck. It seemed to boom on into eternity.

The Captain's summing-up cut my dazed thoughts like a razor. "Jesus Christ! This is it."

This is it. This is it. This is it. The words hypnotized me as I picked myself up. I clutched my knitting.

In that split second, the Captain must have sprung like a jack-in-the-box to the bridge. His voice could be heard above shouting orders. Then, "Abandon ship!"

My feet were winged. Abandon ship! I could hear the squeak of my palms as I slid down the rail. When it stopped, I knew I had reached the deck below.

Ah! the home stretch. My cabin was warm and intimate as I groped my way in. All the lights had gone. The scent of my powder lingered on the air, and in that same instant I was aware of a more pungent smell: the dry, acrid tang of gunpowder.

That did stir me. I reached for my life belt where it hung at attention on the doorknob. Easy. I put my hand down for my bag, filled with carefully prepared necessities: a change of clothes (in case I had been caught in bed); toothbrush, paste; drinking glass; bandages, quinine, aspirin; cold cream, flashlight; cigarettes; sweater; passport, money, jewelry.

There it was, bulging but not too heavy, my Burberry folded neatly alongside. Everything went like clockwork. I saw what I must do with beautiful clarity. Almost too easy. Out the door, turn left. Over the coaming, around the hatch, face right. Ten paces past the hatch. Our hatch — our special one. The hatch where, so often, we had drunk our

coffee when we'd quit the stifling fumes of the dining saloon. The hatch where we had lounged in the hot sun. The hatch I had used as a table on which to balance my machine while I practiced typing.

Yes, that was where the hatch had been. Now it was like some giant Christmas pudding, boiling over, bursting its bonds. The blackness was lightened by gray fumes pouring over everything. Dimly I could see that the deck was littered with ropes and tackle. I stepped into a maze of wire. No SOS could leave our ship that night.

2

PALE wraiths which were men swept over to the port side. I sidestepped them in their rush, confident that I had only to proceed to my station.

Fourteen steps up the ladder to the boat deck, where surely Number One lifeboat would be looming, a big and friendly shadow. But there was no boat. Only a great, yawning gap of emptiness. I could feel *that*, all right. The boat wasn't there, and I didn't know my way around any more.

The grayness was creeping up to where I stood. Dark shapes loomed out of the steam and acrid smell from the torpedo's fumes. Then the friendly voices of the boys from next door hailed me.

"Yes, I'm fine, but what about the boat?"

"Has anyone got a light?" someone yelled.

"Yes!" I yelled back, strangely pleased with myself. I scrambled feverishly in my bag, spilling my carefully prepared necessities on the deck to reach my flash.

"Good girl," someone said as it was grabbed away from me and flashed on. There was a yawning gap all right. Nothing in the dark below — just a pulp of wood and water.

"Come on," they yelled.

I found myself whirled completely round by the rush. Our boats to starboard had gone. Those to port were lucky, and we were just "out." We pressed across to the port side. The two remaining boats, Number Two and Number Four, had gone! Peering over the rail, we could see one boat far below. Oh, how far below! We were looking into a vast canyon where there was a tiny boat and it was already crammed full with upturned faces.

"Down you go!" The order was bellowed in my ear.

The ropes over the side were wet and slippery. Flashlights from below dazzled us.

"Why don't they put out those lights?" I implored of no one in particular. "What a target we make!"

My half-empty bag was snatched from me and flung over the side.

"You can't take that down the rope," said a reproving voice.

I'm just a landlubber, I thought meekly, but *why* couldn't I have carried it? Now everything will be gone.

"Down you go." The order came again.

I've got to go down that rope. I urged myself over the side. Heck! My shoe has gone. Now I *do* feel insecure. One shoe off and one shoe on. I thought with a pang of my Burberry left behind.

"Go on!" The voice was savage in its intensity.

"But there's no place to put my foot." I was stalling. "Wait, my other shoe is gone!"

I groped my way down the debarkation net. It was like feeling into a bottomless pit, to find the next rung.

Then I dropped from my hold as the lifeboat rose to meet me. In the boat the atmosphere was grim, intense. Each second beat itself out, awful in that dreadful rumbling and clanking which swelled to a symphony of horror as it was joined by a venomous hissing of steam.

The boat clung to the freighter's side like a pup nuzzling up to its mother. The men sat with their eyes straining against the hulk of the ship as if the concerted effort could shift us.

"Push her off. Push her off," they entreated of each other. No one had a knife, and the boat could not get clear. All was uproar. No one had as yet assumed command. Two men were still coming down the net. One of them was the second mate, who had been on watch. He was fully equipped, and he cut the lines adrift. There was difficulty in getting the oars out from under the men, wedged as they were in such cramped quarters. The oars were slimy, covered with palm oil from the cargo which had splashed over everything in the explosion.

We were off at last! Slowly the boat headed into the choppy sea. The men at the oars were gaining confidence under the voice of command.

"There's a man up there," someone cried.

Sure enough, there was. A light on the after well deck of the torpedoed freighter showed a man perched on the rail.

"It's the Captain," someone yelled.

The Captain gave a long, last look at the decks he had so often trod, then jumped overboard.

We heard no splash, but we saw a tiny red light bobbing in the water. (This was the light which we all had pinned to our life belts: when immersed in water, it automatically ignited.)

Suddenly he was there beside me, wet and glistening, dapper as a seal—for all the world as though he had stepped out of his cabin after a shower, fresh as the morning.

"Never thought I'd make it," he gasped as I pushed harder against my neighbor to make room for him.

The mate continued in command. His voice was monotone, its very deliberateness encouraging.

"Where were you, sir?" one of his men addressed the Captain.

"Up forrard, cutting the rafts adrift," he said.

So he had kept up the tradition of the sea. The last to leave his ship! My admiration for the little man grew as I thought of the risk he had taken, remaining on his sinking ship, doing all he could for those who had had to jump for it. He was over fifty.

Then it came. The second torpedo. That one finished the job. "There go the last of the cockroaches," shouted a wiseacre. The ship cracked amidships. She split up. Her stern and prow stood on end, equally matched. They posed there for a second like partners in an intricate dance, then together they sank. As they slid from sight, the waters frothed and swirled. Fire broke out on the oil over the surface. She was ugly, dirty, cockroach-ridden; but it was anguish to see her go.

3

WHERE to go. . . . We gazed around at ourselves in dismay. In the stern, the Captain held muster. We called out our names in turn while the officers counted.

Thirty-five! Thirty-five human beings crammed in a twenty-six-foot boat. It hadn't been so bad to leave the ship like that, a mass of people as tightly packed as if we had been wedged in the shuttle from Times Square to Grand Central. But to spend the night that way, until we were picked up in the morning, was unthinkable. Yet that was all there was to it. We should just have to hang on until morning. Until we were picked up.

From out of the night an empty raft bore down on us, threatening to crash headlong into the boat with the next wave that broke against her. The oarsmen fended it off. We were in too frail a condition to withstand such an impact, and we were so deep in the water that the sea lapped over the gunwales.

The boys started wisecracking. It was good to hear them. Suddenly the surface of the sea broke. There she was, the epitome of all fear. The U-boat

rose with grave grandeur, shedding a wall of smooth glass off her decks. She headed straight for us. We must have been lying directly in her path.

There were hoarse cries of terror. "She's going to ram us!"

It was a breathless moment. For all her gigantic size, the submarine was maneuvered with the ease of a London taxi, and softly she came to rest a few yards off, a thing of terrible silvery-green beauty. Her Diesel engines turned over smoothly and gently like the hum of a sewing machine. We could hear her guns clicking into position on the deck. They were pointing in grim reality.

Her searchlights dipped and played on the water. They raked around until they found us, then held us in a vise of light. We shrank into ourselves under that unwinking stare. An artificial voice, straight from the movies, bellowed through a megaphone in carefully enunciated English, perfect and precise, "What iss the name of your ship? What iss the name of your ship? What iss —"

Back came the Captain's voice, reluctant, grudging, yet articulate enough. He said it. Then he spelled it with a curse after each letter.

The questions rang out, clipped and clear.

"Iss your commanding officer on board? Iss your com —"

The little man stood up. "I am the Captain!"

"Bring your boat alongside. Bring your boat alongside."

We drew alongside. The Captain shook hands with Mr. Brown, the second mate. He lifted us out of our grim foreboding with his parting shot: "I'll be hoeing potatoes in Hamburg."

Our prayers were with him as he scrambled through the chain rail. There was a neatness and precision about all his movements that gave him great dignity even in the act of surrender.

"They'll never let him go," my thoughts churned on. Then I had visions of the Captain (partly in pity for me, partly because a lone woman is an embarrassment to a boatload of men, a very symbol of bad and leery luck to sailors) asking them to take me. Concentration camp!

Now we were called alongside a second time.

The seas were too heavy for us to be made fast to the submarine. We should have been dashed to pieces against her. This time it was Sparks who was summoned for questioning.

At last the miracle happened. We drew alongside for the third time while our Captain and Sparks were handed back with a cordial good night as though a passing car had stopped for directions.

One of the boys leaned over and patted my hand. "She's gone. It's O.K."

4

THEN the Captain made a speech in his curt New England twang. He told us that he had discussed the situation with his officers and had come to the conclusion that the wisest thing to do was to heave to in that spot for the night — and wait.

This we did, rocking about like a walnut shell.

Thirty-two out of thirty-five of us were seasick. I battled long and hard against the sickness. At last I had to give in and went on being sick all night. When I stopped the first time, I started to ask for water. As I started to speak, it dawned on me that water was now something priceless, to be guarded drop by drop.

The horror of the past few hours was ebbing, and cold was seeping in to take its place. The boat swung giddily at the sea anchor and leaped forward at intervals like a frenzied watchdog at the end of its chain. The muscles of my thighs ached as though they had been pounded with mailed fists from the strain of using them to get a grip on the narrow ledge on which we perched.

Somewhere I had read that the devil himself had schemed the proportions of a lifeboat. That night I found out how true it was. The seats were too high to do anything but dangle our toes from them. The boat was just wide enough to prevent our obtaining any leverage with our feet in that direction, even had there been room enough to do so. I writhed on the razor-edged slats and thought ruefully of my berth in the freighter — which I had disdained simply because of its nightly invasion of cockroaches.

I withdrew into myself, trying to escape the soggy embrace of my clothes as we climbed out of the trough of a wave. There was a sickening swell. The last of my evening meal had gone long before, and it was growing more and more distressing to be sick without any water. A vision of my Burberry, abandoned on the deck, continued to torment me.

When the first gray began to filter through the darkness, it revealed how filthy we were. The whites of the men's eyes were startling in their whiteness. How haggard they looked! During those first few hours of light, it seemed almost indecent to look at one another. We sat there — waiting. The little boat tugged impatiently at the sea anchor. The men beefed among themselves, "What the hell are we waiting for?"

We were all painfully stiff. Even a slight turn from one side to the other required an elaborate marshaling of the senses and muscles. In vain we scanned the horizon for signs of the other lifeboat and the rafts. No boat. No rafts.

As the sun appeared over the horizon, the Captain and the officers took turns squinting over the compass with a thin piece of wood which they held over the box in the direction of the sun.

I began to feel a mounting impatience. I wanted to grouse with the men, "What the hell are we waiting for?" But still our little boat tugged at the anchor and we waited. It was too cold for conversation, but it felt odd to be so closely aware of my neighbors of the night before, with whom I had talked so animatedly, and to feel strange among them.

I began to take stock of myself. I was covered with palm oil from the cargo, as were all the others. Its yellowy-greenish color was sickly, like its smell. I had on a dark-blue linen dress. What had once been a crisp white piqué collar was now a limp gray rag. I couldn't even bother to take it off, although it felt damp and greasy round my neck. I was barefooted. A short scarlet jacket which I had just finished knitting was my only protection against the weather; it was already soaked and had been made more as a colorful accent to my clothes than with any purpose of warmth. Again I thought longingly of my Burberry as I tried to stretch the short sleeves down over my elbows.

It was then that one of the men aft called to me as he held up a familiar-looking garment, navy and white checked gingham.

"Hey, Mrs. Fowler, can we use this?"

It was one of my dresses. I was puzzled as to how it had got there; then I remembered — it had been packed in my emergency bag. By some miracle it had landed in the boat when the bag was thrown overboard, and it must have lain in the bilge all night.

"Sure," I called back, wondering what they could possibly want with it. It turned out that Vincent, the Negro cook, had been taking a shower at the time of the explosion. He hadn't wasted any time worrying about clothes.

A ripple of weak laughter went up when he succeeded in getting into my dress. He was immensely tall and powerfully built; with his huge arms bulging out of the tiny short sleeves and his great pillar of a neck thrusting out of the low-cut collar, he looked grotesque.

I stared around on the vacant ocean, which looked so entirely different from anything I had imagined when enjoying the comfortable altitude of the freighter's deck. We were so low in the water that each succeeding swell cut off our view of the skyline. Some small realization of the forces against us began to seep in as we surveyed the endless miles of water around us. When the Captain gave

orders for the sail to be hoisted, I could hardly contain my joy. The sail filled out and the boat leaped forward, our hearts and hopes with her.

5

THE sun began to shine more strongly and we lifted our faces gratefully to it. There was activity in the stern sheets. We were to have our first rations! Interest quickened. Those who had managed to doze shook themselves and yawned amiably. Here, at last, was something for all to do.

We were to feed twice a day, at 10.00 A.M. and at 5.00 P.M. We were all given a tiny cube of chocolate, about three quarters of an inch square, a couple of hard biscuits, and, most precious of all, our water ration, consisting of two ounces from a measuring cup.

Eager as I was for my portion, I found it hard to reconcile myself to drinking out of that dingy enameled mug, chipped and stained as it was, with its clanking metal chain attached to it. I watched it raised eagerly to a dozen mouths. Then it was my turn. Somehow I had imagined it would be cool and fresh. The stale, tepid water was a disappointment. I tried to ignore the black hairs and bits of dark fluff floating in it. But even as I handed back the mug, I began to realize how great my thirst had become, and how little those few drops had done to quench it.

The full force of the midday sun beat down on us.

Nature did have one consolation for us — one physical function practically ceased. Word got about that a mouthful of salt water would act as a purge. Some of the more fearful tried it with the desired result, but most were content to wait, and we even learned to submit to the distressing cramps that racked our bodies.

Even with this problem disposed of, the function of urinating still remained. The first time the bucket appeared, I gritted my teeth and told myself not to be a fool. But the sound of that bucket being used by thirty-four men in turn was almost more than I could bear. It brought home to me my sex. I felt desperately alone and different.

All the time I was trying to smother what I knew could not be escaped. "I shall have to use that bucket myself." Impossible. It just can't be done. I dismissed both the thought and the urge. Hours passed.

At the next turn of the bucket, in spite of myself, my resolve deepened never to use it. Then I set to and tried to break that resolve. I reasoned and coaxed. I assumed an indifference I could not

maintain. I tried to frighten myself. I bullied and nagged. But it was useless to rail against the Victorian doctrines that had changed a simple function of nature into something associated with shame.

More hours passed, and so it went on until the urge became so great that nothing mattered. When the ordeal was over, I told myself that it had not been so bad. I comforted myself with the thought that, once the first was over, it should prove purely a matter of routine. But each time the struggle repeated itself, and I died a hundred deaths of shame and misery, despising myself for being unable to adapt myself to what, in theory, seemed so simple.

6

WE HAD been about four days out. A growing discontent pervaded the boat. The men were contradicting each other over trifles. As if by magic the quarreling stopped when a plane came in sight. She was smaller than any mosquito, but there she was. Unbelievable but true.

"Break out the Coston gun," snapped the Captain's voice, harsh with suppressed excitement.

Willing hands passed it quickly to Mr. Carter, the third mate. He unpacked the necessary flares and rockets. The Captain ordered the signal flag to be triced up to the masthead. It was a large bunting flag, about eight feet by five, of the bright yellow which has been found to be more visible on the water than any other color. Willing hands bent to carry out his command; but the flag was rotten. A few tattered shreds waved feebly in the breeze, but for the rest, it drooped uselessly.

The disappointed eyes doubled back on the activity in the stern. Mr. Carter fired the rockets from the Coston pistol, and they showered in the sky. Then our tiny parachute flare opened high in the heavens, a brave little symbol of all our hopes. The flare burned brightly as it slowly descended.

By then the plane was the size of a wasp. She droned steadily on. As it roared slowly across the sky, there was no wavering in the plane's purpose. Reluctantly Mr. Carter put back the third flare he was about to release. The men stared after her with unseeing eyes, still expecting the hideous mistake to be rectified. Surely that could not fail to happen before she disappeared! Soon it was difficult to tell which speck was the plane.

The clouds gathered quickly above us. It seemed a fitting finale to our crushed spirits that a squall should break. The rain lashed down on our unheeding faces, and no one thought of his thirst.

"Don't look now, but your slip is showing." The voice seemed to come from another world.

I found that my slip had dropped so that its hem was around my ankles. Wet though it was, my legs were so numb I had not even felt it. I could feel myself blush, however, a thing I hadn't done over more distressing incidents. That slip, covered with oil, grimy from the fumes of the explosion, was enough to make any woman blush. I dragged it off as best I could.

There was trouble in the bow. Quarrels were beginning to break out like ugly boils. Our aching limbs and cramped positions, with enforced proximity, left no room for tempers to blow over; and our position in the boat placed us too far from the seat of authority in the stern for much, if any, discipline.

At first I had been incredulous, but I was beginning to realize that a note of jealousy over me had crept in. It was ridiculous, preposterous. There I was — oil-covered, disheveled, my hair hanging like dank seaweed over my eyes.

Reaching up, I felt my hair. It was stiff with oil and sea water, and I tried to forget that someone had been sick over it that first night out.

I held my hands out in front of me. I shuddered at the thick coating of black oil under and around my nails, and took stock of my feet instead. They were about as bad, although slightly cleaner, through being awash in the bilge most of the time. They were fairly swollen by then.

But the night before, one of them had kissed me. The very thought of it infuriated me. I had felt more astonishment than anger at the time, but by now I was impotent with rage. There was nothing I could do or say. I was too fearful of starting fresh quarrels.

7

NEVER had I guessed that night itself could be so dense in its blackness. Even on the darkest night in the blackout aboard ship, the deck was always there. The solidity and flatness of it beneath my feet penetrated my brain and printed its reality there. But in that frail craft where our feet swung in space while we clung precariously to the narrow bench, we seemed to be hurled out into nothingness.

Even now, with a comfortable interval between us and the night when the submarine had surfaced so startlingly in our path, I found myself still cringing inwardly at the fear of running into something in that blackness. My eyes ached from staring into it, and the muscles of my neck were taut from the dread of preparing for some impact.

"Is that woman there?" It was Mac's voice I could hear above the noise of the gale.

"Tell him I'm all right," I begged.

Mac started in again, "Gol darn it! I've been a seaman for twenty years. I've no use for women, but I'll not stand for one sitting out there in this weather."

"I'm O.K., really I am," I protested.

But it was useless. Mac went on: "I've no use for women" — he wanted everyone to be quite clear about *that* — "but she can't spend the night out there."

Like a bale of hay, I was handed and dragged from man to man. The tiny splash canvas over the bow already had six men crowded under its water-logged roof. I was shoved in among them like a last pair of shoes jammed into an already overflowing suitcase. I could not protest. They were doing their best for me.

Seas breaking over the top of the canvas collected there, and the weight of the water became so heavy that our heads were forced between our knees. My cheekbones felt bruised with the pressure of my knees. The weight of water bowed our shoulders.

The man on lookout stood on the tarpaulin above me, his heel pressing into my spine. I cried out a protest when his foot reached my neck, but it couldn't be heard above the din of the storm and the shouts of the men as they argued in executing orders.

For what seemed hours, I endured my position under the canvas. The stench from the bilge below was unbearable. A crazy fear seized me, the nearest to claustrophobia I have ever felt. The boat would capsize, trapping us like rats under the canvas where we were jammed.

"God Almighty, let me out of here!" I yelled.

No one heeded me. I began to feel faint.

I could stand it no longer and, pummeling the knee of the man next me, I insisted, "I have got to get out of here!"

He ignored me.

Dizzily I felt myself pitching forward and fought the faintness that swept me. When the lookout man changed watch, I seized my opportunity. MacQueen slipped in beside me.

"Mac, I know I'm a nuisance, but I've got to get out of here."

"Aw, fer crying out loud," he fumed.

But somehow the urgency in my voice must have convinced him that I would stand anything rather than be confined like that. Grudgingly he made room for me to edge past him.

"Oh, this is wonderful," I gasped, taking great lungfuls of fresh, untainted air.

In spite of the biting wind, I felt better. The rain came down more heavily than before, but I was no longer conscious of being wet, I no longer felt any pain. I could just feel with my deadened fingers that my skin was shrunken and shriveled.

A fresh burst of sea struck us with the boom of cannon fire. We reeled under its impact. One man started from sleep, though how he had slept through that gale only God knew. "We've been hit. We've been hit," he muttered frantically. It was all his neighbors could do to restrain him as he scrabbled for the side. I tried to laugh with the others, but my face was stiff with cold as though my jaw had been injected with novocain.

The rain never let up all that night. Nor did the men's cursing. We had reached a new low in our powers of endurance. So they cursed. They cursed the Navy, the Navy officers. They cursed the submarine, its commander, the Nazis. They cursed the steamship company, the rain, the war; and women — women in general and women as passengers who didn't have the sense to stay home.

8

THE interminable days wore on. At times we were almost comatose with apathy and thirst, rousing ourselves at intervals to watch the incidents of life in the boat or to accept our rations. The knowledge that it was only a fantasy, that more and more passengers seemed to be crowding on, and that the boat was growing smaller and smaller, did nothing to mitigate our discomfort.

Mac and Kearney continued to stand at night with the patient endurance of cart horses. They would sway to and fro on the ropes, cursing and swearing, wisecracking and kidding each other with a cheerfulness at which I never ceased to marvel.

Kearney was a haggard Scot. He was a tough old salt, the oldest man in the boat, but he had more guts than most of them. In spite of his love for his native land, Kearney loathed and despised the British. He was an American citizen. For all our motley origins, all of us were, except three Canadians.

Early one evening we watched with indifference a pale finger of light sweep across the horizon and dip out of sight with a regularity which we did not comprehend.

Yet we couldn't take our eyes off it. No one dared mention the significance of that unvarying rise and fall. It was easier to smother our speculations than run the awful risk of letting them rush headlong into the treacherous realm of hope.

We continued to be unconcerned, although hope was already beginning to penetrate our shell again. We were still in the boat. We still had a little water. Sometimes we even slept. What if it was an island — who cared?

As the night darkened, the pale finger waxed into a hard bar of gold that cut ruthlessly into our complacent apathy. Aw, the hell with it. Yeah, we see it, but we're O.K. Leave us alone. We're getting on swell. We can take it. What if it is a lighthouse? We believe it. So what?

Next morning all doubts were banished by a line, pencil-thick, that lay along the horizon. It was land, all right. But our water ration at ten o'clock still loomed larger than any far-off portent, however definite. We drank reverently. No perfidious thought of unlimited water to come detracted from the value of what we had now.

The day dragged tediously as the line thickened. Seeing was believing. I had no time for silly rumors, and I brushed aside Mac's information that the Captain's orders were a full mug apiece. When the mug finally came to rest in my hands, I asked no questions, but sluiced it down faster than my constricted throat could deal with it. The effect on us was almost instantaneous. It went to our heads like wine.

I looked at the land with a beginning of interest. Cottages, stone walls, and trees were plainly visible. A patchwork quilt of what we judged to be sugar fields spread itself across the hills. We could see surf pounding on the beaches and in the coves. But not a sign of life. Empty roads bordered the fields, and nothing moved on the deserted island.

I harassed Mac with questions about the topography of Barbados and Martinique. It was reassuring to hear him explain that Barbados was the most likely landfall consistent with the prevailing wind and currents. But I pestered him at intervals for fresh confirmation.

9

A SQUALL burst on us as the last of the daylight went. We huddled down to endure it, forgetting the promise of land. Tomorrow might bring that delirious dream, but now we knew only that our throats ached, and that we were cold and wet. A few protracted rays of the sinking sun were caught in a window of one of the cottages. It stared back at us unwinking, incommunicable, the last thing to gleam and die.

Blind rollers betrayed the proximity of reefs, uncharted and menacing. The knowledge of what lay

below the surface — or rather, the lack of knowledge — turned the night into one fraught with danger. The boundless space of the open sea now seemed a haven.

There was nothing more the Captain could do but endeavor to navigate the boat round the north point and get to the leeward side of the island, far enough out to clear the protruding reefs, yet maintain a position where the boat could be rowed ashore as the wind died out.

Meanwhile Sparks came forward with a flash in each hand and took up his position beside the man on lookout. He braced his back against the mast, and with one foot on the thwart and the other on the port gunwale, he set to work. The flashlights cut silver tunnels into the streaming rain as they blinked out their urgent appeal.

It was frustrating to witness all that effort being poured out with no response. At first we waited expectantly. We felt that it was only a question of persevering, that at any moment an answering light would wink out of the night. Sparks worked on, silently and doggedly, blinking out his distress signals. In the stern the officers sent up rockets at two-hour intervals, each one galvanizing us afresh to new hope. We sat bathed in the red glow from the flare, and the bloodstained sea turned to a nightmare of danger as despair crept back. Sparks worked away steadily until the Captain told him to abandon any further attempts.

"Helluva lousy reception," commented Mac.

"Just like those goddamned Limeys," growled Pat.

I blazed with indignation, but said nothing. I was in the throes of divided loyalty, the penalty of having dual nationality. I had had my British passport in my own right since I was sixteen, yet I had never forfeited my American citizenship. I have always felt allegiance to both countries. Whenever hostile remarks are made about the other country, I have found myself growing hot in defense of the disparaged one. Smoldering at the injustice of their comments, I snapped at them, "Damn it all, these are supposed to be United States-patrolled waters."

It made no difference. They were going to grouse at the Limeys, and I could like it or not. I listened to the outburst, trying to find some justification for their grouses against the British. It was absorbing to notice the different note in their voices when they cursed the British and when they cursed the Nazis.

It was a sort of scornful, indulgent patronage they had for the British, but it was cold loathing for the Nazis and their kind. One was a family affair. That was it! They were fuming the way a man will over family troubles; but let an outsider say a word

against his family, and beware of recriminations! I began to relax as I came to understand the difference.

All that night the squalls blew up in dreary succession. The Captain's peremptory command that each man was to wear his life belt throughout the night did nothing to ease our fears. None of us mentioned it, but I think most of us felt that our chances of surviving the night were small. It was as though my thoughts had been read when someone addressed me: "How far can you swim?"

I tried to answer as casually as though he had asked how many cigarettes I smoked a day. The men were discussing the tide, the currents, and the best way of approaching the shore if we had to swim for it. No one spoke of the white lines cutting the water around us.

10

IT WAS light just before six o'clock. Still no sign of life on the island. The indigo humps of land rose out of the sea with peaceful indifference.

Far off there was a muffled roar. I wondered if it were another symptom of weakness. The roar grew deafening. From around the point a boat raced at us. I felt sick with excitement and closed my eyes. I had the illusion that I was tearing through a subway in some mighty express train. After ten nights of nothing but the sound of the wind and the waves and our flight through the water, the noise was overpowering. I trembled under the impact of sound.

When I opened my eyes there was only a deep-throated gurgle coming from a motor torpedo boat as she coasted swiftly alongside. Her machine guns were trained on us.

A pink-faced officer of the British Navy, dazzling in the whiteness of his uniform, hailed us. "How long have you been out?" The South Downs of Sussex flowed behind his voice.

The boat towered above us like a leviathan. A rope ladder was flung over the side. Some of the boys scrambled forward. They couldn't get off fast enough. I sat where I was.

It had all happened so quickly. One minute we were alone with several hours between us and the deserted shore. The next thing that enormous craft from another world was towering over us, her crew directing their energies to getting us aboard. I couldn't take it in. I shrank into myself, feeling something of the bewilderment of old age watching the increasing pace of the next generation.

Faster, faster.

Someone called out, "Let the woman off first."

I wondered why they had stopped and why they

were looking at me. Someone gave me a kindly nudge. "Go on. Off you go."

I didn't want to move. It was so much easier just to sit there. But they were waiting. Carefully, as though I were made of glass, I slid off the bench into the bilge, dragged myself up to the port gunwale, and stood. I felt exasperated with my knees. They no longer seemed to have any connection with my body. My ankles were like jelly. My feet didn't belong to me. My eyes traveled up the length of the rope ladder. Six rungs. I stood there considering it.

"Go on," someone urged impatiently in my ear.

I was feeling lightheaded. It would have been easier for a seal to have climbed that ladder. My feet were as much use as flippers. An arm reached for me from above. I had forgotten anything could feel so strong.

The deck, so flat and solid, spread out before me in a rhapsody of space. It made me dizzy to watch the crew hustling around. If only they wouldn't move so fast.

"Perhaps you would prefer to go below?"

I was overwhelmed with gratitude. I tried to smile my thanks to the elegant young man with the pink face, but the struggle to make my unruly feet behave took all my attention.

We stood above the great well of the companion-way. The black and white checked linoleum, with its brass binding, rose up with a rush and receded to a sickening depth.

"Can you manage?"

"Yes, I'm all right," I answered as steadily as I could. I hadn't realized how hoarse my throat had become. It came out like a croak against the velvet of his enunciation.

I looked sideways at my escort. He was not only immaculate; he was handsome as a Greek god. He didn't seem to find anything wrong with the steps.

I put my other foot down. It swung giddily through space. Again the miracle happened. A jar that shook my whole body told me I had found the next step. I took the next steps at a rush and teetered down the remaining three.

"Steady there!"

We'd made it. It was a big moment. I looked back up to the top step and marveled at the height from which we had come. Yet from where I stood my eyes were level with the topmost step. I looked down at my feet. I couldn't sort them out after the battle with the stairs.

There was still another obstacle: the coaming leading into the cabin. It surged the way the steps had done, its brass gleaming wickedly at me.

How was I ever going to get my foot over that? I lifted one as high as it would go and stubbed my

bare toes. I could feel that, all right! I tried the other foot with the same result, and finally stood up on the threshold and took it in two separate steps.

"How about some tea?" Apollo asked me. It was all a golden dream. I didn't care if he was fooling. "And a cigarette? Just make yourself at home." He was gone and I was alone.

Alone! The dark green curtain stared back impersonally. I sat down on the edge of the bunk, gripping the edges hard. I was alone. Alone. Alone. Alone. I kept saying it over. The curtains swayed with the motion of the boat. We were moving.

There was a basin in one corner. My eyes went incredulously over the faucets marked HOT and COLD. I was unable to take in the import of what they stood for. On a shelf over the basin stood a razor, a shaving brush, cream, a familiar yellow tube of tooth paste. I wanted to get up and finger all those things, to feel them again; to smooth my hand across the pillow, to feel the dryness of it. But I sat there congealed in dirt and clung to the edge of the bunk.

11

THE engines revved up with a deafening roar and throttled down. Time stood still. The silence trembled with an unearthly peace. I pulled myself up and looked in the mirror, the inevitable gesture of a woman on reaching her destination.

I put my hand up to my cheek. It was baked dry and leathery. I half expected to look like a prune. The mirror told me I was not far wrong. My eyes receded in their sockets, the whites stared back, the only clean thing about me. "It is land, it is land, it is land." It didn't matter that I was still braced for disappointment and didn't really believe it.

A scuffling overhead told me the boys must be getting off. A sudden fear of being left behind made me grope my way after them like a sheep. I found the steps easier going up.

We shuffled off in silence. To the onlooker we must have been a miserable-looking crowd. No one could have guessed we were transfigured with glory.

We had learned a healthy respect for the sea, but with each new step we took on land we were shot through with awe and triumph at the wonder of our survival, conscious that we had passed through our tribulation, that it was over. Even I, who had played no part in that valiant conquest of the sea, felt drunk with power as we wove our way uncertainly across the swaying docks.

A throng of curious bystanders kept a tactful distance, but it was distressing to be so exposed, to be stared at so avidly. They were the usual crowd

that gathers from nowhere to look at the accident case in the street. We made a straggling procession into the twilight of the custom shed. Inside, it seemed vast and enduring as a cathedral.

A woman in uniform hurried toward me. "I'm sorry, I had no idea —" she began. She led me to a luggage platform, where I sat. Leaving me there, she called back after her, "I'm bringing you something hot."

I tried to think how something hot would taste, but I couldn't remember. Instead, I clung to the edge of the platform, which was rocking furiously. When I found I could brace my feet against the floor it was better. I pushed down hard and could feel the blood coursing through them. I thought of nothing beyond the way they throbbed.

An Englishman was telling me something about a "cahh." Some of the boys came up, and we tried to talk. So formal and polite were they, I scarcely knew them. Gone was the easy comradeship of the boat. We chatted like strangers. The waiting seemed endless. I was cold, and all my being and my future were centered on thoughts of a hot bath.

One of the girls in uniform came up. "We didn't expect any women, but perhaps you'll make use of my things." She held out a box of face powder. I laughed, thinking of the mask its delicate tint would make against my skin.

She nodded sympathetically. "How about my comb? It's a good strong one." I dug its teeth into the matted tangle and pulled. It came away, leaving several teeth behind.

"That's quite all right," she assured me; then tried once more, "This might help." It was a lip-stick she offered me. I shook my head. My lips were cracked and swollen.

"You look all right," she lied kindly.

The Englishman came back about the "cahh." It was ready. I followed him, wishing my good Samaritan would come back and help me to walk again. The man opened the door of the car for me. I crawled in. The car chuffed through the narrow streets at a snail's pace.

"Got to go easy on petrol, what with a war on." I had not forgotten.

We went on through the crowded, narrow streets until we turned into a courtyard and came to a standstill. I undid my stiff limbs and stepped out onto a cobbled square, five centuries old. The white-washed walls enclosing it had narrow barred slits. H. M. PRISONS boldly proclaimed itself around an arch as with a blare of trumpets. The crests of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, were brightly caught in the sun.

A cordial good-morning greeted me from above

and I looked up to see a pleasant-faced woman coming down a flight of steps leading from a bungalow smothered under bougainvillea.

"Please come this way," she invited.

My heart sank as I looked to the top of the steps on which she stood. But they were comfortable steps, worn and hollowed by generations of bare feet. My toes pressed into the dry warmth of the whitewash. It was good to feel with them. I was bursting in anticipation of the bath. They wouldn't have been able to make it hot enough or deep enough for me, I decided.

A telephone pealed. I had forgotten about them, too. She went off to answer and came into the room a minute later to inquire if I were Mrs. Kitch. It seemed the doctor was ready to see Mrs. Kitch.

I hoped devoutly that he would go on looking for someone who would fit the name. I didn't want to see a doctor. I wanted a bath. I did not coöperate.

She went away and came back. But the telephone was waiting. Was I the lady from the lifeboat?

Yes. I was from the boat. I might quibble about my description. Some lady. But it seemed I could no longer hide behind a name.

More waiting.

The doctor came. He was kind. He examined me deftly and asked only the most essential questions; for the rest he was mercifully silent. He seemed to know it was not easy to talk. He paid special attention to my feet. I was in pretty good shape, was his verdict. He gave me explicit instructions about starting to eat and drink, but I had no interest in either.

I harped on the bath, and he smiled reassuringly. "You'll get it," he promised.

12

I WENT back to the protesting chair. Closing my eyes, I abandoned myself to its violent motion. I could hear the doctor telephoning in the next room. It was something about a bath. If only I could keep my chair down on that heaving floor, I should know better what it was all about.

He came in, looking pleased. "We'll soon have you fixed up. Mrs. Williams is coming for you."

I flinched. I didn't want any Mrs. Williams. What I wanted was a — I was getting difficult.

"Good," I said despondently. I went on fighting the chair.

My hostess came in to tell me that Mrs. Williams had come for me. The doctor was waiting at the top of the stairs. We went down slowly and elaborately.

In the courtyard a few of the boys from the boat were standing in line. It made me mad.

"Don't people *know* what it's like? *Why* aren't they in bed!" I fumed at the doctor.

"Well, there are a lot of you, you know, and we have to find accommodation for all of you in this small island," he explained gently.

My sense of proportion began to clear. The world had not been standing still, waiting to receive us.

An impeccably dressed woman in cool gray linen came forward. I writhed. I hated having to be looked at again. She'd be some hoity-toity official's wife who would talk down to me. She'd say, "My dear. It must have been *frightful*. You know what I mean, with all those *men*."

"I'm sorry I lost you," Mrs. Williams was saying, "but I had to go on duty in the casualty ward. Then I dashed home to change and get Mother's car for you. Gives you room to stretch out."

I looked at Mrs. Williams again. She was my good Samaritan.

The car glided smoothly through the traffic. I sat in a daze of contentment while she explained about the bath. We were on our way to her brother's house. It seemed they had one.

"Then I'll leave you at the Herberts' — that's my brother and his wife — while I see if I can't find you a room somewhere."

I swallowed hard at the prospect of "a room somewhere," wishing I had time to collect myself, but the car was already turning in through an iron gateway.

One of the tallest men I have ever seen came down the steps to greet us. He waved his hands expressively, and the word "bath" hit me two or three times; but for the rest I couldn't gather what it was all about.

His wife came down quietly behind him. She had a grave, sweet expression, but there was no gleam of recognition in her eye. We were strangers. She was not the good Samaritan I already knew. I wanted to cling to Mrs. Williams.

The bathroom was all that I dreamed of. The tub was green and square. The shining fixtures gleamed brightly with promise. The bathtub was full almost to the top, and the water overflowing through the waste pipe trickled with a sound of plenty and more to spare.

Mrs. Herbert supported me as I stepped into my heart's desire. The water was stone-cold. My foot rebounded like a scalded cat.

She seemed to understand. "Too cold?"

She wrapped me in a towel and we stood considering the problem. It was some consolation that I didn't have to protest about the cold water. She went off, and I rocked away on the edge of the tub, finally descending to the floor so that I could hang on better.

Sooner than I had dared hope, she returned with a kettle of water, followed by a smiling Barbadian maid who bore a steaming jug. Before I could stop them, they had emptied both into the engulfing tub of cold. I didn't have to touch it to know how tepid it would feel.

Life in the boat was not so complicated as this, I thought helplessly, wondering if I could risk offending my hostess by not getting into it. My decision was made. I would stick out for the hot bath or hang on to my cloak of dirt.

The bath, when I did get into it, proved an anticlimax. It was shallow and only tepid, but by that time we were laughing over it, and I had thawed out sufficiently under the warming thoughtfulness of my new friends so that the bath had ceased to be the be-all and end-all of my existence.

To make up for it, I had three baths, all in succession. The second was almost as black as the first. I insisted, too, on washing my hair. During the first two tubs it would not lather, but after the third I began to feel somewhat cleaner and so exhausted that it was easy to lower my standards.

When, finally, I was ready to take my leave of the bathroom, Mrs. Herbert said gently, "After all those baths, you really ought to lie down for a bit, and, as you're here, you might as well have breakfast."

That was but the beginning of endless kindness. I felt giddy with delight as they led me along a corridor toward a darkened room at the end.

A crisply made bed yawned invitingly at me, and I crawled gratefully between the sheets. It was unbelievably soft, and I sank into the billowy depths, baffled and helpless in the unaccustomed comfort. I felt as though I were drowning in a vast marsh-mallow. I should have been more at home on the floor, but I felt a little more secure when I had sought and found the iron bar supporting the springs beneath the mattress; to this I clung while the downy billows surged around me, and I held fast to the firm, unyielding edge of the bed with the limpetlike qualities we had all developed in the past ten days.

» Why is the South the most bellicose section of our Union? Why do Southerners feel an instinctive sympathy for Britain? A Carolinian, who is one of our most distinguished novelists, speaks his mind.

THE SOUTH AND THE FIGHT

by JAMES BOYD

1

EVER since the days when the pattern of the coming world war began to take shape, the attitude of the South has consistently differed from that of the rest of the Union. There has been little of either withdrawn self-righteousness or terrified isolationism. The Southerner considers that he belongs to a military race and is something of an authority on war. The approaching struggle held his professional interest. It promised to be a fuss—to use a colloquialism—on an unprecedented scale. As the son of a fighting tradition, the Southerner felt at liberty to observe the spectacle without explanation or apology.

But this interest, free as it was from more civilized or, as he would put it, more decadent neuroses; professional and objective as it was, was not by any means impartial. As the crescendo mounted, as the action started, as France was stabbed and Britain abandoned, the Southerner grew deeply, even passionately concerned. From Dunkirk on, he was ready to fight. Not only was he ready to fight in the statistical battalions of Gallup and of Roper, but he was actually enlisting for combat in such numbers that, as long as three years ago, the Canadians, slighting perhaps other minor divisions of Dixie, were referring to the RCAF as the Royal Texas Air Force. And a Southern Congressman was declaring that the draft was necessary in order to prevent Southerners from monopolizing all the armed forces of the United States.

To Southerners, then, Pearl Harbor was no shock; it was a relief. Better still, it was, in their notion, an overdue reminder to the Yankees to cast

off their stupor and gird themselves for what had long been obvious to their more astute fellow citizens below the Potomac.

The reasons for this difference of attitude toward Britain in the North and in the South are numerous. Some are complex and some are open to dispute. But it is safe to say that many of the causes of Northern antagonism to Britain either do not operate in the South or, if they do, operate in a reverse direction and actually increase Southern esteem.

At the very outset of our national life, the Revolution in the South tended to direct animosity less toward Britain than toward local tyranny. Geography and social institutions had already created conditions which gave the struggle less the character of a revolt against the parent than of a domestic class war. It was neither the first nor the last episode in the long contest between the slave-owning planters of the lowlands and the small farmers of the piedmont allied with the mountaineers. Furthermore, the number of British troops in the South was small and only two battles of any size were fought there. The action was rather between the Whig militia and the so-called “King’s loyal Americans” or Tories. Both sides were undisciplined and committed all the atrocities of intestine guerrilla warfare.

The end of the Revolution, therefore, found the animus of Southerners directed less against the British than against their own Tory neighbors. And this lack of animus against Britain remained undisturbed through the War of 1812. That dubious enterprise was, it must be admitted, described by a rebellious New England as “Mr. Madison’s War.” But in practice the South, not being a seafaring nation, was less resentful than New England of Britain’s high hand on the high seas. And the Battle of New Orleans, while a fine triumph for Old Hickory, was, after all, fought in what was then regarded as a foreign country.

Born in Pennsylvania, educated at the Hill School, at Princeton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, JAMES BOYD nevertheless has roots deep in Southern soil. His ancestors lived in North Carolina, and his parents moved back there when he was thirteen. A lieutenant in the First World War, he fought through the Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. After the war he began to write the historical novels every schoolboy knows and loves, *Drums*, *Marching On*, and *Long Hunt*.

Thereafter, the course of Southern development continued to stimulate an attitude toward the British even more divergent from that of the North. In the Southern economy, Britain was the customer, and was cherished as customers invariably are. The North was a customer too, but it was not as such that she presented herself to Southern emotion. For she was also the purveyor — exploiter, the South called it — and a purveyor who enjoyed an artificial and unfair advantage. The South had to sell cotton and other products in an open market. But what she needed must be bought in a market protected by a tariff wall.

There was nothing to prevent the South from developing industries of her own. Nothing, that is, except slavery. Slavery kept the Negro depressed, kept immigration from entering, and exercised a generally paralyzing influence on initiative and commercial acumen. It precluded the possibility of any sizable industrial prosperity — or, for that matter, of any widely based prosperity of any kind. However, we are discussing not logic, but attitudes. From the great planter in the hands of the New York banker to the poor white's wife in the toils of the Yankee peddler, all that the Southerner considered was that somehow the North had got a strangle hold on life's necessities and that the game was rigged.

2

In the end these limited contacts had tragic consequences. On the strength of them the South built up a strange delusion as to the caliber of the Northern people. The Money Power was the master of the South; yet the Yankees themselves, it seemed, were also the slaves of the Money Power. Money was their only care. They were devoid of idealism and of daring. The solid people of the North, whose sons and husbands and fathers were to form the Army of the Tennessee and the Army of the Potomac, lay beyond the South's parochial vision. It was a fatal blindness.

The Civil War, as it progressed, was not long in altering the South's opinion of Northern fighting power. If in that great somber drama new hatreds were engendered, at least old contempt was purged away. But in the minor field of the popular attitude toward Great Britain the differences between the two sections, rather than being composed, were further accentuated. It is true that the South was deeply disappointed at Great Britain's failure to intervene in her behalf, at least to the extent of breaking the blockade that was strangling her. But the reasons that she had counted on to move the

British were not moral reasons: they were political and commercial. She had supposed that British self-interest would insist on getting cotton through in order to keep the Lancashire textile industry going; and if, in the process, the North American continent became permanently divided, why, so much the better for British influence there. British failure to act was, therefore, a diplomatic defeat, fatal, as it turned out, but not wounding to the sense of justice.

In the North, on the other hand, certain aspects of Great Britain's conduct provoked resentment deeper, probably, than we have ever felt for any other nation. For some little time previous, Americans had been reproached by the British for permitting slavery. The British had formerly been active enough themselves in the slave trade and had blocked the efforts of the colonies to stop it. But they had recently abolished slavery and now took very high grounds toward those who allowed it to continue.

When, therefore, the national government became engaged in a war, a declared purpose of which was to destroy slavery, Northerners expected British sympathy. Slowly it dawned on them that no such sympathy was to be extended. Indeed, the sympathy appeared, incredibly, to flow the other way. It was the South whom official and industrial Britain appeared to cherish. The Southerners, it was to be understood, were gentlemen, while Northerners were a set of low commercial fellows.

Nor was the British attitude limited to mere social preference. Whitworth cannon and other implements of war were purchased in England by public subscription and presented to the South as tokens of esteem. Later, the *Alabama*, manned largely by Englishmen, was built in England and, over the protests of the American ambassador, released to prey on American commerce.

Ever since, it has seemed impossible to convince American opinion, either in the North or in the South, that this hostility was limited to a small but powerful reactionary group in the British government and in British business; a group which in every age and every country seems congenitally incapable of deviating from snobbery, obtuseness, and self-defeating selfishness. But the firm sympathy of the common people of Britain, the patient suffering of the millworkers, unemployed because of the blockade, yet standing solidly for a Northern victory and the abolition of slavery — all this bedrock staunchness of the heart of England somehow was never adequately conveyed to these shores. In consequence, there was nothing to alleviate the North's bitter anger. It is fair to say that no North-

erner who lived through those years of blood and passion ever again felt warmly toward the British Empire as an idea. Conversely, the Southerner emerged from the war firm in the illusion that the Englishman's heart was in the right place.

3

A SECOND by-product of the slave system favored, at least negatively, Southern friendliness toward the British. Once established, slavery tended strongly to restrict foreign immigration. The immigrant, arriving at Castle Garden in New York with nothing but his two hands, instinctively avoided that section of the country where manual labor was considered degrading. In consequence there are in the South almost none of those foreign-born whose factions and subfactions, by their disputation, create in the North an exasperated sense that the whole of Europe is too complicated and tendentious to be entitled to our interest.

Moreover, Jews in the South are not numerous and are for the most part of long standing in their communities, well integrated into the life around them and esteemed. There was nothing in Southern experience to lend color to the isolationist's canard that participation in the war was being engineered by the Jews for the rescue of their co-religionists; or later, that it was engineered by Jewish communists for the rescue of Russia. Jewish communists have been unpopular in the South, in the few places where they have appeared, but rather as intruders than as Jews.

Above all, in the South the Irish, with their age-old wrongs and their radically separate church, had found little lodging. Indeed, except for Louisiana, the Catholics have until now developed small strength there. At present they are making an extensive campaign among the Negroes, but among the whites hostility to Catholicism is as deep-seated as ever. When Al Smith was a candidate for President, the South abandoned its solidity and several states went Republican. His religion was one reason. Enlightened opinion in the nation dubbed this attitude bigotry of the rankest sort. But as the South observes the activities of the hierarchy in the Spanish War and in South America, if not nearer at hand, she is not only impenitent but feels vindicated.

This absence of foreign elements has had its effect on the technique of Southern fascism. The South, obviously, has fascists as poisonous as any in the land: its Klan, its Huey Long, and Robert Reynolds. But though the leaders may be ready to conspire with counter-revolutionaries of any kidney, the rank

and file are Anglo-American fascists, not Father Coughlinites or Bundists, and they direct their bile against the Negro, the foreigner, the Catholic himself. Indeed, one of their fundamental hallucinations is that of Protestant Anglo-Saxon supremacy.

On other levels also, other supposed bars to British-American harmony are either lacking or operate positively in a contrary sense. Much has been made of British repudiation of the war debt. The effect on the South of that ill-natured political blunder was, if anything, favorable. To begin with, in that benighted region the idea of repudiation outrages the sensibilities considerably less than it does in the more enlightened purlieus of the Money Power. The South, regarding herself as the perennial victim of the Money Power, has always looked on the possibilities of repudiation with frustrated longing — never more so than during Reconstruction, when the North, having destroyed the value of Southern currency and securities, sent a plague of carpetbaggers to destroy credit as well. Under their manipulations, bond issues were voted by obedient semi-Negro legislatures. In too many cases funds and carpetbaggers vanished, leaving a prostrate commonwealth to meet, for years thereafter, the charges on bonds from which nothing had been derived. Repudiation, attempted and carried to a properly scandalized Supreme Court, failed, but it remained far from discredited in the eyes of the late Confederates.

Now of all the ills with which the Money Power, under its self-righteous code, afflicted them, the oldest, heaviest, and most unjust was the tariff. When, therefore, the British, unable to send us goods by reason of the tariff wall, and sensibly averse to dispatching their scarce gold to a nation that was shortly to bury that commodity in a hole in the ground, repudiated their debt, the effect on the South was negligible. It was a jolt to find the Englishman, of all people, a welcher. But since he turned out to be one, there was no object against which his rascality could be more satisfyingly directed than against the Northern Money Power and Messrs. Hawley and Smoot's devilish Yankee contraption.

In like manner another ground for Northern criticism of British policy has failed to present itself in the same light to even the more liberal Southerner. The problem of India may enlist his sympathy but cannot excite his indignation. He himself has a racial problem which he has failed to solve. And he himself has long been admonished by a neighbor — in this case to the north — who likewise has so far solved it only in places where the Negro practically

does not exist. The Southerner is therefore not disposed to proffer his British cousin either admonition or advice. His fault, rather, lies in a too exhilarating sense that here, in the infinite wisdom of the Lord, are some white folks tangled up in an even worse mess than his own.

So much for the minor factors in the South's point of view toward Britain. In themselves they are chiefly negative and account, at most, for an absence of hostility. The point of view itself, however, is far from negative. It is dynamic, deeply felt, and, toward the enemy, strictly murderous. It is based on a trilogy, the great trilogy of Southern life: kinfolks, religiosity, and violence.

4

TO ANYBODY familiar with Southerners it is hardly necessary to describe the great importance of kinfolks in their lives. Nowhere short of China are family organizations more revered or the claims of blood more liberally interpreted or patiently endured. The land is rural; it was, until recently, somewhat lonesome; the law is feeble; economic changes are rapid; behind lies the shadow of the great defeat, and around lie the shadows of the Negro and of potential poverty. In these never wholly reassuring surroundings it is natural to turn to the simplest and most immediate of social units.

And since man tends to ornament his necessities, it is likewise natural that the South should not be averse to genealogical elaboration. In this field, what passes for research has led, especially among the women, to family trees most of which purport to go back to some British ancestor, inevitably of a certain prominence. And in sober fact the great bulk of the South does go back to British forebears of some sort. At all events, the South, especially since the defeat of the Civil War, has continued to cherish her British heritage — to cherish it and, to tell the truth, embellish it. For in that stricken land of Reconstruction there were few consolations but those of the imagination.

Besides, the catastrophe had caused a break in the continuity of history before which anything might be allowed to be true and could hardly be disproved. Indeed, to disprove claims to distinction either ante-bellum or in the distant reaches of English history was often to deprive a man of his chief remaining asset and the South, to a degree, of one of her few splendors in otherwise black adversity. Such a gratuitous spoliation of the country's limited natural resources was therefore seldom attempted. It was anybody's privilege to question suspicious

claims to family grandeur, but it was a civic duty to keep that questioning private. By the time of the South's partial revival this habit of genealogical glorification, originally designed by the lost leaders for their compensation, was sufficiently ingrained to make similar pretensions incumbent on the new industrial plutocracy. This practice, taken with the wide ramifications of kinship in the already extant aristocracy, eventually built up a great body of people convinced of their superior inheritance.

It may be argued that so great a structure of conscious hereditary merit could not possibly develop from the known facts. It may be pointed out that few persons who found themselves eminent and successful were likely to leave their homes in England, or anywhere else, to seek a superfluous fortune in a wilderness. Moving to more recent backgrounds, it may be recalled that the United States Census of 1858 shows that, of the eleven million whites in the South, only five thousand owned over fifty slaves apiece, and only two hundred thousand owned any slaves at all. To any such attempted logic it is enough to observe that the South is still in spirit a free and independent nation and cannot be made to creep at the heels of any man's statistics.

But as sometimes happens, this dubious assumption, persisted in, did create a certain validity of its own. It carried with it, even at its lowest level, a degree of manners which, if they were not precisely good manners, were at least sufficiently elaborate to give the possessors a sense of superiority over those who had no manners at all. At its best it engendered a sense of obligation to be charming, not only in manner but in spirit; to be considerate, loyal, honorable, and protective toward the weak of either color.

And this best may be found extending wide and deep in all classes of Southern society, white and Negro. So much so, that many who are accustomed to its amenities find transportation to another social climate almost an ordeal. True, it was in its beginnings the code not only of a dominant class, but of a class dominant by virtue of an indefensible institution. But among history's minor and more limited codes it holds a respected place. Its practitioners created a symbol: the Southern gentleman and his lady — a symbol idealized and oversimplified, as symbols commonly are, but distinctive and widely recognized; a symbol at which the world may smile but has never quite cared to laugh.

Unhappily there is no reason to suppose that Southerners' inherent merits surpass those of all other races. But their sense of origin and the code which that origin imposes have given them an acute

consciousness of obligation and a perfect readiness both to proclaim it and to try to live up to it. A minor curiosity of the Civil War is the anecdote of General Gordon's inspection of his outposts. On approaching one, he heard convivial sounds and found, around the fire, the small detachment entertaining a Northern soldier in uniform. The general ordered the Yankee to be arrested as a prisoner of war — and at once, though he was both a stern and a popular commander, had a mutiny on his hands. The men refused. "General," they said, "this man came here by our invitation. You cannot make him a prisoner because that would ruin our honor." General Gordon was obliged to give in, and the Federal soldier went back to his lines in peace.

But whatever the value of such a code, and certainly it has much, under its influence some Southerners, well fortified by readings from Scott and the Victorian romantics, began at an early date to expand their conception of themselves. The necessity to do so was compelling. Slavery was not a subject for discussion, and yet they could not still the inner urge to justify it by implication. No better way presented itself than to establish the white man's peculiar and unique nobility. Once accepted, that made his overlordship logical enough.

Extensive as was the body of Southern aristocrats, there were white people in the region somewhat less distinguished: mountain folks who had fled from the hated plantation system, one-gallus farmers scraping a living in the interstices of the great estates, and between these two, the independent farmers of the foothills, never quite socially or economically secure. The lot of all these people, actually the vast majority of Southerners, was bitter. It was they, not the Negroes, who were the outcastes of the system. The planter was under compulsion to assume — and incidentally to make the Negro assume — that it was a law of nature that the white man should be the master and the Negro the slave. But here were white men without slaves, who hated slaves, hated slaveowners, and who in some cases were clearly not designed by nature to be masters even of themselves.

How were they to be explained? Only by the theory that there were two classes of whites. The master class and the "poor white," the "poor buckra," the "tackies," the "crackers," the "mean whites," the "white trash." The names varied but the implication was the same. Since it would not do to have the Negro look up to white men without slaves, he was to look down on them. And in truth, as the creeping paralysis of slavery overspread the land, as the slaveless man sank deeper in this

strange country without industry, roads, or schools, he became through hopelessness an ever more plausible object of contempt. Outstanding by-product of the slave system, it was the poor white, almost as much as the Negro, who was freed by the Civil War. It is he who at his worst still forms the fertile field for the Southern demagogue. At his best, it is his brains and character, now released, which are building the new South.

Even yet, he remains one of the most isolated of men. That isolation has preserved his way of life untouched. Since that way was brought with him from the British Isles, he remains a Briton of the eighteenth century. His speech is archaic and often quaintly beautiful. He still calls gypsies "Egyptians," a stake a "stub"; he describes somebody who is overrefined and fastidious as "nice." His tales and songs are those brought here by his forebears, and more than one continues to be current in the South long after it has been lost in the land of its origin.

5

So, though it might be supposed that whatever the planter was for, the poor white would be against, as far as the attitude toward Britain goes, that is not so. In general, the poor white is not a person who takes a vivid interest in foreign affairs or in any affairs whatever, sometimes including his own. But if he ever thinks of Britain at all, he thinks of her as his ancient homeland.

For all other Southerners, the romanticizing of themselves and their origins, coupled with a genuine position of greater or less authority as members of the dominant race, gave them a sense not only of kinship with the English but also of equal status. True, the Southerners knew little of the English, and the English less of them. But in their thoughts there was no uneasy sense of inferiority such as was supposed to afflict Northerners and other races when they contemplated the British lords of the earth.

Thus, when Southerners occasionally met Britons, there was neither that obsequiousness nor that truculence which, as between the British and less-favored nationalities, has been known to cause reciprocal dislike. Not long since, the products of ultra-fashionable Mayfair were brought by chance into contact with the leading citizens of a small Southern community. They were quite unable to understand each other's speech — an interpreter was necessary; but they understood each other in a way impossible for the corresponding members of a small Northern town. Obviously no particular

merit attaches to this sort of recognition. It is cited only for the light it throws on the South's peculiar attitude toward the war.

It is probable that closer acquaintance would produce disillusion on both sides, but disillusion up to now has not been easy. The Southern man has not been able to afford foreign travel to the same extent as his Northern brother, and the Southern woman has neither the wage scale nor the business openings which have enabled her Northern sisters to finance a trip abroad. Local Kiwanians do not return with tales of rebuff by retired majors in the smoking lounge of the Paddleditch Arms. Flying squadrons of schoolteachers are not broken against the iron bosoms of decayed gentlewomen convinced that in a properly ordered world all such persons should be compelled by lack of economic opportunity to remain where it has pleased God to place them. In the South there is nothing to prevent these good American folks from remaining convinced that they would be recognized as cousins of the leading families in Britain, and cousins who have done quite as well by themselves as the branch who stayed home.

6

BUT the Southerner is not only a cousin of the British: he is a co-religionist, a fellow Protestant. Indeed, by British standards he is a Protestant of a startlingly rugged sort. The belief he holds, however betrayed in practice, and however diminished from the standards of its originators, is firm and clear. It has expressed itself in the acceptance of the Christian gentleman in a distinctive local version as its unique ideal.

So primitive, indeed, does the late Confederacy remain even to this day that it is not held out of place so to refer to a man, if he is deemed worthy, and indeed so to introduce him to others. It is the highest praise that can be conferred on a man living, and, next to a statement of services to the Army of the Confederacy, the highest praise that can be conferred on a man dead. "Yes, sir, he is a fine Christian gentleman"; or, "I want you all to meet my friend here; a fine Christian gentleman." These phrases, however archaic they sound to Northern ears, are still an accepted part of the South's social currency and of her faith.

The belief to which the Christian gentleman subscribes gives, no doubt, too literal credence to every word of the Bible and too great weight to the edicts and threats of the Old Testament Jehovah. But it gives great weight also to the teachings of Jesus. And while His injunction of humility has been

perhaps less observed than others, there remains a vivid sense that here stands the Word. It is the Word by which we shall obtain salvation in the next world and honor and happiness in this. Between a man and this Word no clergy can mediate. At best the preacher can only exhort and expound. Actual salvation is a direct affair between man and God Himself. But once a man has found It he knows that It is indeed the Word, and that no other Word ever given on earth can equal It in truth and in beauty; that if followed and defended It will some day bring the reign of peace and justice to the world. That is the faith of the South; and whatever inconsistencies and inadequacies may flaw it, there are millions of Southerners, not only white but in truth Negro, too, who are willing to die for it.

The rest of this country, and England herself before this war, passed through an age of disbelief. To many young people of those regions, nothing was worth dying for. Since that was so, not dying became naturally of some concern. It was that impulse, rather than philosophic pacifism, which, in the face of the mounting storm, so paralyzed the young intellectuals, the very people otherwise best equipped to read the portents.

Not only was the Southerner immune to the epidemic sleeping sickness of unfaith: he had a positive and vigorous attitude, irrespective of either belief or doubt, toward the whole business of dying, of killing or being killed. How he arrived at the attitude is variously explained. The original colonists were, perhaps, a rougher and wilder lot than those to the north. A hot climate usually fosters hot tempers. Among the planters, isolation, power over human beings, and responsibility for them produced a type accustomed to settle his own affairs with his own hand.

It was this type that perpetuated the duel. And then the duel, among those who aped the gentry, became degraded to little more than assassination. When, during Reconstruction, violence was the means by which the Negro was disfranchised, the North thwarted, and the white man returned to power, it received its final justification. The tradition is dying, but it dies hard; and even today in the South, death by violence, either given or received, is not viewed with the scandalized dismay of more sophisticated communities.

As a consequence it is customary in the South to maintain a high state of preparedness both physical and spiritual. Manners tend to veil the reality, but even a minor emergency is likely to reveal it. It was just a few years ago that a lady new to the South encountered a snake on the road. At that

moment, from opposite directions, a delivery truck and a sedan happened to approach. Both stopped at sight of the snake, and from each, in the most natural manner, a boy emerged with a pistol in his hand and proceeded to open fire on the varmint. The fact that it was a harmless pine snake and that they failed to hit it does not detract from the spirit which animated the occasion.

This acceptance of violence as an immutable element of life receives its formal expression in the South's military tradition. For better or worse, that tradition still holds much of its historic luster; V.M.I. and the Citadel are still logical places for young men with no professional military intentions to receive their higher education; from Clemson to Texas Tech the land is dotted with institutions where military discipline ranks as equal to any other discipline of the mind and outranks all others in campus esteem. Among preparatory schools, those of a non-military character are almost unknown. War, in short, is regarded as an inevitable recurrent fact of life; the profession of arms is considered supremely distinguished, and the training for arms is considered a good foundation for a career of any sort.

We therefore face the anomaly that, during the years when liberals displayed an almost pathological aversion to military training of any sort, thousands of young Southerners, who would have regarded, say, the *Nation* as subversively communistic, were fitting themselves for a war behind which the liberals now stand united.

With such a martial background and with pacifism confined to minute, if often able and original, groups in a few universities, there was nothing to obscure the Southerner's view of the military policy of this country. Wars had to be fought from time to time, and the point was to be on the winning side. This last conviction had great weight. The South is the only section of the United States that has suffered military defeat. She knows what it means to lose.

She will continue to remember to a degree the North can never understand.

This acceptance of violence, then, is the final element in all the elements that go to make up the South's attitude toward Britain and the war. As we have seen, the elements are diverse and some are complex. But the resultant attitude is simple, even rudimentary. As the clouds gathered, the South, almost as naturally as breathing, felt roughly this: that the military defense of the country was indicated — was indeed peculiarly imperative since the proposed conqueror of ourselves and, incidentally, of the world was as far from a Christian gentleman as any specimen history had as yet produced. This being so, and death by violence being no more than a normal occupational risk in the life of man, the course to be followed was plain: namely, to destroy at whatever cost this Hitler and all his works.

But pointing up this general reaction, and giving it personal tone and color, was the South's special relationship to Great Britain. The Christian gentlemen of that country, our ancient kinfolds, were battling against a horde of savage pagans for their own survival, for ours as well, and for the great faith of our fathers. Could we, on any ground from the meanest to the noblest, stand by and see them go under?

The South is not the unit that outsiders imagine, but on this issue it has been as united as on any since Reconstruction. It is dangerous to anticipate the judgment of history. But it seems probable that the verdict will hold, somewhat wryly perhaps, that this period is notable chiefly for its contradictions. Certainly in it neither the business leaders' "realism," nor the politicians' astuteness, nor the intellectuals' ideological dexterity prevented the North and West, until almost too late, from reaching a wrong conclusion. Nor likewise, it seems, did the Southerner's feudalism, romanticism, militarism, and primitive religion prevent him from reaching the right one.

» The country at large has little idea of what the weight of authority feels like to those conscientious experts who have been called to Washington ever since the SOS of depression.

AUTHORITY IN WASHINGTON

by HERBERT FEIS

1

LAST evening in Washington, my old friend, John, who is a permanent official of the government, began to talk about the nature and inner life of Authority.

"You know," he began (and by that annoying form of expression he meant, of course, that he thought *he* knew), "a person who moves into the government from the study finds that one tag of his past life stays with him whether he would leave it behind or not — the tag of title. If, as is more than likely, a kindly faculty bestowed upon him the title of 'Doctor' or 'Professor,' that distinction shares his seat on the railway and accompanies him to every introduction and crisis of his working career. He is 'Doctor' or 'Professor' to one and all.

"Gradually it becomes evident that different men employ the form of address for different reasons. He learns to detect the intention behind its employment; to perceive whether it is used to cast down or to elevate, whether in irony or in respect, whether to convey the condescension of purposeful men or to transmit their flattery, whether to maintain distance or to show affection. He will not have surmised, before, that the handle could be so delicately manipulated. When he does, he has a choice of becoming tough or morbidly sensitive.

"Washington is a city of titles. The titles are the marks of power and authority. And the one fact that impresses itself most clearly during every day of an official's working life is the *greatness* of the power, the authority, and the responsibilities of the American government. How immense these are is appreciated only as one participates in their operations at close hand.

"These operations extend to, and shape, human

affairs in every corner of the land — in the quiet prairie villages, in the blackened towns that cluster near the coal pits, in the suburbs and centers of great cities. And, as the world shrinks and both the defense of our country and the welfare of our people become ever more closely connected with events and conditions outside, the scope of governmental activity expands correspondingly. In earlier times the government appeared only in the background and along the border of the pattern of events; now all threads go through its looms, and the whole pattern takes its dyes.

"The authority to direct the whole performance, and the responsibility for the outcome, concentrate in the hands of a comparatively small number of officials. They," my friend emphasized by a grave expression, "are compelled to make a far greater number of difficult and important decisions than anyone in private life, and sometimes to make them upon short notice. Decisions which would be of critical consequence in the life of any individual or private organization can command but a small segment of the crowded schedule of government."

My friend paused, to sort out illustrations that crammed his memory. "An hour's conference can translate itself into the back-breaking work of thousands building a highway to Alaska through forests and snow of the sub-Arctic. A series of telephone conversations, urgently conducted because a Committee of Congress was knocking at the door, may determine what food is set upon the tables of a nation during the year ahead. It becomes the duty of a few men finally to decide, in the midst of violent and anxious controversy, whether another country so threatens our peace and safety that we must deny it opportunity to secure petroleum and scrap iron — with the knowledge that the decision may bring war nearer. A cable demands a speedy answer: whether to fall in or to fall out with the judgment of a military commander that the necessities of battle require that an unsatisfactory gov-

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ernment be retained in office. The need of making decisions of this kind inevitably transmutes the outlook and character of the individuals who put their names to them and vouch for their correctness.

"It is responsibility in such matters that gives reality to the titles of authority. It is the decisive reason why, in Washington, title and office are never forgotten.

"The sense of being alone with power and responsibility is augmented by the circumstance that public officials often make decisions on the basis of reports that are kept secret, or for reasons they do not wish to disclose. It is true that very often there *is* news behind the news. The sources of information in departments are tremendous and sensitive, often conveying intimations of conflicts and problems before they emerge into public view. A large government department is the focus of an unending flow of reports upon the world's plight. Many significant items of information are received in secrecy; others come from sources that might be stilled if they were detected.

"It is not for me to judge," my friend modestly admitted, "whether the information at the disposal of the government might be more fully shared; there is always much that even our prying and alert press does not systematically solicit.

"At any rate, it is clear that the existence of secret, unrevealed grounds for action tends to increase the height of Olympus on which the public official dwells. The stuff of which history is made flows before him. With the noise of that massive and dramatic waterfall always in his ears, the voice of any individual is small."

2

MY FRIEND broke off, and then turned to another aspect of government — with his habitual though illegitimate turn of phase: "You know," he resumed, "another fact about the American government that is not generally appreciated is the efficiency with which it conducts its usual affairs. Of course, during this war period, there have been extreme and prolonged instances of confusion and waste. You do not have to search for them; any luncheon table where the cold and competent witnesses assemble will acquaint you with all the cracks and peeling wallpaper in the mansion of government. Each morning that I take the crowded bus, I recall that some branch of government failed to acquire a sufficient rubber supply for the duration. My tax bill makes me receptive to the opinion that public funds are sometimes used in place of

the competence that might have secured the same result at lower cost. And you may be sure," he chuckled, "that on the day when we unfurl the Stars and Stripes over Berchtesgaden the management of the manpower of the nation will *still* be less than perfect.

"But I tell you" — he came a few steps nearer, as though he felt that nearness was an aid to persuasion — "that in general the administrative work of government is conceived with good sense and timing, and executed with devotion and energy. The military expeditions that landed on the coasts of Africa, Italy, the Gilberts, were not planned, organized, and equipped by lazy or inefficient men. The long chain of discussions and measures by which, under the guiding Presidential hand, the military and civil branches of the governments of the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and China have been brought into unison, for common purposes, required devoted effort and insight of the highest order; any single great blunder might have caused a fatal flaw in this unity.

"Error and inertia of an ordinary character — as, for example, in converting plants to wartime production — usually occur when the task is new and not well understood; and these are sooner or later corrected; the correction may require three reorganizations and set officialdom off at a dismal dance. The eyes that constantly pass the performance of government under review are so numerous and so skeptical that thoroughgoing error or incompetence seldom persists. Occasionally, as in the business of provisioning ourselves with the raw materials for warfare, government does take advantage of the whole period of grace that a kind Deity allows.

"When and where inefficiency and incompetence persist, it is because some stubborn underlying condition — inside or outside the government — prevents correction. Such may be the muddled division of responsibility between different branches of government — as was the case for long in the field of foreign food production. When authority and responsibility do get thoroughly confused, the result is a maze of committees, agencies, directives, suggestions, cross-purposes, jealousies, that become as difficult to trace as the waters of the Upper Amazon. Or it may be that popular opinion is determined on a whole course — as was the case during the period of resistance to price control.

"Or, and this is the most usual case, the inefficiency may be forced upon the government by the necessity of satisfying some economic interest that will not be reasonable, or some large voting group which cannot be led into a just compromise. When

a government is not wise and skillful enough to manage problems that spring from causes such as these, it becomes and remains a poor and inefficient government. But the instinct of the government machine to do its work well is constant; and it is unhappy, not indifferent, when it fails. The inner spirit and the desires of the American government are sturdily healthy."

3

ENCOURAGED by my nod of agreement, my friend lit a fresh cigar, walked about the room, then cast his reflections backward. "It is the way in which pressures are met," he resumed, "that puts the quality of a government or government official to its most decisive test. The force of the pressures that operate are fully appreciated only by those who must endure them. I tell you that public officials are entitled to their occasional flares of bad temper, and to their consoling memoirs. They live in the trenches, while hostile forces clean their weapons in conference rooms, in the columns of the press, or on the floors of Congress. The energy unit of democracy is the organized demand. All causes have their spokesmen, all organizations their paid or unpaid advocates, all regions their political representatives.

"Government officials, even the highest-placed, when making policy, look not into space, but into the eyes of determined people who either want the government to do something, or want it *not* to do something.

"Of course there is an enormous difference in the ways in which various officials respond to these pressures, and in the means and methods they employ to deal with them. The best possess understanding of the forces that must be taken into account, determination not to be swerved from the path of public interest, a willingness to make enemies along with a gift for avoiding them, and faith that public support will be forthcoming for the correct course. The poorest are over-hesitant, evasive, preoccupied with their relationships with their colleagues, superiors, the press, or the political support on which they lean. They will make no move unless the gallery is packed. They confront all embarrassments with a stale general formula.

"Why, in a playful sense it can be said that, in order to take care of pressures and criticisms, the organization of some government departments resembles that of an army on the battlefield, including companies of sharpshooters, machine-gunners, scouts, liaison officers, and public relations experts.

These are employed to conduct the defense of the department, to secure allies and outwit foes, to give a good report of its work, ensure proper public appreciation, keep up morale, and build up reputations."

My friend paused, waited for me to appreciate his humor, then turned it quickly aside. "It is remarkable the extent to which, in the face of so many stern pressures, the government preserves an atmosphere of financial incorruptibility. Few men in its service are vulnerable to financial inducements, direct or indirect, actual or prospective. In the conduct of their official duties they stand up well against the blandishments of wealth and remember their obligations to the millions of people of ordinary means, to the poor and to the needy.

"The same atmosphere is reflected in the private life of the official. Circumscribed as it may be by barriers of official status, it is comparatively free of those barriers of income and financial status that are so often encountered elsewhere. The official circle is relatively little concerned with financial standing and rewards. The individual finds that this attitude contributes to his inner ease and assurance, and imparts fairness and steadiness to his work."

My friend's eyes showed that he was recalling the graceful houses, usually small and set well in their city gardens or country fields, to which the government officials return at night. "No," his voice trailed on, "it is not money that ordinarily shapes the career and character of the official in government. It is his contact with power and authority; for these determine the conditions of his work, his opportunities and his outlook.

"The display of power that he observes is certain to affect his vision of the world — for better or for worse. Acquaintance with the inner circle of decision, with its guarded preoccupations and inner strains, will bring new questions into his mind as to the relations between people and government. The world outside, of ordinary men, will seem to him at times to plod along, indifferent and ill-informed, while authority shapes its fate. Full candor, community of feeling, and mutual trust between government and people will seem unattainable.

"But when great issues emerge and call forth the full latent vigor of democracy, his faith is renewed. He watches a great people adjust itself to the lessons of prolonged depression, and grope insistently for a correction of institutions and policies to prevent its recurrence. He watches them come together in unified and devoted patriotism after Pearl Harbor to defeat the enemies who would prey upon their tolerant selfishness. He watches

the surging growth of conviction that this country must play its destined part in the maintenance of international peace. When the nation finds a clear voice, he comes to believe again that a true mutuality of feeling and trust can be established between government and people. He ceases to fear, no matter how dark the morning news, how confused the understanding, that they will fall apart."

4

MY FRIEND took a long breath, and when he resumed, his thoughts had taken a leap. "It is endlessly fascinating to watch the struggles and development of the individual under the straining tests and temptations that the world of authority contains. I have in mind particularly the men of advanced or expert training — in the law, or political science, or economics — who acquire government posts of some responsibility. They discover many new worlds of behavior, and may undergo curious transformations.

"They will find, for one thing, that the receptivity within the circle of high authority to new ideas and proposals fluctuates. When the affairs of the country are going well, and it is judged that the people want most of all to be let alone, receptivity fades and intellectual curiosity lags. The speculative mind is regarded as looking needlessly for trouble; routine is esteemed. The market for brain-trusters is at its low. But when troubles descend, the student expert gets his chance to produce his memoranda and propound his ideas. Change in course is gustily welcomed in some offices, admitted with grudging reluctance in others. Ideas before rejected as unsound come into their own as the new wisdom. In the hurly-burly of change the rise and decline of reputations is often decided by chance or journalistic connection. The current genealogy of many an idea frequently is at least in part myth.

"At all times the official finds that the determination of government policy and the disposition of his own work and proposals are a rather unsystematized process. It is affected by the inclinations, moods, and personal relationships of those in authority, and is subject to the balance of pressures to which the authorities respond. And this is to be noted: the most illuminating analysis, the most wisely devised proposal, may rest in oblivion without the backing of authority. In fact, without backing, the official may be as detached from the actual course of the government as if he were living in Iceland. That is why unfathered memoranda drift

about Washington as thick as snowflakes in a blizzard, looking for a cap on which to fall.

"When the official recognizes how decisively the reception of his work and the prospects of his advancement depend upon the interest and favor of authority, the realization sometimes has a marked effect upon his behavior. It may overstimulate his desire to assure himself of the sympathetic regard of authority and of the stronger pressure groups. His conduct and work are then directed primarily to obtaining access to, and influence in, the centers of authority, and of preserving his influence at any cost. This aim breeds many faults — all regrettable. It instills undue caution against difference of opinion or forthright speech — caution which in time is deemed its own recommendation. Why, there are men so fearful of dissipating their influence with authority that they handle that influence like a deposit in the bank — not to be drawn upon except in case of serious personal sickness. This brings disguise into speech, and deception into friendship.

"The official may, at first, be surprised to discover the great discretion that rests with great authority — especially if he is trained in the doctrine that ours is a government of laws and not of men. And so it is. But the laws are made and administered by individual men; and each authority, within the circle of his realm, is master of the life and the welfare of its inhabitants. Every trait of authority thus compels the attention of the official and affects his working days. What happens to him seems largely to depend on the rule of individuals, even under the broader firmament of law. This causes some, as I have remarked, to shape their work to serve their advancement — in the certainty that their advancement is essential for the progress of their work."

5

MY FRIEND stopped and sighed. "But I would not have you believe that ordinarily authority is arbitrarily exercised, or that officials are always warped by submitting to it. Quite the contrary. I mention those possibilities because to omit to do so would be to ignore what certainly is an important feature in the working life the official finds for himself in the government in Washington.

"Now, bear in mind that open intellectual expression may be hazardous and restricted. Why, I know a fellow" — at this point my friend became jocular again — "who, while still on a university staff, published a paper on 'The Government Regu-

lation of Fisheries.' It seemed to sink silently into waters of neglect as deep as those which the fish inhabit. But three years later, after he had entered the government, its corpse rose to the surface in a committee room of Congress, and he was criticized as preferring fish to freedom."

My friend forced himself to be sensible. "It is true, of course," he added, "that it is necessary to enforce a reasonable measure of conformity and responsibility upon the public intellectual performance of government officials. The people have the right to be protected against the confused government policy that otherwise would result, and authority has the right to ask that its critics and opponents be not aided. But supervision may become excessive, used as a protective disguise, and at times be against the public interest. Where unease and suspicion prevail, it may extend even to personal associations. Then the official is forced to move among the gentlemen of the press as sinuously as a soldier in a mine field. The sanctions are severe.

"Free intellectual expression is hazardous in still another way. It is at the mercy of the turns and twists of opinion and history. In 1923 the exponent of social security programs received few friendly smiles or rapid advancements; in 1943 his views seem only somewhat rusty. Anyone who advocated close relations with the U.S.S.R. in 1923 was then regarded as the enemy of all his fellow citizens; to have done so *then* is regarded *now* as proof of his prophetic insight.

"In other words, the official learns that in government the expression of opinion may be restricted and inexpedient, and tends to reserve it for his private circle, which may or may not include a friend in the press."

My friend paused for a moment at these last words, then quickly resumed: "Restraint in public utterance is no great hardship to those officials who can count upon regular and instructed channels for the results of their work, for those who are enlisted as participant, not servant. This is not always the case; it is often assumed that expert knowledge is like water in a tap that may be turned on and off with a careless movement of the hand, in whatever quantities may be desired at the moment, and in a suitable container. You have heard the maxim, 'The expert must be on *tap*, not on *top*'; junior administrative officials are apt to employ it when their rule is threatened.

"Of course, any official who is regarded merely as a standing cistern of wisdom will dry up; there will be nothing there when the tap is turned. For in matters in the economic and political spheres, at least, work that throws light on the dark spaces of

the future does not grow merely out of the soil of intellectual curiosity; it must be fertilized by emotional attachment, and needs the vitamins of congeniality. Experts become productive when, along with official inequality, there are intellectual equality and social equality. In the realm of ideas there is no hierarchy. The talent to use well the abilities that the expert official can bring into government is one of the important qualifications of a good public authority.

"The most common complaints against the official who comes into government from the study or workshop are that he is impractical in idea, aggressive in manner, and domineering in action. I am afraid" — my friend grinned — "that I cannot clear all my colleagues of these charges. The blithesome impracticality that some display upon arrival is exceeded only by the forcefulness with which they insist that they are practical. But certainly the answer a man may give to the question 'Have you ever met a payroll?' is no index to either practicality or fitness. The successful management of business enterprise is only one of many ways in which pertinent experience may be attained and human conduct tested. Besides, there are so many different ways of meeting a payroll!

"The expert's impracticality is supposed to express itself particularly in a devotion to ideas that would extend the size and realm of bureaucracy, make it still more cumbersome and oppressive. I cannot deny that a bent in that direction is often found in ideas born in the study.

"But the experts arrive in Washington mainly to fill a need and not to create one. They do not build the vast government establishment, nor do they always, as is so often thought, lie awake dreaming of a bigger one. True," he said, thereby contradicting himself, "some of the economists that have been down here would have unwisely rushed us into unmanageable schemes, requiring huge new government bureaus with huge new powers. But economists are notorious nuisances — even those that have learned how easy it is for plans to go astray, who come to accept the fact that the American people are willing to pay a certain price of imperfection for the privilege of muddling their own affairs. The most ardent blueprint-makers, I notice," he went on, "come to use a smaller drafting board in government than the one on which they leaned outside.

"As for the arrogance in manner and act, time, harsh treatment, and the opposition of equally valiant opponents usually bring correction — though not always. Why, I have known arrogant self-assurance, when combined with guile and inside

connection, to be turned into a lasting asset by suitable advertisement. Such officials can destroy the peace and effectiveness of whole departments. But government usually disciplines and softens manner, and increases understanding. It was on the campus, not in government, I believe, that two young doctors of philosophy took to settling their differences of doctrine by hitting each other over the head with bottles; such weapons are banned by department regulations. It is narrowness of mind or knowledge in the student that must be guarded against more than these other more blatant shortcomings, for they are more difficult to discern and less subject to correction."

6

MY FRIEND noticed that my attention had begun to wander, and he raised his voice. "You are wondering," he said, "why I go on so long about the experience and characteristics of the expert in government. It is because I believe that government will need him in the future even more than in the past — as the peoples of the world are forced into ever closer mutual dependence. He will be needed not only for his special knowledge, but for his other qualities. He has the impulse to care, to be emotionally devoted to the proper outcome of the affairs within his trust; this lends ardor to his work. He has a feeling of self-reliance, of ability to take care of himself by virtue of his training, of freedom from obligation; this confidence lends independence to his work. He possesses a belief in the importance of thorough intellectual investigation and in the curative power of knowledge; to the student, the ignorance of mankind, not its malevolence, is the enemy; this conviction lends faith to his work.

"When these characteristics are marked — for they vary enormously among individuals — they make him often a moving force within the circle of his labors, but at the same time often cause him to be difficult to digest within an organization, trouble-

some and importunate; and indeed, unless he has the suppleness of mind and spirit to bend to the needs of organization, he may well be so. Whether, as he becomes aware of his own shortcomings and of the length of the road that effort must travel, he loses or reaffirms his ardor, his independence, and his faith is the test of his enduring worth to government."

The reference to the long road that effort must travel seemed to fatigue my friend — I must say to my relief. He stood up and yawned, then spoke: "Well, I've drifted on long enough. I've tried to sketch at least the good and bad the student will find in government. Some give up; they become but indifferent fabricators of indifferent memoranda, who drag along in drowsing cynicism. But most of the men I've known have found more stimulating opportunities in its service than was ever granted them before, and their contribution to government has been an essential one. I believe it will remain so. It is not going to be easy for this country of one hundred and forty millions to beat its swords into plowshares, convert its tank plants into andiron factories. The demands upon government from every group will be more intense than ever. The government must be the school that instills the common good and the authority that measures it.

"In the increased productive power of the country, we shall have the basis of improved conditions of life and work for all. In the deepening sense of social responsibility, we shall have the impulse toward achieving greater social equality. In the patriotism and bravery of our fighting men in this war, we shall have a quickened national pride and glory. In the fierce desire of peoples to avoid the repetition of present sufferings, we shall have the will to organize international relations so that peace will prevail.

"The means for achieving all these ends, while preserving our liberties, will be in our hands. The great power that the government possesses, we bestow upon it. The expert in government can help to assure that it is used for all, not for a few; for enduring ends, not for transient ease."



AN ATLANTIC STORY

MAINE

by MARGARET OSBORN

1

SILENT at the tiller, Arnold threaded the boat through the rock pillars, going with the tide. High overhead we could hear the long moan of the foghorn, and the pure ring of Machias Light bell came over the water, sounding as if from nowhere, far off, and near us was the slapping of water against the rock and the screaming of the gulls.

The island loomed high in the fog that lay against it in heavy bands, the dark of the cliffs towering up, and off the shore huge broken columns that rose straight out of the black water, ancient portions of the face of the cliffs half lost, fearful and ruined. The water pulled around them, and where the fog lifted we could see it rolling in and breaking in a wide smoky line against the foot of the cliffs. We could see the deep holes of the caves and against them the gulls turning and dipping. Above them the fog was so thick we could not see where the cliffs ended.

We rounded the point into dead calm, the short sound of the engine echoing secretly back. We went straight along the lee shore, the cliffs seemed gradually to slope down to a steep, long slant of dark stones, and suddenly we came onto the harbor, a little crescent, narrow and deep and full as it could be packed of fishing boats. We came in on high tide, thirty feet. It was flush, beautiful, and very dark. Black Harbor.

We tied up to the dock. Arnold fussed with the gear of the boat, putting her to rights. Lundberg and I hauled up the heavy stuff, our shirts and dungarees wet with fog.

Arnold had sent word to Turner to meet us at the store. We went up there and found a message to let him know when we got in. We telephoned and sat down to wait.

The place was poor. The fishermen sat on the steps of the store or hung around two men pitching

horseshoes. One of them spoke to Arnold. They looked at Lundberg and me and looked away, vague and polite. They were curious and hostile. There were no women about, only one girl, very handsome in a coarse way, with a sullen, captive look like something wild. She stood on the steps of the store, the men bantered her and every now and then she'd shout back, in a speech so singsong we could not understand. She also looked at Lundberg and me, sly and savage, taking us in as strangers and as men.

We bought a few provisions and then moved our stuff up onto the road behind the store and soon we saw Turner coming with his horse and wagon. He drew up and Arnold went to meet him. Turner got down from his wagon. He was a little, hard, spare man from the mainland. He was thin and dried out with small burning eyes. Arnold introduced us. His speech was laconic and clipped but he was friendly and welcomed us. I watched the intensity of those eyes set in his dry, beaten face. They looked as if only a little would be needed to start a fire that would consume him.

It was getting late, so we loaded our stuff into the wagon and started off. The dirt road ran along through thick woods of pine and spruce. The thin, furry-looking horse went fast, in a rickety trot with a break in it, and Turner kept slapping the reins on his back so he had no chance to slow down. We had about six miles to go, Turner told us. He talked along to Arnold, looking sideways at Lundberg and me, reminding Arnold where to get water, what had happened during the winter — so many sheep lost, a death in the village, a birth, a quarrel. "Mrs. Turner'll be glad to see you up to supper," he said. "We make our dinner at noon." It was the first time he had mentioned her and I wondered what she'd be like. A little woman, I thought, dried up like him, and burning away too.

The pine woods thinned; we came out of them and

A La Farge of Saunderstown, a sister of Christopher and Oliver La Farge, MARGARET OSBORN makes her debut in the *Atlantic* with this powerful story of the New England coast.

crossed a bridge over a stream and were in open pasture on top of the cliff. The smell of salt came rich and heavy from the sea. The fog was thick and we couldn't see to the edge of the cliffs; there was only the rigid outline of bare, wind-shaped trees that grew along them. We skirted a rough, scrubby piece of land and he drew the horse up. It was dusk. We dragged the stuff out and he leaned over the wheel.

"You'll be coming along up to supper," he said, "when you're fixed." We thanked him and he drove rattling off into the fog.

We lit a lantern and worked for an hour against the dark, getting the tent up and things in order. All the time we could hear the foghorn sounding very close. When we were through, it was clean dark, and suddenly the flash from the lighthouse fell on us, once — a pause — away — a long pause — then return. The light fell like that across the mist, soft, bathing everything, then away.

We went along the path to the lighthouse, taking a lantern. The worn path ran very close along the cliff. There were droppings of sheep on it and rough little stones. The caves were at the foot of these cliffs, Arnold said; Southern Head, he called them. Here the sea pounded day and night and the sheep that sometimes fell down from above were washed into the caves, and turned over and over. Every now and then, in a flash from the lighthouse, we saw the white, naked wind-bent trees. We heard the sea far down below and the foghorn close and heavy.

The path curved along and came to a flat rocky place and in front of us, right on the edge of the cliff, was the lighthouse, low and white, with a round tower. To one side was a small building, some sort of shed and outhouse combined. The flash of the light revolved high over our heads and the horn was shattering and harsh; it made a humming reverberation all around us against the stone. Inside, against the small windows of the main building, we could see the shadow of someone moving.

We went up the path to the door. Turner opened to us. He looked small and dry, standing aside and bidding us enter. We felt awkward going into the warmth, light, and odor of a strange place. We stood a second in the doorway and then we saw Mrs. Turner. She was standing by the table, which was laid for supper. There was a lamp on it and the light was thrown up behind her.

She was a huge woman, not fat, but beautifully built and huge. It was surprising that she was young and so big, and she didn't seem possibly

Turner's wife. She was silent and a little sullen-looking and beautiful. She had heavy black brows and a great knot of hair, and strong breasts and thighs, and there she stood and Turner was introducing us. There was nothing juicy about her. She was Northern. But she wasn't burning up like Turner, she was smoldering.

2

FROM the beginning Lundberg didn't take his eyes off her. He has a way with women. He gets them with his cold and passionate desire without an ounce of feeling for them. I've never seen one that didn't try to please him.

Mrs. Turner didn't speak much; she passed us the food and waited on us. She didn't even smile at first. When the food was all set out, she came and sat down at the table across from Arnold and Turner, next to Lundberg and me.

Arnold said, "It's a pleasure to be here and taste your cooking again, Mrs. Turner." Turner looked across at her with a quick look of pride.

"You're real welcome, Mr. Arnold," she answered.

Her voice was high and loud. It had a rasping quality. I thought, "When she's old that voice will be strong medicine. Now she's the kind of woman to rouse desire in a man." I saw Lundberg's nostrils open when he looked at her. Turner watched her too all the time with that queer burnt look in his eyes. He was a little man and harsh, but not without a sort of power.

We ate in the kitchen. There was a parlor on the other side of the entrance. The whole place was whitewashed; it was very clean, but untidy and littered. There was a musty smell, and the air was a bit close. Plants grew in tins and boxes in the windows. There were a rocker and a sewing machine with the top down and covered with magazines and papers — no books. There was something restless in the place; it would be hard to read there — doing would be better. The roar of the foghorn outside made a trembling in the room, and the light revolving was reflected in the mist against the windows on first one side and then the other. In storms, they said, the sea came up high against the cliffs and made a tremendous sound.

"Seems like it would come in times and get us," Lottie Turner said.

She cleared supper away. She moved carelessly, noisily, with large gestures. She piled the dishes at the sink, beside a pump painted blue. We sat at the table with Turner, who told us about the lobster

traps. We could set at the foot of the cliffs, he said. "Go straight down, if you've a mind to." He went around from the harbor in a boat. "You'll burn the shells," he said, looking sidewise at us, and we could have a sheep from him and fishing and shooting, he offered us. He was the game warden.

All this time she moved back and forth, and Lundberg followed her with his eyes. Sometimes she looked at him; she didn't look at Arnold or me. In the little low, white room, with the light of the oil lamp, she seemed incandescent, moving strongly with her great breasts and thighs.

When supper was cleared away she lit another lamp and came over to the table. Turner got out a game they played — "Sixty-seven," it was called. It was played with cards, chips, and scores in which one could abet the other. We all drew our chairs up around the table. Again she sat opposite Turner and next to Lundberg and me. The light fell full on her, on her arms and her cheeks. The throat of her plain dress was open. She had a clean, musty odor like the room, with a faint sweetness in it, a bodily sweetness such as an animal would have. She gave it out when she moved.

We played that game for an hour. Outside, the foghorn roared and the mist against the windows was illumined. The whole thing seemed rounded and strange like a dream.

Lottie Turner had grown less shy. She laughed from time to time with a queer, explosive, school-girl's laughter, harsh like her voice. Those bursts of slightly uncouth laughter did not break her dignity. In her roughness she was more desirable. She leaned a bit away from me and toward Lundberg, who never left her with his eyes. He could not stare directly at her; he glanced down continually at her breast and arm close to him, almost against him.

When the game was over we thanked them, said good night and went home along the path. We were silent, all of us tired. Lundberg whistled softly a little tune over and over, off the key and with no ending.

We slept hard that first night, on our two cots, with some blankets for the third put down on the ground. The last thing I saw was the light turned on the side of the tent: a flash — a pause, away — a long pause, then return.

That next morning the sun shone. By afternoon the fog closed in again. Fog or strong weather was part of the hugeness up there. When the fog broke and there was a calm, free summer day, there seemed suspense in it, like a person holding his breath; it was brilliant, with that hardness of light that neither ripples nor expands, and has beneath it a foundation of darkness.

3

I DON'T know when he became her lover. The beginning was that first night, though, and all the nights after were the same, with a growing intensity between them that shut the rest of us out. There were little things too, after a while. They would touch knee against knee under the table, or their hands would meet passing a dish, and in the game she favored him and helped him to win. I don't know how much Turner knew; he never made a sign and he never appeared to see anything. He was gone every afternoon on his exacting rounds of the lobster traps, which took him each time clear around the island; and every afternoon, after the first few days, Lundberg was gone too, up to the lighthouse.

That was how it went. From the first she was his. With him she was a creature for his wants and no telling when they might veer somewhere else or when she would tire him with her passion. Perhaps he was her first lover. There was a feeling of life unspent in her, virginal and strong.

The days went along. We did turnabout at cooking, and keeping the tent. We hung our sheep and trapped the lobster that Turner had allowed us. Lundberg and I cut steps in the cliff to go straight down instead of around by the cove. Arnold and I spent the day working at our pictures; every morning Lundberg pounded his typewriter and was gone every afternoon; every evening we all three went up to the lighthouse to supper, to the game of "Sixty-seven," to Lundberg and Lottie Turner, and Turner looking on. The whole day and all we did came back to that, the five of us sitting in that low, whitewashed room with its musty odor, filled with the dry, laconic burning of Turner, the casual ruthlessness of Lundberg's desire and the passion of Lottie, which filled the room with an intense vibration. All this while she served the supper and cleared away, and we laughed and talked with Turner of fishing and trapping, of the tides, the village news, and afterwards drew our chairs against the table to play.

Once I saw them. It was afternoon. I'd knocked off from my work and gone up to the lighthouse for water. With the bucket in my hand I was crossing toward the well when they came out of the house. There was fog, they hadn't seen me, and I stopped, not knowing whether to call out or to be quiet. She stood above him on the step and he turned around to her and with a rough gesture she caught his head against her breast. Then she released him and he went down the steps and along the path to the cliff.

She called after him in that strange, harsh voice of hers, holding her hand against her mouth. She looked fine standing on the step. The collar of her dress was wide open. Her hair was disordered; the great knot of it was barely held up in the back, and there was something triumphant about the stand of her whole body. He turned and waved his hand and disappeared into the fog. I waited until she went indoors and filled my bucket at the well.

It was when we'd been there a month that, one afternoon, Lundberg didn't go to the lighthouse. He came with me to the village to see, he said, the girl I was doing, the strange, coarse girl we'd seen that first afternoon. I'd told him about her. She lived with her mother and five brothers in a long gray-weathered house, very dirty inside; she helped with the nets and was as strong as a man and though only sixteen she was no longer a virgin. The mother was thin and sandy-haired, with enormous ears and startled, stupid eyes.

Lundberg watched them all afternoon in the rambling, sagging house. They had a last flare of power, he said, in the midst of the degradation of their ways. He was going to write about it and about the girl. Her name was Pearl Crandall and he stayed talking to her after I'd started for home, sitting on the steps of the house, rolling a cigarette the way he did, turning it quickly in his hands, while she stood running her foot back and forth in the dust and eyeing him and laughing. She'd been mending a net of her brother's and she had it trailed over her arm and down behind her. Her hair fell into her eyes. She had on a fisherman's jacket and a short dress. Her feet were bare and very dirty, and her legs were firm and strong with coarse skin on them. I thought, "She has the violence of a Goya." It was some time before Lundberg caught up with me on the way home.

4

THAT night we were late for supper. Turner was standing in the open doorway, the light streaming out past him.

"We were minded to think you weren't coming," he said. "Lottie was fearful her supper would be spoiled." Lottie was silent and sullen, her brows drawn together. Sitting in the rocker, she pushed it back and forth.

"I was painting," I said, "down at the village; it's a good walk back."

Lundberg went over to the sewing machine, next to Lottie, and picked up a magazine from the pile lying on the top.

"And I went with him, Mrs. Turner," he said,

"and got an idea for a story, and fooling round with it made us late. Forgive us," he said. "We're a bad lot."

His back was turned to us. There was laughter in his voice and a stroking softness. She got up and we went to the table. She looked bewildered, and the tenseness in the air remained.

The next day I was off to the other end of the island. Lundberg didn't come with me. In the evening Lottie Turner was glowing. She hardly bothered to hide her feelings. In the last flare of Lundberg's desire, without an overt motion, they seemed to own each other, to be alone in the room. Turner was very dry. He talked little and made mistakes in his game. Finally he got up and left the room, saying he was going to attend to the light. She offered to help him. He waved his hand and went out without answering and was gone some time.

When Turner came back he carried our lantern. He set it absently down on the table. The game was over, and standing above it and looking down, it threw an added light directly up against his face, and it seemed to me that I saw him for the first time: his beaten thinness, his defeat, his burning and his lasting sterile power. He said, "It's coming on to rain. I figure it will blow up and rain hard. We're in for a storm." There was water on his coat and his hair. We said good night, turned up our collars, took our lantern and went out. The heavy drops were beginning to fall.

It rained all night, drumming down above us on the roof of the tent, drumming its sound and texture into our dreams, and all day it rained, and the next day and the next. We stayed inside. Every evening the odor, warmth and glow of the lighthouse room with the storm outside was like a narcotic. I remember those evenings passed in a blur. There was a lull in the tenseness and a sense of remote and shut-in quietness.

Then the storm cleared. The third day the wind dropped, by evening the rain ceased, there was a struggle of light in the west, and the next morning the sun was strong and hot. When, after lunch, I started for the village, Lundberg said he was coming along.

When we got to the Crandall Place, Pearl wasn't around. Mrs. Crandall was there; Pearl was off up the shore, she said, by the small cove, with the boat. Luke was gone with her. She'd be back come evening, maybe.

The small cove was the only opening there was in the cliffs. It was there with the tide down, a little piece of beach, rock and sandy soil, a hollow hardly bigger than your hand, a resting place in the long

line of cliff. We'd come on it going down our steps and half wading, half climbing along the shore. The fishermen used it when the tide was low. When the tide rose there wasn't an inch of it left.

I stayed waiting for a chance to draw Mrs. Crandall. Lundberg, after sitting around with us, went off along the road. I worked late and then I went down to the village for the post. Turner's horse was unhitched, tied up to the block. His wagon was there full of stuff. He didn't seem to be around. He was out with his boat, someone told me. One of the Crandall boys came in as I was leaving. It was Luke. I asked him where his sister was.

"Left her up to the small cove, Mr. Haven," he said. He grinned. I went out of the store and along the road toward home.

The late slanting sun glinted on everything. The pine woods smelled strong and clean after the rain. There was no dust.

A little way along I heard wheels and Turner came up to me in his wagon. He stopped and offered me a lift. I said I'd walk. "It's good tonight after the storm."

"Yes," he said. "Yes." He lifted the reins. "I give your friend a row in from the small cove. He and Pearl Crandall. They nigh got caught with the tide. He got kinda wet. He'll be coming along right smart, I reckon." He looked at me sideways, the reins suspended. "It don't pay folks that don't know the tide fooling along the cliffs — or folks that don't belong, making it with the wimmen either." His voice rasped. He spat over the wheel, pulled the reins, and went on.

I stood in the road and waited for Lundberg. That was where he'd gone and that was what Luke Crandall meant when he grinned. It was true what Turner said. I'd heard it before, but it wasn't Pearl Crandall I was bothered about, or her mother or her brother Luke.

I went and sat down by the side of the road. The orange light of the sun slanted level through the woods behind me onto the stones and dirt. I was thinking of how Lottie Turner had seemed to me that first night.

When Lundberg came along he was walking fast, his head back. He was wet to the waist. I called out to him. He stopped short.

"Were you waiting for me, Pete?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "I saw Turner. He told me you'd be coming along."

"Turner?" said Lundberg. He made a face. "He caught me out — damn him," he said. "Suppose he told you. I had to take a lift from him, too. We were well stuck with the tide. God, I'm wet," he added. "Let's walk."

He lit a cigarette and we started off. We walked for a while in silence except for the swishing of Lundberg's wet clothes.

"Listen," he said suddenly. "The tide was way out when I got there. They were through nearly with the traps and I hung around and the brother went off with the boat. She stayed with me. I thought we'd get up by the steps, climbing along the shore. She said she'd often gone the other way, over the cliffs. It seemed all right, but we stayed too long. We stayed a long time, and Turner caught us."

I turned my head and looked at Lundberg. He met my eyes. "Sure," he said, "together —" his face contracted. "The tide was turned and coming in fast. We'd have both known it — only then. But Turner rowed by and coming back he shouted to us to go with him. It was too late. There wasn't a chance of getting out. That row back to the harbor," Lundberg said, "God, that cooled me off."

"Turner is full of knowledge," I said.

Lundberg laughed shortly. "Pearl Crandall," he said. "It's not the first time nor the last with her."

It's not Pearl Crandall, I thought, but I didn't say it. We walked fast and were silent the rest of the way back.

5

WE WERE right on time for supper. The sun had set and it was dusk when we got to the door. No one opened to us; there didn't seem to be anyone there.

"Funny," Arnold said. "Don't they expect us?"

Generally the door was ajar, the lamps lit, and we walked in and they were there ahead of us and supper was laid. We knocked again. Then we heard a noise overhead and then someone coming down the stairs. A pause at the bottom and Turner opened the door. In the half-light he seemed as narrow as a ghost.

"Come in," he said. There was something gone from his voice and something else in the place of it, a guarded harshness.

We went in. "There's nothing wrong, is there?" Arnold asked. "You were expecting us, weren't you?"

"We were expecting you," Turner answered. "Lottie'll be down. Come in."

He lit the lamps, and while he was trimming the wick of the second one Lottie Turner came into the room. She didn't glance at Lundberg but came straight to me and said very loud, "Well, supper'll be ready in a minute. Set down, won't you?"

At supper she waited on us in silence without her usual rough, shy sallies. She set the dishes heavily on the table. She didn't eat much, and afterwards sat with her elbows on the oilcloth and gave occasional uncouth outbursts of laughter at things we said. They were loud, without coquetry, and they were unsteady. Her brows were drawn together, she didn't speak to Lundberg, but once when he crossed the room I saw her follow him with her eyes; her mouth trembled and a minute later she burst out laughing again.

She had on a different dress from the one she usually wore, a more elaborate dress, made of cloth instead of print. It was maroon color and smelled of camphor. She must have dragged it out and put it on at the last moment. It didn't fit her; it marred the nobility of her body and made her look fat. The sleeves were too short and it was fastened somehow close across the neck. The color was unbecoming to her; for the first time she looked plain.

Arnold noticed her dress when she came and sat down next to him after supper was cleared away, and the lamplight fell strong on it. "You look very fine, Mrs. Turner," he said. His voice filled the awkward silence.

"Oh," she said dully, "I ain't fixed out much, Mr. Arnold." Turner was coming back to the table, the game of "Sixty-seven" in his hand. He stopped, shaking the box of chips up and down.

"Mrs. Turner," he said, rather loud, "was minded to style herself a little because the company's going. We always aim to send them off right. Ain't that true, Lottie?"

The blood ebbed away from her face, leaving the color marked in blotches on the surface of the skin. She gave a laugh which choked off. Turner came to the table and set the game down.

"Going?" said Arnold. "Who? I don't understand."

I was sitting next to him. Under the table I put my hand on his knee. Lundberg leaned over and lit a cigarette at the chimney of the lamp.

"We didn't tell you, Dick," he said. "Pete and I got a wire from Sweeney this afternoon. We've got to be moving tomorrow." He looked at Turner. "It's too bad," he said. "It breaks up everything. I guess, Dick, you'll have to hold the fort alone."

"Well, by God," said Arnold, "you fellows —"

Lottie was silent. I didn't look at her. I looked at Turner. He had met Lundberg's look with his burning little eyes and now he was bending down, setting the piles of chips neatly out on the table. "Seems that's about it," he said. "We hate to see folks go when they could have stayed, but it looks this time like it was a settled thing." He sat down

and drew his chair up to the table and started dealing the cards.

We were silent. Arnold choked on his surprise. Lottie had turned very white. We played stupidly and Turner called the points in his dry voice with a sort of drag in it. Before the game was ended she got up, saying she must go see to the light.

"Set still," Turner said. "I'll go." But she was already in the corner lighting the lantern, and he didn't rise.

She came to the table with the lantern in her hand. "I'll say good night," she said in a loud voice and held out her hand to each of us. When she touched Lundberg's, she looked straight over his head, her mouth was drawn in a line and her brows met. She towered there, big and uncouth in her clumsy dress, which seemed hardly able to hold her body. She hesitated and then turned and went out. Turner had not moved. His eyes were fixed on the cards in his hand. He set them down on the table and rose.

"There'll be fog in again come morning," he said. "I reckon you'll want to turn in early, making your start tomorrow." He spoke to me, ignoring Lundberg.

"Yes," I said, "we'll be going along now."

"Well, I'm damned," Arnold said. Lundberg had him by the arm and they went out together through the door. I followed. At the door I looked back. Turner was still standing by the table.

"Turner," I said, "we owe you for the sheep, the boat, and all your trouble, and for the board, too."

He waved his hand. "I ain't takin' narithin' for it," he said.

"But —" I said.

"It'd been arranged before this," he said. "I ain't takin' narithin'."

It was finished. "Good night," I said, and went along to join the others.

They hadn't waited and were well ahead of me. I could see their lantern swinging back and forth. The stars were out overhead but they were dim. I remembered Turner had said there would be fog tomorrow. He knew the weather like his hand.

In the tent we said nothing. Lundberg seemed to have fixed it with Arnold. "I'll take you over in the morning," he said, his voice angry and restrained.

It was my stint at cooking. I should have to be up early, so I packed my bag and got my paints together after the others had turned in. My blankets were ready on the ground. Long after I was through and wrapped in them, I watched the light turn on the tent: a flash — a pause — away — a long pause — then return. It moved in my sleep in a deep unease.

6

It was gray light when I woke. The fog was in. My blankets were wet with it and I could hear the hoarse, long-drawn sound of the foghorn coming across from the tower. I got up slowly and dressed and went outside the tent to wash and start the fire. The water in the barrel was almost gone when I'd done washing, so I took a bucket and went up to the lighthouse. I walked along the path, looking down at the little stones and sheep droppings I'd seen the first night, and heard the sea way below and felt the jar of the horn as I got nearer.

There was no one about; everything was quiet. I went to the well and filled my bucket. The base of the lighthouse tower looked huge and very white and round. The air was pure and heavy with the smell of salt. There were a few sheep grazing a patch of grass near the shed. The horse was gone, his worn and dirty blanket hanging on the rail. Turner was off early on his rounds.

I started back slowly, my bucket as full as it would hold. The fog had lifted, and thinned in the way it sometimes did, with what seemed a strange and whimsical passion of its own. The light was pale and very beautiful, and it seemed to me that I should never get enough of that strange thrill of loneliness and awe that came from passing so near, so very near, the edge of that high cliff, hearing below the savage, weary movement of the sea. I set the bucket down. This was the last time I should be here or know this place.

Now I had a great desire to lie flat on the ground, and feast on the impelling violence and beauty. The light struck down singly on the cliffs and I could see the dark shine of the water. Lying there I could see its great swell and lift, the line of foam, and the black, wet hollows of the rocks. The hoarse vibrating sound of the lighthouse came, and far off, as on that first day, the sound — pure, remote and haunting — of Machias Light bell that was never still.

I drew in a great breath of the sea and the grass, bitter and lovely, and then I saw her washing, turning over, heavy and terrible at the foot of the cliffs below me: Lottie Turner, washing there, caught — turning and turning on the rocks below — her hand stretched out, her head and the weight of her body very plain in the pale light. I could not get my breath and I lay staring and unbelieving and terribly afraid. She was the shape of death itself; her

body looked not tiny, but huge still, down there, turning with a fearful casualness and abandon — her body powerful and alone in the dark red dress against the bitter dark rocks and gleaming water.

I felt my heart pounding and my breath was dry in my throat. We would reach Turner. Something must be done. I got to my feet, stumbling against the water bucket, spilling it over onto the ground. The roar from the lighthouse tower struck me like a voice calling out. Around me the fog was shifting already and was closing in again. I looked down once; the gleam of the water was receding. Through my mind, as I turned, went what Arnold had said — how the creatures falling in fog or storm turned over and over in the sea below, washed into the dark caves by the powerful and restless water. Had she fallen as they, blinded with fog, or was it a storm greater than any they could know?

"Seems like it will come and get us times," she said, and now she was down there. "Seems times like it will come right in and get us," laughing in her harsh and ugly voice. I kept hearing that as I went down blindly toward the tent, the brush and brambles tearing at my ankles. I saw the crash and impact of the spray against the lighthouse, but the current that had caught Lottie Turner was more powerful, terrible and casual than the sea. I could see Turner standing by the table, the lamplight on his face, and his little burning eyes. The shattering roar of the lighthouse horn, like a desperate voice, struck me again and again. "Seems like it will come right in and get us."

I reached the tent and found myself standing, holding the empty bucket in my hand. I'd picked it up and carried it without knowing. It felt insanely light; I set it down. As I did so, Lundberg came out of the tent, rumped and half awake, the lines of sleep still in his handsome, smiling face.

"Well, Pete, old boy, that was a long, sweet night," he said, and then, "What's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

I stared at him. I could not speak. "It's not getting you down, this island, is it, Pete?" he laughed, and then he yawned and stretched with the wide stretch of waking. "God," he said, "am I telling you, I'll be as glad as sin to get off it and stand again on hallowed ground."

And once more he laughed, that strong easy laugh of his, narrowing his eyes and throwing back the beauty of his head. I stood there, and his words seemed to fall down cold between us, and for that instant I could find nothing to shape what I had to say.

FIGHTER PILOT IN THE PACIFIC

by LIEUTENANT EDWARDS PARK

MARCH 11, 1943. — For a man with my job, New Guinea is a lovely place. Picture a tropical climate tempered by a constant sea breeze. Your home is a tent perched on the side of a steep little hill, and you look across a shady valley to the brilliant green of a similar hill not 400 yards away — and beside that another, and another. The hills may be 1000 feet high or 200, but the outlook is now intimate and comforting rather than eternal and terrifying. Our hills are blanketed with shining green hay, — no other word for it, just hay, — and shaded with eucalyptus trees. Climb one of them and you will find an exhilarating sight: in one direction the mighty peaks that form the backbone of the island towering 15,000 feet into the clouds, and in another direction perhaps a glint of the sea.

It's great to be assigned finally to a line outfit — to be a member of an efficient, well-organized little business firm where everything is in its proper place and I have my duties and know how to do them. We don't work often, but when we do we work hard.

May 2, 1943. — We heard F.D.R.'s speech about the coal miners last night, and the news of the strike was new to us. That sort of thing makes us feel sick and futile. The evening was spoiled for all of us. Morale is a hard thing to define, but I think I know what it feels like to lose it. You hear about half a million men stopping work because their leader wants to force the hand of his government and thus increase his own power. (Or have we got it wrong out here?) Anyway, you suddenly say, "What the hell is the use?" and you don't much care whether you win your particular scrap or not — for those people. You see, we take the war seriously out here. We know how easy it is to lose, and what a lot of work it's going to be to win. And if people

at home don't take it seriously too, then there's no purpose in our staying here in the mud any longer.

June 30, 1943. — You have just been writing me about your getting word of my "debut." It's so long ago now that I'm tempted to tell what happened. There was a raid, we intercepted, I got in a few passes at a bomber and must have made him awfully annoyed because he shot the hell out of my crate. He was very lucky or a very good shot. I was very lucky. I landed O.K. We got that particular bomber, which pleased me because I hated the idea of being considered a "probable" by the Nips.

I remember having the feeling that I was impregnable. There was no fear, and not much excitement. Just a good rat-race, lots of fun. It's fun to shoot at something. After it's over you think, "How bloody dangerous!" and then only for a moment, and not for a couple of days. I made a lot of mistakes, but that damned Moto *was* lucky. I hope you are all well and happy and not worrying about little web-foot, because I'm strictly the careful type. It was really not much worse than Dick and I pasting each other with tinfoil slugs from rubber bands. It sounded just like hail on a tin roof. Now please don't worry; I don't.

September 8, 1943. — Today I had to ask a lot of that French Prostitute plane of mine, and she behaved so beautifully that I forgave her all the times she has tried to kill me. I am madly in love with her. It's wonderful to feel as though the wings were your own — and not a good idea to feel it too strongly.

Living conditions are different and, of course, pretty rugged. The jungle is rather fascinating if you make up your mind to be kindly in your thoughts of it. It smells. A smell that could only be jungle. The trees are beauts, 200 feet high or so, and massive and straight, with flying buttress roots. The vines are impenetrable.

A Boston boy who graduated from Yale in the Class of 1939, EDWARDS PARK taught school at Proctor Academy, Andover, New Hampshire, before becoming a fighter pilot in the Southwest Pacific.

Not many snakes, thank God, but they have a cozy habit of sleeping in your cot. Lonely, no doubt. I am still terrified by them.

The jungle is cool and wet. The soil is black, and already we have several Victory gardens starting. The jungle is noisy. There are continuous rustlings, whispers, shrieks, voices. You swear someone is calling your name. It rains frequently and the ground turns to black glue. It is always wet. Out in the kunai (grasslands) it is hotter and a little drier because of winds. It is a bit cleaner, too.

Well, enough of that. We are listening to Radio Tokyo, enjoying the excellent jazz (much better taste in music than we get from the States) and the propaganda. We are always delighted to hear that once again we have been exterminated. It sort of cheers you up.

The Nips are funny little people. Inconsistent, masochistic, seeming to be satisfied with a gesture. Gosh, their planes are pretty, though, — shiny and new-looking and dainty, — and it gives you a curious thrill to see that neat, simple red circle. If there were time to think, I'd think: "In that different plane, behind that different insignia, is a different type of man whose whole pattern of life is on a different dimension from mine. And he seems to believe it is better, because he is directly going to try his best to kill me, so that he can convince my people." Actually, of course, the only thing I think is: "I hope I'm going faster and appearing more dangerous than I feel." And the poor Nip probably thinks, "I *must* fight this Yankee so that I can use up some ammo and report that he was shot down, so that I won't get hell from the C.O., who in turn won't be beheaded by the Emperor." It's a curious business. We'll get 'em, though, sooner or later.

September 19, 1943. — The job is going well. I am learning that discretion is the better part of valor, and am cagier and less hell-for-leather than at the time of my debut. I doubt if it will make much difference in the results obtained, but it may make you happy to learn that I at least try to think twice before attacking singlehanded 500 eager Zeros. Have done a bit of strafing lately, which is glorious fun but deceptively dangerous. You circle high over your target and then peel down on it with a great feeling of speed and formidability. The trouble is that you get so fascinated by the sight of your tracers flashing into (you hope) the target, that you tend to forget how close to the trees you are, and how much you "mush." I will not forget again.

Our aerial "contacts" are short and sporadic and far between. The Nip is not in an attacking mood

right now. Radio Tokyo assures us that Italy's warriors will fight on against the vicious invader, that forty or so American planes have fallen to the eagles of Nippon, that people at home are drinking ice-cold drinks and eating ice cream, and don't we wish we were? So we know everything is O.K., and feel pretty good.

October 6, 1943. — My squadron seems slated for the inglorious but necessary role of "blocking back." We don't see much of the heroics, but just do our dull little job as faithfully as we can, and sometimes we are rewarded by finding ourselves at the right place at the right time, with the chance of showing our mettle. I'm always nervous as a cat at that period when you are pretty sure you're going to make contact but you haven't yet. Then when it comes you feel amazingly confident and cool, although you are doing twelve things at once and all in a split second.

It's astonishing to me that my reactions can be so quick, and at the time can seem so agonizingly slow. Time slows down so much that a second seems to drag interminably. We give our intelligence reports: "Fired a two-second burst," which seems a most conservative estimate, and then find from the amount of ammo expended that it was only half a second's burst. I find that after I've landed, the momentum of the fast pace carries on. I make a point of trying to act calm and unexcited, but I find myself lighting a cigarette and then throwing it away, and sitting down and getting up, and lighting another cigarette, and so on. But this is all an unusual event with us. Mostly it's just the "blocking back" kind of work.

I have a couple of souvenirs. In my job it is a novel feeling to see these evidences that the enemy exists as living creatures (or dead, more likely), rather than as a red design on a map, or a shiny, dainty, exotic-looking little aircraft with flaming red balls on the wings. From what I've seen, the enemy appears to live a more or less normal army life, smoking cigarettes, reading pulp magazines, caring for his equipment. But he does appear to be even dirtier than we. Not just grimy like us, but actually stinking filthy. He is a messy person, although probably the stress of his position just before his defeat is largely to blame. The big difference is that in victory or defeat he is stupid. Damned dumb. There is plenty of evidence of the crude hypnotism he is subjected to and hasn't the intellectual experience to disbelieve. The souvenirs are the belongings of soulless men, and that gives them a repugnance — and a sort of pathos.

Conditions here, the lack of mail, the food situa-

tion (very little and very bad), the long hours of hard work, and days off when there is nothing to do (no books, no games) except what we make up — all this we take in our stride and crack jokes about it. When things get very bad the griping stops and we make fun of ourselves.

All this proves conclusively what I've always known — that this is a remarkably fine squadron of the finest guys in the world. We are a fraternity more closely bound than any hush-hush club could imagine. I might tell a little more about us. Our average age is about twenty-four, and many of us are married — a few to Australian girls. We come from all over — Texas, California, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Louisiana, and of course New England. The Middle West seems to claim a slight majority of us. The North slightly outnumbers the South. The Far West has a good showing. New England proudly claims a fat percentage of the Northerners. Our arguments are violently sectional without ever becoming serious. It would be odd to get serious about the relative merits of our home states when we are out here. Most of us are fairly experienced at the job. A couple have the makings of aces. Sometimes we lose a boy. As I write this I realize that it might be any squadron. But I swear this one is the best.

November 27, 1943. — I have just returned from leave and find your worried cable waiting. First, to ease your mind, I am well and unhurt. In spite of the fact that I've been picking the scab of my "wound," trying to leave a scar, I have great difficulty in finding the place. Doug, Judge Hoyt, Moose Nus, and I got caught out of a slit-trench and the stuff was really flying. We were lying in a little gully clutching the Good Earth to our bosoms — trying in fact to suck ourselves inside it. It turned out to be the wrong gully, right in the middle of the bomb pattern. I still don't like to think about it, much less talk or write about it. We came very, very close; I never want to go through that again. Moose got a chunk in his shoulder but will be O.K. Judge gouged his calf but is out of the hospital. Doug got treated for a little scratch on his foot, and I discovered later that there was a smear of blood on my right thigh, and a good stiff muscle bruise. I got an alcohol rub at the dispensary, and was thereby officially listed as a casualty, much to my embarrassment.

I am still a little bit jittery about loud noises and swishing sounds, but leave has made a new man of me. That is all there is to it, except that I went to church that night (it being Sunday) for the first time in — disgraceful, isn't it? The chaplain was a

nice young lad who was enthusiastic about being informal with the boys, and kept insisting on chatting with us about K.P. duty, and cussing, and bumming cigarettes, when what I wanted was good solid praying and lots of it. I disregarded him and talked things over seriously with God. Then the next day Doug and I dug the biggest, strongest, bomb-proofest dugout you ever saw. You had a thoroughly scared son that day.

Now about the Distinguished Flying Cross. Again, I must truthfully demur. It was awarded, just as it says, for fifty missions additional to the Junior Birdman's Badge [nickname for the Air Medal] missions, meaning seventy-five in all. That is all. Period. The missions have consisted of escorts, patrols, scrambles (interceptions), sweeps (where you fly as high and as hastily as possible over an enemy base, supposedly looking for a fight), strafes, and dive-bombs. I have been in a few, very few, fights, and have not achieved any results at all, except one Zero "damaged" — only there is no official credit for "damaged" other than in an intelligence report. I have been shot at plenty in the air, and from ack-ack. I was on one strafe where we reportedly killed ninety Nips. That is the whole story, if it gets through.

I'm sorry to disappoint you again, but this record is slightly below the average for a D.F.C. None of us are actually spectacular, and least of all, I. (Is that correct grammar?) In fact, writing this down it sounds pretty boastful. It literally has been nothing but routine for this kind of squadron. Every squadron does a different type of work, depending on its equipment; and in some of them, when the boys win a D.F.C., it really means something, because it's harder to last seventy-five missions than with us. In our case it's simply a question of doing your job, and there is no heroism or outstanding duty involved. This hurts me worse than it does you. I should love to be sent home to sell bonds and make speeches and kiss babies — not too young — and wave condescendingly through clouds of ticker tape. But I shan't be.

I'm heartbroken to hear about Jock. We get very callous about deaths in our own squadron, but it's always a blow to hear that someone from home or college has been killed.

Leave was especially fine because I was with Tad. Yet after the third leave you just can't be so refreshed and eager as you were after the first. It's funny to come back. You're fresh from the land of clean sheets, eggs, steak, milk, fruit, beer, music and dancing, and the thought of going back makes you so blue you are ready to break a leg to avoid it. Then you arrive in this breathless glaring heat, and

you meet the gang and are so glad to see them that you forget everything else. We've been through such a hell of a lot together, and we know each other so very well. Immediately the old ways, the smelly blankets on your sack, the whining mosquitoes, the day-long snarl of planes — all these seem ageless and part of you, and leave reverts to a blurred idea in the back of your mind.

My only good souvenir is a scarf of a thousand stitches, about five feet long and eight inches wide, with the red stitches representing the Rising Sun. Each stitch is put in by a different friend or relative, and Mr. Moto wears it around his belly or as a turban for luck. Mine has a bullet hole in the dead center. Lots of love to all.

TEDDY



SONNETS FROM A PRISON

by JOHN BUXTON

"HOW DIETH THE WISE MAN? AS THE FOOL ALSO"

WHY should we praise or pity the senseless dead
 Chosen haphazard by a splintering shell
 Or the one bullet in ten thousand? Why tell
 Heroic tales of them? We live instead
 Simply because we crouched, or ducked our head
 A second sooner, or because we fell
 A yard this side of them. Oh! we know well
 It was no plan of God's when all is said.
 Pity a man if he must kill: that's vile
 And not entailed in living, — that's a taint
 Only to be rinsed off us after death.
 But dying, dying? Why, a man can smile
 Even as he feels his leaping heart go faint,
 Even as he wrings his lungs for one last breath.

OFLAG VII B
 GERMANY

TO RIGMOR FONGNER

You will reject me when the war is done
 And say, by fighting I did but betray
 Myself and you, turn your proud head away
 And bitterly blame me as if I had run
 Unthinking to the war, who hoped I'd shun
 This tawdry passion of killing. But, you'll say,
 My poems still ring true, — were I as they
 Then greater things than battles I'd have won.
 And I have done so. Here no word's a lie.
 I stripped my spirit naked to the war,
 And what unknown I feared known now I hate,
 But fear no longer. And how else should I
 Make absolute the faith I held before?
 How else to peace my whole life dedicate?

OFLAG VII B
 GERMANY

PREACHING IN OBSCURITY

by WALTER R. CLYDE

1

AMERICA has thousands of obscure pastors of congregations in predominantly rural communities, the "little brothers" of the Protestant Church, who seldom come to notice or rise to positions of eminence. Participation in the more important Church conferences is not often their privilege; they cannot pay their own way and their denominations hardly ever commission them as delegates. Almost never are they named to high denominational posts like those of the state executives, board secretaries, and bishops.

Invitations to exchange pulpits with pastors of prominent congregations, to address official Church gatherings, to lead in Church conferences of their fellow ministers, are very few for them. Often their colleagues of the metropolitan and county-seat pulpits look down upon them with complacency and condescension, with self-satisfaction and pity, and sometimes, even, with a trace of contempt. They wear out entire lives in the same kind of small churches and small communities, with the same absence of reputation, and finally, in their old age, lay aside their work without publicity.

I would speak a word for these "little brothers" of the Protestant Church as one contribution toward rendering them the honor which in simple justice is their due. I would speak a word for them because they constitute a major cause for optimism regarding the future of the Christian Church. Quite correctly it is many times lamented that the Church of today has brought its existence into jeopardy by loving popularity more than truth, until its ministry has failed properly to denounce modern secularism, with its materialism, its sensuality, its superficial view of man's goodness. But the devout "little brothers" of Protestantism deny secularism and all

its concomitants by their lives of persistent devotion to their humble duties. Sensitive to the needs of common people, they maintain a single purpose: the service of those needs in the name of their God. Their Christianity is a living Christianity; their Church is a living Church, a Church which will continue to live.

I can speak for the "little brothers" of the Protestant Church because I know something about them. My father was one of them. Many of them were my pupils in the theological seminary before they left for their years of ministry in the rural trading towns and the open country. I have seen them in the Northeast, the East, the South, the Far West. I have seen them all about me on the vast prairies of the Missouri valley. And I know them to be men of God in very truth, worthy of the Church's highest honors, foundations for the Church's highest hopes.

There is, for example, the aged minister who attended a Church conference at which I was present last fall. It was the annual state meeting of one of the larger denominations; and this old saint was present for the fifty-fifth consecutive time! Fifty-five years ago he had left an Eastern theological seminary, traveled westward for over fifteen hundred miles to the frontier lands of South Dakota, and begun his first pastorate in a mission church just established, where only recently oxen and plow had broken the rich black loam of the plains. He remained twenty-nine years, leaving only to become supervisor, for a decade more, of a group of even more primitive congregations.

At the same conference with the venerable father of the Church was a young man with a theological degree not yet a year old — a young man who is now pastor of five rural churches. He told me of his conversation with a lady who was expressing her appreciation of his work and his special helpfulness to her. He said to her: "I entered this work because I wanted to. I am only afraid that some day

While he was Professor of Christian Ethics in the Omaha Theological Seminary, the REVEREND DR. WALTER R. CLYDE assigned many young men to rural pastorates. In this heartening picture of Christianity in action, he pays tribute to their integrity and staying power. Dr. Clyde is now teaching in the Union Theological Seminary in Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico.

something will come up that may attract me away from it." That something? A pastorate in a bigger town, with a more imposing church building, a larger salary, a more comfortable manse, greater cultural opportunities, a better school for his children. A strange fear!

There is the man who served a village congregation of a few more than a hundred members for seventeen years, the man who has ministered to a similar congregation for fifteen years. There is the man, about fifty and with the vigor and balanced judgment of healthy maturity, who lives in the open country beside his church building, of necessity supplementing his salary from the produce of cows, chickens, and a limited acreage, but who steadily declines calls to substantial congregations because "my people need me here." There is the man, not yet twenty-five, who went to a Nebraska sand-hill town to serve a congregation which had been without a pastor for three years because it could barely offer a living salary. There is the man who ministered to a succession of struggling village churches for thirty-nine years, of whom it was said at the close of a necrology committee's report: "He was not a seeker of honor and position." There is the man, not yet forty, who recently entered the army chaplaincy from a small-town pastorate which he took thirteen years ago directly following his graduation from seminary.

Young, elderly, middle-aged, these "little brothers" of the Protestant Church have the same high vision of humble service, the same abiding purpose of persistence in unrewarding toil.

Significantly, they willingly accept positions that most of the prominent ministers, board representatives, and theological seminary professors — those who fill up the Church's conferences on social problems — would refuse. These ministers, board members, and seminary teachers, in comparison with the rural pastors, occupy places of ecclesiastical privilege. One notes a remarkable difference between modern social documents written by labor and those written by the Church. The social documents of labor are written largely by men at the bottom of their specific working class while the social documents of the Church are penned by men at the top of theirs.

The pastors of the large congregations, the department executives of the denominations, the professors of the theological seminaries — these are the men who write the social manifestoes of the Church; and they are the men who have risen to the places in the Church where incomes are highest, honors most abundant, and prestige most satisfying. Theirs are the posts of privilege, and they endure few of the

economic privations, the intellectual restrictions, and the discouragements experienced by their lesser brethren in the town and country parishes. Certainly many of them give generously of their money; certainly their very positions and talents add to their effectiveness as prophets of the social implications of Christianity. But the fact remains that economically and socially they are the more fortunate among the Christian ministry, and few of them would readily accept the hardships of the rural ministry even if they believed they could be more effective in it.

2

THIS is not to imply that numerous village and open-country pastors would not change their positions for ones more profitable materially and culturally if they could. On the other hand, there are the many, many village and country pastors who have consecrated themselves to their rural churches because they wanted to, with scarcely any sense of sacrifice. Sometimes they are men unsparingly honest in acknowledging their limitations. Like the young man who a few weeks ago said to me, "I know I can never handle a big city church, but I can work with rural people," they realize their intellectual and administrative shortcomings and their inability to cope with the more subtle minds and the more complicated organizational problems of the larger congregations.

Sometimes they are men of surpassing ability, who have dedicated their lives to the small church in the small community solely because its needs have caught their hearts. And they have made their dedication, moreover, because they are men who see not only the immediate needs; they see farther and know that if the religious life of the towns and the countryside is not kept warm and pulsating, then the religious life of the cities which draw so largely upon the rural areas behind them will be stifled in the materialism, the industrialism, the confusion of city life. But all of them — these ministers who are rural ministers because they want to be — are men abundantly satisfied with the careers they have chosen. If occasionally they are tempted to bigger, more lucrative positions, it is not so often for themselves as for their wives and children. But steadily, resolutely, they deny the temptation.

What, we may ask, is ministerial ability? Is it the ability to preach dramatically, with something of the theater, so that great crowds are attracted? Is it the ability to preach innocuously but elegantly, and so delight the idle well-to-do and the superficial? Is it the ability to make things "go" in the church

organization by causing it to function as a kind of glorified Y.M.C.A. or social or service club? Is it the possession of such personal and social graces that the minister is *persona grata* to the exclusive set? Is that what ministerial ability is?

Or is it chiefly a consuming love for God and therefore a singlehearted devotion to the needs of men and women? Is it a Gospel preached so much in life and with such sincerity in the pulpit that the minister, though he be but one of the people and lacking in poetic eloquence, has the respect of his fellows? Is it such a humble walk with God, such a speaking of truth in simple language, that a few lives are genuinely transformed and enlisted in the work of building a better world? If that be real ministerial ability, essential ministerial ability, then these ministers have few real limitations.

One cannot claim that here are men of perfect virtue, exhibiting none of the failings with which humanity in general is afflicted. No man can wholly surrender himself. Often these men are troubled by discontent, self-righteousness, criticalness toward others, jealousy, the desire for attention. Nor can one claim that here are the only persons in rural communities who dedicate themselves, with no anticipation of reward, to a labor of love. Many a schoolteacher does that. And so do some physicians, dentists, lawyers, businessmen, housewives.

But one can claim that here are men with an exaltation of character and a devotedness of purpose unsurpassed by any other *group* of men — perhaps unequaled by any other group of men. From among all classes of people, the minister, and especially the rural minister, is the only one supposed to ask nothing for himself. And since he is supposed to ask nothing for himself, the community and the congregation accept his lack of the many things so many others possess.

The minister is consecrated to sacrifice; and so his pittance of a salary becomes the inspiration for numerous pleasantries. (Was it a joke that Jesus had no place to lay His head?) Various kinds of alms are given him, sometimes out of real generosity, but more often because it is considered no injustice that the minister who serves his people should become a pensioner on his congregation's charity. The comfortably situated have no conscience about the contrast between their own adequately furnished homes and sleek cars and the minister's bare necessities and noisy "jalopy." In many quarters it is still considered altogether proper that the minister's wife should don a hat of dubious season and his children wear the discarded clothing of his parishioners' offspring. The minister should not be interfered with in fulfilling his willingness to sacrifice.

I recall a woman whom the finance committee of my father's congregation approached for her annual subscription to the congregation's budget. After considerable persuasion from the committee, she finally wrote down some figures on the pledge card and handed it back to the committee. The committee looked at the card in disappointment: "But surely you can do better than this. Certainly most of us will have to do better or we'll not be able to keep up the minister's salary, and that wouldn't be doing right by him." The reply came airily: "Oh, don't worry about that! The minister will get his reward in heaven." When Dad heard the story he chuckled and said he guessed the good woman wanted to help him along to the collecting of the reward!

3

THE amalgamation of rural churches would improve the financial situation of many ministers. Furthermore, it would improve their morale and the possibilities of their ministry by stopping the endless succession of sparsely attended meetings, religious rivalries, and divided efforts. But the laymen are seldom interested. For sentimental reasons, or through desire to sustain immediate positions of eminence in their respective congregations, they prefer to be religious (one can hardly say, worship God) in their separate denominational ways, though their pastors languish in economic privation and spiritual frustration.

A church officer in an overchurched town wrote me the other day: "We have not been able to afford a full-time pastor for ten years. Now we think maybe we can. Will you send us a good, strong young man, a hard worker, to lead us?" Send him to break his heart and perhaps starve his body as well?

Whenever laymen are eager for union of rural churches they are ordinarily prompted by economic self-interest. The opportunities for strengthened Christian work and for more adequate provision for their ministers do not inspire them. Rather they are moved by the opportunity to save money by reducing overhead, including the elimination of all the ministers' salaries save one. The budget of the united church usually remains about the same as that of the strongest of the congregations entering the union, and if the salary of the now single minister is increased, the increase is generally microscopic and is later eliminated at the first chance.

Sometimes, of course, ministers themselves oppose church unions because consolidation means the loss of their positions. The main fault, however, is not with them. One can sympathize with their desire to

remain off the bread line. They favor union whenever they have reasonable prospects for further employment. The main fault rests with the denominations at large for their lack of vision or will to effect such widespread consolidation and increase of budgets that the unneeded ministers can be absorbed in expanded work where no congregations now exist.

As the result of their straitened circumstances, village and country ministers belong to the lower economic groups of their communities. A few classifications are below them: common laborers, restaurant waiters, store clerks, and the like; but most of the others have incomes above theirs. And this is despite the fact that the ministers belonging to the older denominations are better educated than most of the citizenry. Individuals in some denominations are becoming increasingly convinced that if the Church is to preach social reform and justice to business and state, it must practice what it preaches by improving the condition of its underpaid rural pastors.

To this end, plans for equalizing clerical salaries by denominational stabilization funds are being discussed. For a long time some practical steps have been taken in the direction of equalization by the effort to fix minimum salary levels and the supplementing of congregation salary payments by grants from home or national missions funds. Also, a number of communions have adopted pension plans designed to compensate partially for their ministers' inability to save sufficient sums for their old age. Nevertheless, rural ministers remain in the low-income class. Minimum salaries are still too low; supplementary grants are too small; and their pensions are eventually lowest because their salaries are lowest — another fact which may well make the advocates of Christian social justice question the Church's application of it to itself.

These disabilities of small-town and country pastors are not presented to win sympathy for them. These men do not assume their work with any idea of financial reward or cultural privilege. No profit motive inspires them, no conviction that they ought to be paid in proportion to the degree of their preparation or the number of hours they work. The words of the call extended a minister by a Presbyterian congregation asking his pastoral services express the relationship to money intended ideally for all Protestant ministers and actually accepted by those in the rural areas: "In order that you may be free from worldly cares and avocations, [this church] promises to pay. . . ." In other words, what the church pays the pastor is not properly a salary or a wage in the sense that a salary or wage can be

regarded as payment for so much service rendered.

No church "hires" a minister, though that is a common expression; and a Protestant, non-Quaker minister is no more "a hireling" than is a Quaker minister whose society rejects "salaried" ministers as "hirelings." The money paid a Protestant minister is simply an expense account, or a release from the necessity of doing other work so that he can give his whole time and energy to the work of the church. Knowing this, the rural ministers request no more income than is required to keep them and their families in decent livelihood and to enable them to perform their responsibilities.

The disabilities of the rural ministers are presented, rather, to suggest the degree of their sacrificial, and therefore Christian, living. They are not simply telling people to be Christian; they are actually Christian. Unlike many metropolitan ministers of prominent congregations, unlike the bourgeois Protestant laity, they do not seek to make the best of two possible worlds, luxuriating in this one and persuading themselves that pious phrases and sentimental feelings will guarantee them the comfort of the next. Theirs is no suburban paradise enshrouded with the aura of middle-class gentility and isolated from the harsh world of men's want and pain. They themselves experience want; they themselves experience pain. And their own anguish becomes many times more intense when they see their families suffering with them, and when they wonder whether they have any right to subject others to the vow of poverty which is theirs. They are of the tens of millions who know what it is to hunger and to lack; to eat whole meals of potatoes and beans; to own only one suit — and that shiny and threadbare from much pressing; to shiver in a cold house in winter because coal must be saved.

4

CERTAINLY the town and country pastors, consecrated to lifelong ministry to unimpressive congregations in unimpressive communities, are one of the causes for hope regarding the survival of the Christian Church. They have not come to terms with the materialism of earth, and though the world is now little impressed with their manner of life because it seeks another, yet when it comes to itself it will see in them what Christianity really is, what the Church is at its best, and it will turn to Christianity and the Church — to their kind of Christianity and their kind of Church. The forgotten men of the Church will become the hope of the world, as the forgotten Man of the Cross, now and again in moments of the

world's sanity, becomes the hope of the world. The world will look to them, who know insecurity and want, as those who yet possess rich treasure and find in it a joy and a peace such as things cannot give, neither can they take away. The world will look to them as men who walk humbly among men, with characters unsullied by greed, untainted by conceit, unmarred by bitterness. And the world will gather about them in their villages and by their roadsides and about their spirit in the cities. And that will be the Church's rebirth.

This vision of the Church's rebirth through the devotion of its rural pastors is not simply prophetic fancy. The fulfillment of the vision is already appearing, and, indeed, has been appearing for some time. While perhaps the Protestant Church and its ministry on the whole are chiefly concerned for the larger centers of population, a growing number of ministers of statesmanlike outlook, sensitive spirit, and consecrated heart are realizing that the Church cannot be reborn unless it is reborn where most of the enduringly constructive movements of the spirit are born — in the grass-roots.

The spiritual impoverishment of rural areas must be relieved; the decay of rural parishes must be halted; the lives of rural young people must be inspired; the enfeebling competition of rural congregations must be checked; the best of rural pastoral leadership must be provided. Then, with new religious life brought to being in the rural districts, sources of vitality and power will exist from which the county-seat and metropolitan centers can draw. The concrete results of this renewed concern of the parishes of town and country are two: first, multiplying efforts to encourage and make more effective the work of ministers already serving rural pulpits; and second, increasing emphasis on the challenge of rural work and the necessity of physically virile and intellectually able young ministers' enlisting for life in that work.

Last year the Committee on Town and Country of the Home Missions Council of North America and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America published a pamphlet entitled "In-Service Training for the Ministers in Town and Country, 1943." It was a calendar and description of the schools, institutes, and conferences to be held during the summer at various colleges, theological seminaries, and camps. Forty-four locations were listed, with the study periods ranging from a few days to more than two weeks. Courses offered were such as these: "The Country Church and Our Generation"; "Inter-Church Coöperation"; "Agriculture of the Old Testament"; "Rural Sociology"; "Agricultural Economics"; "Adult Education in Rural Life."

The announced objectives were: "(1) To help ministers become acquainted with tested methods of town and country church work. (2) To assist them in securing an understanding of the trends and problems of modern country life. (3) To develop fellowships among ministers in town and country. (4) To increase contacts of ministers with agricultural leaders."

What is happening in the way of encouraging young men to commit themselves to the rural ministry can be seen in one of the most interesting movements toward such dedication, a movement just now developing among a group of young Presbyterian ministers in the East. Their avowed purpose is to secure "a dedicated order within the Presbyterian ministry," composed of men who will serve "where the Church has found the going toughest." They seek their recruits from the theological students in the seminaries. Then they take those who volunteer, after their graduation, to an old-fashioned farmhouse not far from Pennsylvania's famous Delaware Water Gap. There, at "Kirkridge," on a mountaintop with a view of God's heaven above and God's world below, the recruits are led by several experienced pastors in periods of discipline in worship, manual toil, and study. The Kirkridge movement hopes to be a "seed-bed" for new life among ministers: informal but earnest in discipline and intention . . . a symbol of fearless social thinking and action, grounded in manual work and life renewed in God."

The theological seminaries, which have the major responsibility for directing the study and inspiring the work of the Church's future ministers, are also more and more placing before their students the challenge of the rural pastorate and offering them specialized training for it. Leadership among the seminaries in this respect has been taken largely by the Interseminary Commission for Training for the Rural Ministry, a group of six seminaries in New York and the New England states, and by the American Association of Theological Seminaries, the national accrediting agency for theological education. Efforts are made to set before the seminarians in impressive fashion the call of the town and country ministry as a lifework; to secure the response, particularly, of young men who evidence special vocational fitness for the rural parish; to develop courses and methods contributing to successful rural religious service; to formulate and supervise a program of field work affording practical training for rural church leadership.

One of the most significant things the seminaries have done, working through the American Association, has been to arrange, with the coöperation of

many colleges of agriculture, a pre-seminary course which can be taken in those colleges by young men who plan to make careers of the rural pastorate. In general, a great deal has been accomplished in developing fruitful coöperation between theological seminaries and agricultural schools — coöperation extending through pre-seminary, seminary, and post-seminary education.

These new emphases are developing a type of rural minister increasingly competent, by reason of both education and native ability, to deal with the unique problems of the rural churches. Equipped with wide knowledge, not only specifically religious in the more formal sense, but sociological, economic, and psychological, they are rapidly gaining influence in their communities. Trained in summer schools and conferences, fresh from theological seminaries, these modern rural pastors come to their parishes to inspire them to hard, realistic, intelligent thinking toward building the Kingdom of God both within them and about them. Through such service a different sort of town and country church is coming into being; through such service the Church is already being reborn.

Certainly much more of consecration, of vision,

of technical training is needed on the part of the Church as a whole before the new Church can grow and develop into maturity. But the rural ministers, the "little brothers" of the Church, will more than supply their share. Many of their contributions will come through the hundreds of them who, after torturous searching of soul as they looked upon their needy parishes, have entered the military chaplaincy. Large numbers of these chaplains, already pledged to the ministry of town and country, will return to the rural areas. They will surely have a deeper understanding of human needs, a more tolerant spirit toward other faiths, a broader view of world interrelatedness, an enlarged understanding of the enormous complexities of modern life. The rural churches these former chaplains will serve will be more effective churches because of their pastors' war experiences.

The "little brothers" of the Protestant Church, the faithful, self-effacing, patient, uncomplaining, undersalaried pastors of the village and country churches of American Protestantism! Salute them for their nobility of character. Salute them even more for the promise that rests in them for the future of the Christian Church.

WARTIME JOURNEY

by JAN STRUTHER

THE westbound train is running four hours late.
A dozen times at least it's pulled into a siding,
And the passengers listen, and wonder,
And listen, and wait
For the growing thunder and then the dying thunder
Of troop train or freight
Taking the right of way.
The conductor's an old man, patient and gray:
He's ridden this road for thirty years or more,
And he knows the score.
"Yes, Sir,
Wartime riding's not like peacetime riding."

Five hours late, and crowded. At the end of the aisle
There's a girl with blonde hair and a tired smile,
Writing V-mail to a boy gone overseas.
There's a woman with a fretful baby on her knees:
His dad's not seen him; she's traveled a night and a day;
The Army camp is three nights more away.
Servicemen: a bunch of young trainees —
Through with their basic, but no insignia to show it

Except hands calloused, shoulders broadened by drill —
Eyeing with frank respect
The man in new civilians, whose chest is decked
With a ribbon, and his face with a fresh-healed scar.
He stares in front of him, not at the railroad car
But at jungles and fever-swamps in the South Seas.
For him it's over, but his buddies are there still,
Sweating, fighting, dying or dead. He is tall,
And walks with a limp when he fetches a drink of water.
He's the only one in the coach who has known slaughter,
But the others will know it, or their men will know it,
In a few months, less or more,
And *they* know the score.
"Yes, *Ma'am*.
This war, 't ain't just the menfolks' war."

Six hours late. The slim quicksilver bar
On the wall of the coach has climbed to 94°.
It isn't a real coach, but a baggage car
Hauled from retirement, fixed to meet the rush:
The seats are upright, covered in dirty plush;
The sides, windowless iron, vibrate with the heat.
In back, two businessmen unfasten their collars
And loosen their shoes to ease their swollen feet.
They missed the Limited — scrambled on at a run.
"This is a hell of a train," says the paunchy one.
"I wouldn't take it again for a thousand dollars."
But the thin one has a son
In Africa or the Arctic (he doesn't know which —
This is a crazy war),
And to him it doesn't matter any more
Whether he travels the poor man's way or the rich.
He knows the score.
"Yes, *Sir*.
Folks know things now they never knew before."

Seven hours late. The lamps begin to dim.
(*"This is a borrowed car from another road:
The lights don't jibe — they'll fold up pretty soon,"
The conductor says, when the fat man rails at him.*)
"This is the damndest train — let's sit in the diner."
But the other grins, retorting,
"We got no diner. This ain't the Streamliner."
So he pipes down. There's some Scotch in one of his grips,
And when it's reached his lips
Often enough, he nods, and begins to snore.
The baby's sleeping now, its head at rest
Against the chain-store rayon of its mother's breast;
And she too drowzes, wondering whether her Joe
Will be somebody changed, or the guy she used to know.
The blonde girl sleeps, her high-heeled, open-toed,
Frail shoes lolling over.
She dreams about her lover —
An evening at the movies, a soda, a juke-box tune,
And back-porch good-night kisses under the moon.

She knows the score.

"Yes, *Ma'am*.

Wartime courting's not like peacetime courting."

Eight hours late: and now there's no more light
 At all, and the trainees sleep,
 Dreaming of the dropped rifle and the Top Kick,
 K.P., the G.I. boots, the bucking jeep,
 The latrine rumor, the chow-hound and the gold-brick.
 The thin man dreams of his son, freezing or sweating.
 The fat man dreams of wealth, but now and again
 Something breaks into his dream like a thief in the night,
 And instead of begetting
 Money, he's killing men.
 The tall man stares before him: it'll take
 Longer for him to sleep. The things he's seen
 Lurk still behind his eyelids. He dare not drop them
 In case those pictures haunt him — he cannot stop them.
 He'd sooner stay awake.
 But even he, lulled by the train's noise,
 Sleeps fitfully at last, dreaming of boys
 He knew who will not any more
 Discuss the double-header at the corner store.
 All of these know the score.

"Yes, *Sir*. Yes, *Ma'am*.

This war — seems like it's everybody's war."

Nine hours late: and even that ill-matched couple
 On the front seat — the lady with the blue-white hair
 And the young Negro soldier, silent and supple —
 Who, at the journey's start,
 Sat ramrod straight, aware of one another
 Beyond invisible bars, sister and brother,
 Both ill at ease, yet both without escape
 From a base-born, base-bred,
 Nebulous, opposite yet identical dread
 (He of a white folks' glance he's learned to fear,
 She of a touch she feels is kin to rape) —
 Even these two now sleep: they're drowned in peace,
 White head and black head nodding an inch apart.

Exhaustion brings oblivion, lulls mistrust,
 Falls blindly on the just and the unjust,
 Quenches discrimination, gives release
 From self-forged barriers to the human heart.

"Yes, *Sir*.

Seems like that's what's required.

I've ridden this road for thirty years or more

And I reckon I know the score.

Yes, *Ma'am*.

God keep us tired.

God keep us tired."

NEST EGG

by JESSE STUART

1

SHAN, I don't want to tell you the second time to break that hen from sittin' on a nest egg," Mom said. "I don't have enough hens to spare to let one sit on a nest egg."

"Why don't you put more eggs under her, Mom?" I asked. "I never saw a hen that wants to sit on a nest like she does."

"It's too late in summer," Mom said. "She'd hatch off a gang of little chickens in dog-days and they'd die. Now you go take that nest egg from her nest."

"All right, Mom," I said.

The wilted grass was hot beneath my bare feet as I walked across the carpet of wilted crab-grass to a patch of pawpaw sprouts. I followed a little path into the pawpaw sprouts where the white agate sun had wilted the pawpaw leaves until they hung in wilted clusters. When I approached the nest, the old Sebright hen raised her wings and clucked. I thought she was tryin' to tell me to stay away. And when I started to put my hand back under her to get the egg, she pecked my arm in three places faster than I could wink my eyes. Each place she pecked me, my arm bled.

I don't blame her for sittin' in this cool place, I thought. I don't blame her for fightin' over the egg. She laid the egg.

Since Mom had asked me to take the nest egg from the nest, I ran my hand under her and got the egg and put it beside the nest. And when she started rollin' it back under her with her long hooked bill, I left the pawpaw patch.

"Did you take the egg outten that nest?" Mom asked me soon as I reached the house.

"I took it out this time, Mom," I said. "Look at my arm!"

"That hen's a mean old hussy," Mom said.

That week hadn't passed when Mom called her chickens around the corner and fed them shelled corn. Since we lived in the woods and our closest neighbor lived a mile away, hawks, hoot owls, and varmints often caught our chickens. Once a week Mom called them to the corner to feed and count them.

"Shan, the old Sebright hen's not here," Mom said. Mom knew her chickens since we had such a variety of mixed chickens there were hardly any two with the same color of feathers.

"I guess something's caught 'er," I said.

"With her bright feathers she's a flowerpot for a hoot owl," Mom said.

Twenty-one days had passed when I saw this old Sebright hen goin' up the hill toward the woods with one little chicken. The nest egg had hatched. I didn't tell Mom what I had seen. I'd let her find out for herself. The old Sebright never came to the corner when Mom called our chickens to the house to feed and count them. She lived alone in the woods with her one chicken.

August passed and September came. The leaves had started to turn brown on the trees. I was out huntin' for a hen's nest when I heard a hen cackle, and I looked in time to see our old Sebright hen and her one chicken that was growin' tall and well-feathered disappear into the brush. I was glad to know that they were still alive and I wondered when they would come to the house. And this was a secret I kept from Mom and Pa.

It was in early October that Pa had finished cuttin' our late corn. He had come across the ridge and followed the path down the point to our house. When he reached the house, Mom was callin' our chickens to the corner to feed and count them.

"Sall, this reminds me of something," Pa said. "It must've been two miles back on the ridge, I either saw a Sebright hen with a young chicken

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with her 'r I saw a pheasant and a young one. They flew through the brush like wild quails before I could get close!"

"Did you take that egg from under that old hen that day?" Mom turned around and asked me.

"I did, Mom," I said.

"I don't want you to lie to me," Mom said.

"I'm tellin' you the truth," I said.

"I guess I saw a couple of pheasants," Pa said.

It was in late November, when the worms and bugs had gone into the ground for the winter, that the old Sebright hen came to the cornerib when Mom called the chickens. Hunger had forced her to come down from the high hills with her young rooster. She was very proud of him; though he was nearly as tall as she was, she clucked to him as if he were still a tiny chicken that had just come from the egg. When one of the hens came close to him, she flogged the hen.

Mom looked at Pa and Pa looked at Mom. They didn't say anything at first, but each stood there lookin' at the old hen and young rooster and then they looked at me.

"But, Mom, I did take the egg from her nest," I said.

"Where did you put the egg?" Mom asked.

"Over in the grass beside the nest."

"Didn't you know an old sittin' hen will roll an egg ten feet to get it back in the nest?"

"No," I said.

"There'll be bad luck among our chickens," Pa said.

"We're havin' enough bad luck already," Mom said. "I can't raise chickens as fast as something catches 'em. I missed eight in September and eleven in October. Since the trees lost their leaves so the hoot owls could see the chickens, I've lost seventeen this month."

"We'll lose more now," Pa said. "I'd put that young gentleman in the skillet and fry 'im if he wasn't sich a fine-lookin' young rooster."

"Don't do it, Pa," I said. "She's had a hard time raisin' 'im."

"Pap had this same thing to happen when I was a little boy," Pa said. "Before the year was over he lost every chicken he had with the cholera. They died in piles."

I didn't want to say anything to Pa, but I didn't see why a hen's sittin' on a nest egg and hatchin' it and raisin' her chicken had anything to do with the cholera. I wanted to beg him to keep this young rooster that I called Nest Egg. Pa must've forgot about killin' 'im and fryin' 'im, for November and December came and passed and Nest Egg still ran with his mother.

2

NEST EGG wasn't six months old when he started crowin'. Now he was much larger than his mother. He was tall and he had big legs and little straight spurs that looked like long locust thorns. His mother still ran with him and clucked to him, but he didn't pay his mother much attention. He would often stand lookin' at the spring sun and never bat his eyes. He had a mean-lookin' eye and a long crooked bill that looked like a chicken hawk's bill. He didn't look like his mother. Pa said that he was a cross between a Sebright and a black game. He had almost every variety of colors. I thought he was a mongrel rooster — a mixture of many breeds.

We had five roosters at our house; all five of them ran Nest Egg. They'd run him and flog him. Once our black game rooster, War Hawk, just missed Nest Egg's hawk-shaped head with his long, straight spur that had killed four of our roosters. But Nest Egg outran War Hawk. He took to the brush cacklin'.

"He won't always be a-runnin' you, Nest Egg," I said while War Hawk boasted to the big flock of hens around 'im.

Durin' the spring months we seldom saw Nest Egg. He kept a safe distance away from the house. He stayed away from the five old roosters who fought him every time he got near one's flock of hens. But once Mom was huntin' a hen's nest in the woods and she saw a chicken hawk swoop low to catch a hen. She saw Nest Egg hit the hawk with all the power he had. Mom said he tore a small wind-puff of feathers from the hawk. Mom told Pa about Nest Egg's fight with the hawk.

"He's a-goin' to make a powerful fightin' rooster," Pa said. "Any rooster that's game enough to hit a hawk has good metal."

And Pa was right in his prediction about Nest Egg. In early June we saw him a-runnin' Big Bill, our gray game rooster. In late June he whipped Red Ranger, our red game rooster. In July he whipped Lightnin', our black Minorca rooster. Three days later, he whipped our "scrub" rooster that was mixed with many breeds of chickens. We called him Mongrel. He had whipped all the roosters but War Hawk.

"If Nest Egg can stay outten the way of War Hawk's spurs," Pa said, "he'll whip old War Hawk. He's a young rooster that's run over the hills and scratched for a livin' and he's got better wind."

It was in the middle of August when Nest Egg came down to the barn. He tiptoed, flapped his

wings, and crowed in the barn lot. This was War Hawk's territory. It was the choice territory War Hawk had taken for his flocks of hens. Not one of our roosters had dared to venture on War Hawk's territory. Maybe, Nest Egg had come down from the hills to challenge War Hawk's supremacy. Since he had whipped Big Bill, Red Ranger, Lightnin', and Mongrel he wouldn't be chased by War Hawk. He was a year old now and he felt his youth. He was ready to fight. And when War Hawk heard another rooster crowin' on his territory, he came runnin' with a flock of hens following 'im. He challenged young Nest Egg for a fight.

At first War Hawk and Nest Egg sparred at each other. War Hawk had fought many fights and maybe he was feelin' out his young opponent. They stuck their heads out at each other and pecked; then they came together with all their might and the feathers flew. Nest Egg hit War Hawk so hard that he knocked him backwards.

Again they struck and again, again, again. Each time the feathers flew lazily away with the August wind. Then War Hawk leaped high into the air and spurred at Nest Egg's head. His spur cut a place in Nest Egg's red comb. That seemed to make Nest Egg madder than ever. He rushed in and grabbed War Hawk by the comb and pushed his head against the ground while he flogged him with wings and feet. When Nest Egg's bill-hold gave away, he left a gap in War Hawk's battered comb.

War Hawk was gettin' weaker. But he leaped high into the air and spurred at Nest Egg's head; Nest Egg dodged and the spur missed his head. That must have given Nest Egg an idea, for he leaped high in the air and War Hawk leaped high to meet him. War Hawk caught Nest Egg's spur in his craw, which ripped it open. War Hawk fell on the barn lot where he had seen others fall. As War Hawk lay dyin', Nest Egg stood above him on his tiptoes and crowed. He was the new king of our barn lot.

3

NEST EGG's victory over War Hawk spread among our neighbors and many of them asked to bring their roosters to fight Nest Egg.

"He's not the fightin' stock," Pa told them. "He's only a scrub rooster. I don't like to fight chickens, but if it's a pleasure to you, bring your roosters around."

In September he killed Warfield Flaughtery's great Hercules game rooster that had never lost once in fight in fifty-three fights. Hercules had whipped War Hawk. Two weeks later he killed

Warfield Flaughtery's young game rooster, Napoleon. In early October he killed Eif Nippert's red game rooster, Red Devil; two days later he spurred Ennis Sneed's gray game rooster, Big Bee Martin, blind in both eyes. Later that month he pecked a hole in a hoot owl's head that had caught one of our hens. Before January he had killed nineteen roosters and one hoot owl.

"He's some rooster," Pa said. "But he's sure to bring us bad luck."

Pa was offered fifty dollars for Nest Egg by a man from a showboat on the Ohio River. He watched Nest Egg kill his twenty-fifth rooster before he offered Pa the money.

"He's bad among my other roosters here," Pa said. "They used to make him live in the woods; now he makes them live in the woods. But I don't want to sell him."

"That's a big price, Mick," Mom said. "You'd better take it."

But Pa wouldn't sell him. Finally, the man from the showboat offered Pa seventy-five dollars. Then he said he wouldn't offer him another dime. He started back toward town, turned around, and came back and offered Pa a hundred-dollar bill, the first hundred-dollar bill that any of us had ever seen.

"I still won't sell 'im," Pa said.

Then the man went away and Mom was mad.

"Hundred dollars is a lot of money, Mick."

"I like that rooster," Pa said. "I'm not a-sellin' 'im."

Anybody would like Nest Egg if he could've seen him strut about the barn lot with fifty hens around him. He had nearly half the flock followin' him. When Nest Egg wanted one of our other roosters' hens, he just said something to her in his language and she followed 'im. And now when Mom called our chickens to the corner to feed and count them, she found that our flock was gradually growin'. This was the first time since we had had chickens that our flock had increased without our raisin' chickens or buyin' them. Mom couldn't understand how the number had grown. She saw several different-colored hens among our flock.

In February our flock increased seven; in March it increased twelve; in April it increased twenty-seven; in May it had increased thirty-two. In the meantime, Nest Egg had fought seven more fights and had killed six of the roosters; the seventh finally recovered.

In May, Warfield Flaughtery came to our house with his mule and express wagon.

"Mick, have you got some extra hens in your flock?" he asked Pa.

"Think we have, Warfield," Pa said. "How many did you lose?"

"About sixty," he told Pa.

"Would you know your hens?" Pa asked.

"Shore would," he said. "Call your hens to the cornerib."

"You're not right sure the hawks, hoot owls, and varmints didn't take some of them?" Pa asked.

"I'm sure they didn't," he said. "A two-legged varmint got 'em."

"Do you mean I stole your chickens?" Pa said.

"Not exactly," he grunted.

"They must've come to my rooster," Pa said.

"They didn't do that," Warfield said as Pa called the chickens and they came runnin'. "They wouldn't follow that scrub rooster."

Warfield and Pa were mad. Mom heard them talkin' and hurried to the cornerib.

"Then take your hens," Pa said. "Here's a coop. Catch 'em and put 'em in it."

Mom stood by and didn't say anything until Warfield got Nest Egg's mother. Mom made him put her down.

"You're a-takin' hens that I've raised," Mom said.

But Warfield insisted that he wasn't and kept takin' our hens until he had sixty. Then he hauled them away on his express wagon. He must have told others about our havin' his chickens. Jake Hix came and claimed thirty of our hens. And Pa let 'im have 'em. And then Cy Pennix came and wanted fourteen. We knew that Cy didn't even raise chickens and Pa wouldn't let 'im have 'em. Pa and Cy almost had a fight, but Pa told 'im to climb on his express-wagon seat and get outten the hollow fast as his mule could take him. Wiley Blevins, Ott Jarvis, and Jot Seagraves came and claimed our chickens. "Who do you think I am?" Pa asked them. "A chicken thief?" Pa showed them the way back down the hollow and they told Pa that he would be sorry.

"That rooster's a-bringin' us bad luck," Pa said. "These men live from one to three miles from us. Nest Egg is goin' back into the hills now since worms are scarce here. And he meets with other roosters and their flocks and he steals the hens. God knows I'm not a chicken thief. It's that good-lookin' rooster Nest Egg that the hens all take to. He tolls the hens here."

4

IN June the four neighbors that Pa had chased away had indicted Pa for stealin' their chickens. Pa was branded as a chicken thief, for it was printed in

the *Greenwood County News* about his bein' indicted by four men. And before the trial was called in August, Warfield Flaughtery came back with his express wagon and hauled away forty-six more hens; Jake Hix came and claimed seventy. He said all his hens had left, and Mom said our flock had increased more than a hundred. Warfield Flaughtery and Jake Hix had always been good neighbors to us, but Warfield's roosters had always killed our roosters before, and now Nest Egg had killed two of his best games and he was sore at us over it. Pa asked him if he'd been summoned for a witness in the trial, and he told Pa that he and Jake both had.

Pa was tried on the indictment made by Cy Pennix. The courthouse was filled with people to see how the trial ended since there'd been much chicken stealin' in our county. We proved that Cy Pennix didn't even have any chickens — that he had just claimed our chickens but did not get them. And Pa came clear. Then Wiley Blevins's indictment was next to be tried. And when Wiley said that he would swear to his chickens' feathers, Judge Whittlecomb threw the case out of court. Since Warfield Flaughtery and Jake Hix had claimed and had taken their hens, saying they knew them by the colors, they got scared at the decision made by Judge Whittlecomb and they hauled the chickens they had taken from us back before sunset.

"That Nest Egg's a wonder," Pa said. "Our flock has doubled and he's killed fifty-one roosters. He's just a little past two years old."

But boys threatened me when I went to the store. They threatened me because Nest Egg had killed their roosters. And neighborhood men threatened Pa over our rooster. Once Pa got a letter that didn't have a name signed to it and in it was a threat to burn our barn. He got another letter and the man said he was a little man, that he would meet Pa sometime in the dark. He said a bullet would sink into a chicken thief in the dark same as it would in the daytime.

"I didn't know as little a thing as a rooster could get people riled like that," Pa said. "I didn't know a rooster could turn a whole community of people against a man."

Cy Pennix shook his fist at Pa and dared him to step across the line fence onto his land. And Warfield Flaughtery wouldn't speak to Pa. Tim Flaughtery hit me with a rock and ran. And often Pa would get up in the night and put on his clothes and walk over to our barn. He was afraid somebody would slip in to burn it.

"I feel something's a-goin' to happen soon," Pa told me one day in September. "This can't go on."

Our flock is increasin' day by day. Look at the chickens about this place!"

There were chickens every place. Even our old roosters had increased their flocks with hens that Nest Egg had tolled to our house — hens that could not join Nest Egg's ever increasin' flock. When we gathered eggs, two of us took bushel baskets. We found hens' nests under the ferns, under the rock cliffs, under the smokehouse corner, — in hollow logs and stumps, — and once I found a hen's nest with twenty-two eggs in it on top of our kitchen behind the flue. An egg rolled off and smashed on Pa's hat is how come us to find the nest. We had to haul eggs to town four times a week now.

One early October mornin' when Mom called our chickens to the corner to feed them, Nest Egg didn't come steppin' proudly on his tiptoes. And that mornin' he hadn't awakened Pa at four o'clock by his six lusty crows. I missed my first day of school to help Pa hunt for Nest Egg. We looked around the barn. We scoured the steep hill slopes, lookin' under each greenbrier cluster and in each sprout thicket. We looked every place in Nest

Egg's territory and were about to give up the hunt when we walked under the white-oak chicken roost between the barn and house. We found Nest Egg sprawled on the ground beneath the roost with several hens gathered around him cacklin'. A tiny screech owl was sittin' on Nest Egg's back, peckin' a small hole in his head.

"Think of that," Pa said. "A rooster game and powerful as Nest Egg would be killed by a damned little screech owl no bigger than my fist. A hundred-dollar rooster killed in his prime by a worthless screech owl."

Pa reached down and grabbed the owl by the head and wrung its neck. "I can't stand to see it take another bite from Nest Egg's head," he said.

I stood over Nest Egg and cried.

"No ust to cry, Shan," Pa said. "Nest Egg's dead. That damned owl fouled 'im. It flew into the chicken roost and lit on his back when he was asleep. It pecked his head until it finished 'im."

"But I haf to cry," I said, watchin' Pa take his bandanna from his pocket to wipe the tears from his eyes.



INVOCATION

by THEODORE SPENCER

EMPTY my heart, Lord, of daily vices;
Anxiety, conversation, and selfish prayers;
Teach me to know each minute its own crisis,
And make my views of other men not theirs.
Wipe from my mind, Lord, the inner smirk
That swells from lack of love's humility;
Empty me of myself, that when I work,
All that I work for, never concerns me.

I am in this fire. Prove me by this fire.
Protect me from the Zeitgeist and its claws.
Give me resolution beyond desire;
Show me authority outranking laws.
Fix me in danger firmly so that I stand
Able to be bowled over by your hand.

FARRAGO

by ROBERT HILLYER

THERE are only three things I am specifically positive about: versification, sailing a small boat, and the immortality of the soul.

Once I worried when weeks and even months went by and I wrote no verses. But I discovered after a while that such periods merely preceded a new energy. The skill had not rusted with disuse; it was clearer than ever and perhaps richer with some practice that I knew not of.

In the same way, years passed during which I hoisted no sail. Then the other day a friend, not suspecting that I had been so long land-bound, handed his boat over to me. For a moment I hesitated. Then, with the rhythmic pull of the halliards, the restiveness of the rising sail, and the urgency of the boat as we cast off, the old harmony re-established itself. Harmony — is that the right word? — or harmoniousness. If anyone tends sheet for me, I am lost. I like to feel everything working together, the adjustment of contrary forces which balance the forward rush.

In the same way, there are seasons when the immortality of the soul seems scarcely desirable, although never a time when there is a possibility of doubt. "I must suppose," said Queen Elizabeth, "that God intended us for a better life than this one." She meant, doubtless, a life when there would be fewer unnecessary impediments to one's proper work. By her very nature, she could not have imagined a life with no work at all. Renan, the French skeptic, who could not have entertained much faith in immortality, nevertheless remarked that when people in general ceased to believe in it, then civilization would come to an end. We are witnessing a partial demonstration of this truth at

the present moment. But Renan's stand is merely pragmatic and therefore not relevant. One cannot prove spiritual truths by physical results. That is one reason why I distrust spiritism.

To make verses, to sail a boat, to be immortal — not a bad prospect, on the whole.

It is always pleasant when an old writer tells us just where and what he was when he embarked on a literary work. Horace abounds in such intimacies. The remote past becomes the immediate present. I have always liked the opening of Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid*. The Scotch winter of five hundred years ago closes around us as we read how the Arctic wind came whistling and the poet built up his fire, bustled about, took a drink to comfort his soul, and took down Chaucer's glorious tale of fair Cresseid and lusty Troilus. Just at this moment, the wind that is blowing through my hair comes flapping from the equator. I am sitting by a small lake. I am scrawling this page in pencil and remain reasonably cool as long as I do not walk about. Such ease may account for a certain freedom of historical reference. My house is up the hill some three hundred yards away. Why should I climb to verify names that any child can find in the encyclopedia?

The two Greek painters — let us call them Apelles and Protogenes, then; they may have been, they ought to have been — had a contest. Apelles painted grapes so true to life that the birds flew down to peck at them. The judges started to award the prize to Apelles on the spot, but when they reached the doorway, they bumped against a wall. Protogenes had painted the doorway. So the judges changed their mind and gave the prize to Protogenes, for whereas Apelles had deceived only the birds, Protogenes had deceived the wisest (in the judges' opinion) of mankind. This must be folklore, however, for we do know that Protogenes was annoyed when the mob, entranced by the realism of

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a detail in one of his pictures, neglected to view the picture as a whole. There is no moral for modern painters in all this, but merely a random thought on a summer afternoon when looking through an album of contemporary art.

Dean Briggs should be written as a single name. The Dean signed his letters L.B.R.B., but one did not think of him as Le Baron Russell Briggs. Nor did any nickname ever find acceptance. I believe a few tried "Briggsy," but the attempt sounded forced and somehow heretical from the start. No, Dean Briggs he was, — except, perhaps, to a few of his contemporaries, — even in one's intimate thoughts of him. He was a combination of a benignant Tibetan lama and an eager schoolboy. But he cannot be described. I failed in verse, and there is no reason to believe that I can succeed in prose.

For three years at Harvard, the Dean was my friend as well as my teacher. In 1919, after the war, he went to Paris as an exchange professor at the Sorbonne. There he gave his famous course in versification without, I understand, making many allowances for the limitations of his French students, to whom the intricacies of English metrics (so much more complicated than French prosody) must have proved somewhat bewildering.

In Paris the Dean and Mrs. Briggs enjoyed a kind of extraterritoriality, like an embassy. They were New England, serene and unquestionable. We stood on the Pont Alexandre III as the twilight deepened over the city. "This is beautiful," said the Dean, "but I miss my house in Plymouth." We went to the Crillon, headquarters for the attachés to the Peace Conference. I modestly hoped to find a table. But I need not have worried. A whisper went through the crowded foyer. "Is that Dean Briggs over there?" "Isn't that strange? I'd swear that was Dean Briggs." And suddenly people were coming toward us from all directions, high diplomats and lowly couriers and secretaries. "Mercy, Le Baron," said Mrs. Briggs. And the Dean, who remembered everybody's name and everybody's interests, forgot Paris and the Peace Conference and even the Sorbonne, and was quite at home again.

I have never been bothered by apparitions one way or another, — by their presence or their absence, — but I do find that skeptics go to extreme lengths of credulity in order to disprove their existence. My mother and brother simultaneously saw a tall woman in black cross the drawing room, sit down at the piano, and disappear. After the first

shock was over, they began to reason the creature out of existence. They paced elaborate itineraries across the rug to show just how their shadows must have fallen to create the illusion of a ghost. Since there was nothing in common between these demonstrations and the passage of the ghost as they had at first described it, I must conclude that from the point of view of objective evidence, everything favored the ghost. Besides, in their first unedited account they had not been in the room at all, but had been standing in opposite doorways.

Even if one admits the existence of a ghost, however, one should not necessarily follow its advice. My aunt Marion for the greater part of her life avoided travel on Mondays because her deceased grandfather had seated himself at her bedside one night and hollowly intoned: "'Tis but till Monday." We were visiting in Onteora Park in the Catskills in the summer of 1906. The date for our return was set for a Monday. Aunt Marion would surely have postponed it had it not been for Mrs. Custer, the General's widow. She declared the whole business absurd. "Why, if one were to be forewarned of fatal days, I, of all people, ought to know it," said she; and remembering the massacre at Little Big Horn, no one could gainsay her. So we traveled on a Monday, and Aunt Marion, who survived for twenty-six years, finally died on a Thursday.

Aunt Marion pooh-poohed ghosts; yet she had more than her share of occult experiences. It was she who heard Shakespeare's voice one night. Someone had been citing the so-called mixed metaphor: "To take arms against a sea of troubles." After Aunt Marion was in bed, she heard a deep, melancholy voice that kept repeating: "*Siege* was the word. *Siege* was the word that Shakespeare used." Well, "To take arms against a *siege* of troubles." Perhaps.

There is no family without its tradition of lost affluence and the vision of its return. My grandfather had a habit, pleasant for his friends, of making loans at the slightest hint. His most illustrious debtor was General Grant. The only one, however, who ever tried to make any repayment has remained, through the injustice of chance, nameless. He left us a large tract of land in Islip, Long Island. For years "the Islip property" haunted my imagination, but no one else seemed at all interested. "I am sure it's nothing but salt marshes and scrub oak," they would say. So the taxes were not paid, and unvisited it sank away into the past, one with Avalon and Atlantis.

Then there was my great-uncle Joseph Williams, who left Boston in 1849 to follow the Gold Rush

overland to California. He should never have gone. He was only nineteen. His sorrowful face looks out at me from the miniature as I write these lines; it is obvious he should never have gone. The route by sea was bad enough, but the overland route was suicide. He had been disappointed in love, however; it was his will to vanish, and he succeeded. Some time in the eighties, at a point where he might easily have perished, a skeleton was found, and in its hand the miniature of a young girl. My grandfather paid the finder of the miniature to have it brought on. But my grandmother, Joseph Williams's sister, could never make up her mind about the girl's identity. It had all been too long ago. By 1900, Joseph would have been seventy, but we children still expected his return. He would arrive laden down with sacks of gold. But now in 1943 I am beginning to lose hope.

In Scandinavia the drinking of toasts is a ritual often accompanied by speechmaking. At the fiftieth wedding anniversary of the Norwegian dramatist Björnson the whole family were gathered around the table to hear what loving eloquence he would bestow on his wife. To everyone's consternation, the old rascal arose and declared that fifty years was quite long enough to live with anyone, and although he had no complaints, he had decided to get a divorce and start life over again. Horrified, one of his sons took him aside and told him that he must not dream of such a thing. The old man readily conceded the point and trotted back to his seat. Meanwhile, Fru Björnson, who was stone deaf, had sat nodding and smiling throughout.

Yeats, Bridges, Hopkins — with what misconceptions do our younger critics regard these three poets. One would believe that to admire one of them we must despise the others — a pernicious method of praising by contrast popularized by Mr. T. S. Eliot. The roots of the three are so pleasantly intertwined. Bridges to Hopkins: —

. . . Hell was without, but, dear, the while my hands
Gathered thy book, I heard, this wintry day,
Thy spirit thank me, in his young delight
Stepping again upon the yellow sands.
Go forth, amidst our chaffinch flock display
Thy plumage of far wonder and heavenward flight!

Yeats on Bridges: —

Some day the few among us, who care for poetry more than any temporal thing . . . will seek out the lost art of speaking, and seek ourselves the lost art, that is perhaps nearest of all arts to eternity, the subtle art of listening. When that day comes we will talk much of Mr Bridges; for did he not write scrupulous, passionate poetry to be sung and to be spoken, when

there were few to sing and as yet none to speak? . . . I find in the poetry of Mr. Bridges in the plays, but still more in the lyrics, the pale colours, the delicate silence, the low murmurs of cloudy country days, when the plough is in the earth, and the clouds darkening toward sunset; and had I the great gift of praising, I would praise it as I would praise these things.

Later on, Yeats was to become frightened out of this eloquence by the modern pack, the progeny of Pound and Eliot, but in his later poetry the kinship with Bridges is unmistakable, long after the quavers of the Aesthetes and the Celtic Twilight have melted away.

The criticism of poetry today is an exercise sufficient unto itself. It is pretty much a closed circle, an Eleusinian mystery, to the general run of intelligent people. The broad learning which distinguished Victorian criticism in England and America released critics from that disproportion of judgment which is the result of flurries in taste and contemporary fashion. Modern criticism is confused because it lacks learning. It is also largely at the mercy of post-Freud and post-Marx thinking, a form of pedantry more dogmatic than an exact science.

In the search for precision, "the meaning of meaning" would fix the significance of each word and context, whereas we know that, within reasonable limits, the margin of interpretation provides the overtones of poetry. Criticism today marches down the dark aisles of every kind of symbolism and emerges with many theories but not one agreement. At the same time those who would assume a scholarship, when they have it not, seize on some poet from the past and for a while he is the idol of dutiful followers of the vogue. French symbolism, Blake, Donne, Hopkins, Yeats, Rilke, Lorca — one after the other they come and go like Tchaikovsky's themes in a jazz orchestra. The general effect is reminiscent of the rhetoricians and the grammarians of the Alexandrine decline. There are a decadent preoccupation with minuscule theories and a lack of sweeping comprehension. One might say that it is foolish to split the last hair on a bald head — at least in so many directions.

There has been no great critic of poetry since George Saintsbury died.

The emphasis on literary influences in modern criticism is phenomenal. Personally, if I ever saw a possibility of my influencing anyone else's work, I should be horrified. But many take the opposite view. For example, John Gould Fletcher tells us in his autobiography how his "London Excursion"

was "as influential in the development of Miss Lowell's poetry as the 'White Symphony' was, about a year later, in Conrad Aiken's case." Again, it was not until Aiken's third book, the *Jig of Forslin*, "written directly under my influence, and read by me in manuscript, that he began to develop in the direction of his own particular bent. . . ." If true, this is the assumption of a large responsibility on Mr. Fletcher's part.

It seems to me that the friendly clash between poets, as with Bridges and Hopkins, is much more stimulating, and the reader is doubly gratified by two independent beings. An interchange of influence, furthermore, invariably results in the formation of a "school" — that "gregariousness of minor poets" of which Samuel Crothers wrote so wittily in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* twenty years ago. If we say, for example, "the school of Donne," we imply Donne plus some inferiors. But what modern poet is going to be relegated to such a place? If we had a school of Shakespeare, all English poetry since 1600 would be involved. It seemed to me a sign of failing powers on Yeats's part when he said that he could not discuss Hardy or Blount or Bridges because these poets had not founded schools. Is that the passport to criticism? If so, then Sir Sidney Lee, who invented the pedantry of sources and schools so essential to the Doctorate of Philosophy, did not live in vain. But it is my belief that he did — and his successors after him.

In our back yard still stood the relic of pre-plumbing days, a backhouse, which, through some family euphemism, was always referred to as the outhouse. A small grove of arborvitae surrounded it, and to this day I always associate these funereal growths with backhouses. Our edifice had long since fallen into disuse, for the house was amply provided with plumbing — a bathroom on the second floor with a tin tub that went *plunk* when one stepped into it, and a cellar arrangement for servants. From headquarters came my grandmother's orders that the outhouse must go. "High time!" said my mother. "Out, out brief outhouse, life's but a walking shadow," said Aunt Ella. Aunt Marion raised her eyebrows sardonically. "A sensible departure denoting human progress," said she.

But we children were not to be comforted. Something dear and familiar was going out of our lives. It was a fine summer morning when the movers arrived. The entire juvenile population of Walnut Street was in attendance. As the crowbars heaved the turf, a sigh uprose; as with the creak of sprung timbers the outhouse went crazily tilting toward the waiting cart, a wail resounded. The

cart started and the gable of the doomed outhouse wagged drowsily like Queen Victoria's bonnet on her Jubilee ride. The children fell in, their voices swelling to a solemn chant: "The poor old outhouse, the poor old outhouse, the poor old outhouse goes marching to the grave."

More children with accompanying dogs joined the cortege. The chagrined driver flicked his whip backward to disperse the pilgrimage. Heads popped from windows. And the chant went on. At home in the darkened parlor, Grandmother and Aunt Ella sat quietly "dying of mortification" (a curious phrase if you analyze it). Mother said "Fiddle-dee-dee!" and went about her business. Aunt Marion remained immersed in Maeterlinck's new book, *Wisdom and Destiny*. Meanwhile, with such funerary rites as were never before accorded so humble an instrument of creature comfort, the poor old outhouse went marching to the grave.

Were an Index made of my life, there would be hundreds of entries under the word *impulsiveness*. For better and for worse, my life has veered at the urgencies of impulse — to tempers I look back on with alarm, and sudden generosityes which afterwards astound me. If I do not make a decision on impulse, I spend weeks of agonized balancing and often decide nothing at all, but let Destiny take the whole matter out of my hands. Blind Destiny has often saved me from pits into which I should have plunged open-eyed. Such a character has an advantage in the instantaneous crisis: a bad swimmer, I have saved a life or two through not weighing the odds; an incompetent driver, I have, when necessary, dashed in and out of traffic at a speed which, had I paused to consider, would have destroyed me. Impulse can on the instant direct the eye unerringly. But delayed by an emotion or a thought, it will hand over a fortune to an enemy and insult a dear friend. Personally, I am not worried about enemies or a fortune, but I believe the friends I have retained to be distinguished by unusual patience.

We had a fine view of the total eclipse of 1932 from Kenneth Murdock's place in New Hampshire. The air grew chill, the darkness swept like a tidal wave over us, the stars came out, birds fluttered nervously in the bushes, and the corona flared around a black sun. Then suddenly it was over. My five-year-old boy smiled happily at me. "Do it again, Daddy." "Daddy's tired," I answered.

An editor should be not merely an agent to accept or reject manuscripts; he should, in fact, edit.

I have seldom objected to editorial suggestions, although I do not always follow them. Verse, of course, should be immune to such changes, although even there I once consented to the excision of a line — a final line, furthermore, the deletion of which left a rhyme sound hanging in air. Marianne Moore made the suggestion when she was editor of the *Dial*. The poem was called "Remote," and the vacancy left the poem suspended, incomplete, and thus greatly increased the effect of far distances. Usually I pride myself that the eraser end of my pencil is almost as busy as the lead, and that the silent editor who receives the bulk of my work is the wastebasket. In this case, however, I had nodded, and Miss Moore was right.

When Arthur Machen wanted to order another gin-and-water at the Crown, in Penally, South Wales, he summoned the barmaid by beating a strange tattoo on his glass, thus: one-two-three . . . one-two-three . . . ONE . . . TWO . . . THREE. Its origin? In the nineties there was in London an occult society of which W. B. Yeats was one of the leading spirits. A novice would meditate in a closet until, entranced, he saw the sun at midnight rising in the west. Then solemnly he signalized this vision by striking the ninefold rhythm on a gong. "And a very good use of such a signal," said Machen beaming, "is to summon a little gin and water." Incidentally, this simple concoction is sometimes known as a *Queen Anne* because of that lady's known partiality for it. When her statue was erected in front of St. Paul's in the eighteenth century, a large spirits-shop directly opposite did not escape the notice of the popular bards.

Poor old Queen Anne was left in the lurch
With her face to the gin-shop and her back
to the Church.

I have slightly Bowdlerized the second line.

In the past the best works of art and literature and music have been the result of a commission. It is fashionable, since the Romantic period, to pretend that art is its own reward. Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Mozart, and many, many other names to conjure with, knew better. Virgil hated to write the *Aeneid*, but it was a command performance and he did very well. A poet no more "prostitutes" himself by writing for money than a surgeon does in sending a bill. Poetry — all art — is an acquired skill representing an investment of years.

Given the enthusiasm to perfect a technique, "inspiration" will take care of itself.

There are no poets with good technique and no inspiration. If a work is uninspired, then the technique is bad even though the rhymes may be impeccable and the meters according to rule. Offer me some hundreds of dollars for a long poem in heroic couplets and you will have my best within a stipulated time. I am a craftsman in the art of poetry. There are many with an aptitude for poetry who are not craftsmen. One might just as well call oneself a surgeon because one was naturally endowed with nimble fingers. So many write verses under the impression that poetry flows instinctively from the Infinite right through their fountain pens. They think they can write like Whitman — and they usually can.

Form in itself is the inspiration. Even the Romantic poets were aware of that. In Shelley's notebook, the famous "O World, O Life, O Time" appears first as a skeleton design of rhyme scheme and line length. The words came later. Bach is a good example of an artist who mounted to Heaven on a mathematical formula. Dante without his *terza rima* would have been lost in Hell. When Catullus wished to threaten his enemy, he did not say, "Beware of what I am going to tell about you"; he said, "Look out for my hendecasyllables!" a much more terrible curse from such a poet. If Alexander Pope warned me that he was going to ruin my reputation in the coffeehouses, I should shrug the matter off; if he said that he was aiming a couplet at me, I should run for cover. It would not matter what the couplet accused me of; the barb would be sufficient no matter what poison it was tipped with. Lord Hervey found that out. So did Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

This paragraph I am writing at John Dos Passos's house at Provincetown. I look out the back windows of the sitting room over a small terraced garden and sunlight and the blue waters of Massachusetts Bay. From upstairs I hear the intermittent clicking of the typewriter. We are of the generation who still write in longhand and copy on the typewriter. By the pauses I can tell when he reaches the end of a manuscript page; if this were a detective story, I could make a fair estimate of the number of words on each. And what an admirable schedule for work — nine till two. Ah, but I am exempt. I allow my eyes to drowse on the feathery tamarisk that stands so near against the star-distances of the Bay.

REBUILDING THE REICHSWEHR

by HERBERT ROSINSKI

HERE is the inside picture of General von Seeckt, the Prussian who was most responsible for building up the new German Army in the years of the so-called "disarmament." As one reads this remarkable record of Prussian persistence, the question arises: Will it happen again?

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1

THE collapse of Germany in November, 1918, was complete and absolute. It was not only a defeat such as German arms had not known except at Jena and Auerstadt; it was not only the overthrow of a political system that had existed as far back as conscious memory went, and of a dynasty that had weathered the crises of more than five hundred years: it was also the signal for unloosing a flood of revolutionary violence that threatened to sweep away the very pillars of the social and economic structure of the country. And it was the break-up of all military order and the disruption of the forces that had fought with such tenacity and stubbornness for over four years.

Not immediately so. The troops marched back in perfect order to the Rhine, reaching and crossing it by a remarkable feat of staff work, within the short period allowed by the Allies. Once home again, however, the bonds of discipline, long overstrained, broke down completely. Even units that had come back still firmly in the hands of their officers disintegrated in the general revolutionary atmosphere. The older classes simply went home for Christmas without waiting for any formal demobilization. The youngest were provisionally retained under colors, but proved so hopeless that they had to be disbanded in the following March.

In this atmosphere of universal disruption, moderates and radicals struggled desperately with each other, the one to re-establish order, the other to extend the revolutionary movement.

The hardly concealed animosity of the armed forces for the Weimar Republic broke out openly when the conditions of the peace treaty became known and the Cabinet, after a first outburst of

indignation, appeared ready to accept the terms. The men were furious. The majority of the generals were in favor of open revolt, pointing out that if they did not act, their troops would force them to do so.

Walther Reinhardt, the last Prussian Minister of War, who had loyally collaborated with the new revolutionary Minister of War, considered seriously a plan for setting up an independent state in the east and of trying to maintain it against the Allied and Polish forces. In the end General Wilhelm Groener's views prevailed and the outward semblances of order and discipline were restored.

But the temporary alliance between the soldiers and the Weimar Republic had received the death blow. The soldiers who, disregarding their hatred against the new regime, had placed themselves at its service and had set it in the saddle were furious at their betrayal. Out of this feeling of exasperation fanned by all kinds of national and personal grievances, there arose nine months later the famous Kapp putsch of March 12, 1920. General von Lüttwitz, the head of the Berlin command, with the help of the Naval Brigade of Captain Ehrhardt, sought to overthrow the new government and replace it by a right-wing dictatorship under the leadership of Dr. Kapp, a high official of the East Prussian Administration.

The breakdown of this abortive putsch resulted in the elimination of the implacably hostile elements like Lüttwitz, but also of the two men who so far had succeeded in finding a workable basis for collaboration: the socialist Minister of War, Noske, and the newly designated military head of the Reichswehr (Chef der Heeresleitung), Reinhardt. Thus, while

in one sense the putsch served to relieve an almost intolerable situation, it left behind a legacy of bitterness and distrust that seemed almost impossible to surmount.

2

IN THIS highly tense situation the leading officers of the Reichswehr and the government turned simultaneously to the same man, General Hans von Seeckt.

Almost unknown to the general public, Seeckt was the outstanding personality among the leaders of the new Reichswehr. The son of a well-known Prussian general, reared in the strictest tradition of that service, he had early distinguished himself not only by unusual ability but by a singular breadth of outlook and interest. A man of the world, adroit, self-possessed, skillful in the handling of men and affairs, he had found time in the intervals of an exceptionally swift career to travel widely in Europe and Asia.

The outbreak of the First World War found Seeckt Chief of Staff to the Third Army Corps. In this position he so distinguished himself in an operation near Soissons that he was entrusted by Falkenhayn with the direction of the great strategic break-through at Gorlice in May, 1915, as Chief of Staff to Mackensen. The success of that operation made his reputation and decided his fate for the rest of the war, for the exceptional mixture of strategic skill and diplomatic ability which he displayed during that campaign, and even more conspicuously during the subsequent conquest of Serbia, made him by all odds the best choice as Chief of Staff for the coördination of effort on the eastern front — first with various Austrian commanders, and finally as Chief of the Turkish General Staff until the collapse of that empire.

Returning to Berlin shortly after the outbreak of the Revolution, he re-emerged some weeks later in a meeting of members of the General Staff which was dramatic in its content and at the same time symbolic of the whole subsequent development of the Army. The meeting was opened by a certain Major Kurt von Schleicher, a protégé of General Groener.

With characteristic nonchalance, Schleicher began by asserting that there was no need for resignation, following this with the outline of an extensive plan for the reconstitution of the country. Three stages, he contended, were necessary. First, the establishment of a government capable of exerting its authority. Then, when order had been restored, the reconsolidation of the economic life of the coun-

try. Only upon the foundation of such economic recovery would it be possible after long years of painful preparation to approach the re-establishment of the armed power of the country.

When Schleicher ended, Seeckt arose. What he said was brief and not openly directed against Schleicher's program. But he made it clear that he was approaching the whole issue in a different spirit and from a different angle. The imperative need for the re-establishment of authority and order went without saying. But he was highly doubtful that it would be possible to reconsolidate the economic life of a country that remained politically powerless. Germany had to be restored as quickly as possible to a position where it had something to offer in the field of political and military power.

As order was restored in the military organization, Seeckt was entrusted with a succession of highly important posts: organizer of the return of the Eastern Forces; chief military adviser to the peace delegation; and last, Acting Chief of the General Staff, carrying through its dissolution and reconstitution in the new Truppen-Amt of which he became the head in November, 1919.

In the famous midnight meeting of March 13, 1920, in which Noske vainly advocated his plan for crushing the mutinous Ehrhardt Naval Brigade by force, it was Seeckt who broke the silence with the words: "Soldiers do not shoot soldiers." When Noske accused him of sheltering the mutineers, he replied: "By no means. But I, and I perhaps alone, know the tragic consequence which any open struggle would inevitably entail. If Reichswehr clubs down Reichswehr, all feeling of comradeship in the officer ranks is destroyed forever. If that should happen, the real catastrophe, prevented with so much effort on November 9, would finally have come to pass."

Seeckt realized that the putsch had revealed how deeply political dissension had already penetrated into the officer ranks. If the unity of the corps and the cohesion of the entire force were to be saved, the era of political adventures represented by the various "Free Corps" must end. The Reichswehr must be completely withdrawn from the political arena, all fratricidal strife in its ranks must be put down with an iron hand as incompatible with the spirit of comradeship and the demands of discipline, and all political interference from the outside must be prevented at all cost. In order to assure the Reichswehr a breathing spell in which to consolidate itself, Seeckt was ready to make far-reaching compromises with the existing regime.

As the appreciation of the crisis in which the

officer corps found itself grew, the opposition began to waver and break down. "As for Seeckt, I am not yet clear about him," wrote Colonel Ludwig — at that time Chief of Staff of the old fortress Königsberg, later head of the Waffen-Amt and one of the main preparers of the rearmament. "It may be that you misjudge him. Let's wait and see!" And again, two months later: "I am no admirer of Seeckt, but after the Kapp putsch he has undoubtedly saved much. The situation at that moment was more than doubtful — far more disagreeable than has been publicly realized."

Seeckt's own masterful personality contributed decisively to this change of attitude. His superiority as a political leader, as a military organizer, above all as a brilliant strategist, was incontestable. As the fruit of his endeavors began to appear, the Reichswehr, welded again into a strictly disciplined force, became a firm block held together by unquestioning obedience.

3

BUT Seeckt had not saved the Reichswehr for the Weimar Republic. The world to which he belonged was the world of the Prussian officer in the strictest possible sense, the very essence of the spirit of the Old Army. It was the world of the Old Emperor, of Bismarck, — whose fervid admirer he remained throughout his life, — of Moltke, to whom he devoted the most penetrating and self-revealing of his studies.

Seeckt was violently opposed to any kind of parliamentary regime, deeming it an impossibility in a nation of theoretical dreamers like the Germans. An astonishingly intense Prussian particularism led him to prefer as Chancellor even a Bavarian particularist like Hertling rather than a democrat with unitarian tendencies. He had a pronounced leaning towards old-fashioned paternalism and local self-government, coupled with a strong aversion to any form or brand of socialism. Seeckt's letters and writings show no appreciation of the remarkable achievements of the German labor movement.

Seeckt was not a particularly astute politician. His judgment of men was often remarkably at fault and he lacked both inclination and talent for intrigue. For that reason he was glad to leave the indispensable bargaining behind the scenes with political leaders and parties to Schleicher, who was rapidly developing into the Reichswehr's specialist in underhanded political work. Seeckt never appeared in the Reichstag, leaving the official representation of the armed forces to the Minister of War, Gessler.

As the leading military figure Seeckt was present at all important cabinet meetings; but he avoided attendance whenever possible, or sat silent. The frequent ministerial crises appeared senseless and undignified to him. For most of the new men, in particular for the trade-union leaders, he had only contempt. Perhaps the only one he really respected was shrewd old President Ebert, whose authority he endeavored to strengthen wherever possible, in the belief that he was serving his own interests and would reap the benefits later.

And in 1923 it seemed as if that hour had come. The difficulties and dangers menacing the structure and existence of the Reich from all sides became such that the civilian authorities saw no way of coping with them and Ebert had to proclaim martial law and (for the time being) to entrust Seeckt practically with the entire task of administering the country. For many weeks Seeckt debated with himself and his intimates whether and in what form to assume absolute power. One plan after the other was considered and discarded. In the end, after prolonged struggles, Seeckt decided to hand back the reins of power to the legitimate authorities, partly because he felt that he had not yet enlisted a sufficient personal backing, and partly because he had convinced himself that the best way to carry through his plans was to secure the presidency at the forthcoming elections of 1925–1926.

The unexpected death of Ebert broke down all these hopes and plans. With his preparations incomplete and the parties of the Right unwilling to give him a blank check as their candidate, Seeckt preferred to bury his aspiration for a time rather than expose himself to possible defeat.

The election of Field Marshal Hindenburg came as a second blow — great as Seeckt's personal veneration for the old marshal was. His accession to the post of Reichspresident in place of Ebert threatened to curtail Seeckt's freedom of action and undermine the very basis of his power. Hitherto Seeckt had been able to concentrate the entire devotion and affection of the Reichswehr on his person alone. Ebert had been the nominal Commander-in-Chief, but Seeckt had seen to it that Ebert had no opportunity to make that nominal function effective.

With the first soldier of Germany in Ebert's place, all this was changed. Seeckt was no longer in the position to pursue an issue to the point of open insubordination against Hindenburg — as he would not have hesitated to do with Ebert. That fact was to prove his undoing when, in the following autumn, a still inadequately explained incident — the eldest son of the Crown Prince took part, with Seeckt's knowledge, in the maneuvers — precipitated a crisis

in the course of which Otto Gessler, Seeckt's collaborator in the reorganization of the Reichswehr, suddenly turned against him. When Seeckt realized that he would have to maintain himself by force and found Hindenburg disinclined to back him, he decided, against the advice of his collaborators, to give way and resign, rather than to bring about a conflict which would shake the inner unity of the force which he had built up with such great effort.

Not that he was an utterly implacable champion of the past. In matters of detail he could in fact be remarkably open-minded and willing to learn. But in his main convictions he was inflexibly rooted in a world that had passed away. When he drew his program for the reconstruction of the Reich after his retirement, it proved an idealized past with a few slight concessions to the changed conditions.

Seeckt neither found a way to the new republic nor wished the Reichswehr to do so. He reconstituted the Army, not in conjunction with the general political development of the country, but apart from it and in barely concealed opposition. Outwardly the Reichswehr's loyalty to "state" and "nation" was proclaimed on every occasion. But "state" and "nation" as the Reichswehr understood them were not the Weimar Republic, but "the permanent substance of the German state and people." To the Army, the existing regime constituted but an ephemeral form that would ultimately give way to another and better one.

And as a result of the impulse imparted to it by Seeckt, the Reichswehr never arrived at an honest relationship with its legitimate government. In the words of a well-known political writer, it paid lip service to the Republic, yet rejected it in its heart; was fundamentally royalist, yet avoided any open expression; sympathized secretly with the right-wing opposition, yet carefully refrained from identifying itself with it. The Reichswehr lived in the past and the future and not the present. It was rooted in the cult of the Old Army, living for the new nation which was to be.

4

THE exact role of the Reichswehr in the rise of the Nazi Party to power is still a controversial question. It is certain, however, that the rise of the young Nazi Party took place under the benevolent sponsorship, if not actually at the instigation, of the local Bavarian representatives of the Reichswehr. The success of the new movement raised it above most of the other nationalist movements which the Reichswehr endeavored to keep under its control.

It is highly significant that in the spring of 1923, when Seeckt was preparing open resistance to the French occupation of the Ruhr, and to that end sought contact with all leading figures, he saw Ludendorff first and a fortnight later talked with Adolf Hitler.

It was the first time that the two men met, and the impression upon the normally so unimpressible Seeckt was remarkable indeed. He seems to have felt it one of the outstanding events of his life. We do not know whether his appreciation changed for the time being as a result of Hitler's madcap putsch and melodramatic appearance before the court that tried him and his associates. But it would not be surprising to find that the remarkable decision that permitted Hitler to resume his agitational activities, after his period of confinement at Landsberg, had received the support of the Reichswehr.

After his resignation Seeckt continued to express his sympathy with the Nazi movement, and his desire to see them participate in the government. "I counsel you to vote for Hitler. Youth is right. I am too old," he wrote to his sister during the violently contested presidential elections of 1932. This was highly significant, since it implied voting against Hindenburg.

But it was one thing for Seeckt out of office, and out of the political running, to take so benevolent an attitude towards the new movement, and quite another for his successors in the leadership of the Reichswehr. Schleicher succeeded in overthrowing Brüning in 1932, but badly miscalculated his ability to control the Nazis as well as the situation in general. Forced to emerge from his safe retreat and to take over first the Ministry of War and finally the Chancellorship itself, he exhausted his resources in a series of political maneuvers that ended in alienating the Reichswehr and Hindenburg. On January 30, 1933, the old Marshal installed in his place a new national government headed by Adolf Hitler.

The new government of "national reconstruction" came to the Reichswehr generals as a surprise. Time was short. The restoration of the military power of Germany which had been the Reichswehr's ultimate goal had reached a critical stage. Both Brüning and Schleicher had taken up that question in Geneva, but after promising beginnings had failed to achieve any results. Any further hesitation or delay would be fatal. The new regime assured the elimination of any effective internal opposition, and its leader threw himself into the project with an enthusiasm that contrasted most favorably with the endless pleas for caution which the military leaders had up to that time encountered

even with fundamentally well-inclined civilian authorities.

The readiness of the Reichswehr to accept the new government's domination of the political scene was reinforced by their desire to return to Seeckt's fundamental tradition of "holding the Reichswehr out of the political arena." When, in the last stages of his career, Schleicher had finally been forced to emerge from the mysterious semi-obscurity where he had been manipulating the political field so long and so successfully, and to assume responsibility both for the Papen cabinet and his own, he nearly destroyed the Reichswehr's vital unity. The result was that by the time of Hitler's accession to power the Reichswehr was heartily sick of the political role it had been forced to play under Schleicher, and longed to concentrate upon its own military problems again.

Unlike Seeckt or Schleicher, none of the Reichswehr's leaders had pronounced political aspirations — not even General von Fritsch, who in February, 1934, took over the Heeresleitung from the despondent Hammerstein. Fritsch was known in the Army as a particularly close disciple of Seeckt. In 1926 Seeckt had entrusted Fritsch with one of the key positions in the General Staff, the First Section of the Truppen-Amt. During the crisis that led to Seeckt's resignation, Fritsch had been foremost in urging him to maintain his position by force of arms.

The generals were only too satisfied to leave the work of political reconstruction to the Nazis, assuming that they would always have the power to interfere whenever necessary. It was a most dangerous delusion and it left them with nothing to fall back upon if the abuses of the new regime outweighed its usefulness.

5

THESE considerations help to explain the decision of the Reichswehr leaders to back the Nazi regime not only when Hindenburg imposed it upon them, but, what was far more significant, when his death and the dissolution of the Weimar Republic had left their hands free. For by that time they had had ample opportunity, in eighteen months of partnership with the Nazis, to become acquainted with their collaborators. Barely a month before, Adolf Hitler had staged the blood bath of June 30, 1934, which for sheer cynicism and hypocrisy still stands unrivaled even in the annals of Nazism, and had then attempted to "justify" this procedure before the Reichstag. Yet little more than a fortnight later

the leaders of the Reichswehr accepted him as the supreme leader of the new Germany and agreed to let the armed forces swear a personal oath of allegiance to him.

The events and decisions which preceded that vital step have remained shrouded in mystery. Perhaps promises of a restoration of the monarchy "in due course" played a part. The simplest and at the same time the most cogent reason, however, for the Reichswehr's acceptance of the Hitler oath was that at this moment the rearmament preparations had been completed and were reaching the critical phase of action. Two months later, on October 1, 1934, the great expansion of the Reichswehr began. The Reichswehr leaders could not afford to interfere at this moment.

Yet, instead of an equilibrium in which the Reichswehr surrendered political control to the Nazis in return for autonomy in its own sphere, the arrangement of August, 1934, inaugurated a latent struggle between the two parties, in which the Nazi leaders proved more adept than the Army, despite its outwardly vastly superior strength. Only a few months later the fundamental claim of the Reichswehr to the monopoly of armed force, which had just been solemnly reaffirmed, was challenged and broken by the dispatch of a consignment of heavy arms to the East Prussian Schutzstaffel. The local Reichswehr commander at first held firm against it, but finally had to give way upon orders from the Ministry of War itself. That incident, utilized by the Nazi leaders according to their custom to test opponents, proved a decisive step in the process that led first to the constitution of fully trained and equipped Schutzstaffel units and finally, after the outbreak of the war, to the establishment of the Elite Guard side by side with the regular army.

At the same time the Army's monopoly of armed force and military training was thus gradually being undermined. The intimate cohesion that formed the basis of its power was inevitably weakened by the process of rearmament itself, as the old closely knit units were broken up and dispersed throughout the new masses. Even more significant was the fact that the leaders of the Reichswehr could not even keep their own ranks closed. In the beginning General von Blomberg, the Minister of War, was almost the sole important Nazi "soldier," and he had to go to extreme lengths in order to reinforce the small group of pronounced Nazi adherents in the officer corps.

But as the Third Reich consolidated itself and the Führer proved unexpectedly successful in such matters as the remilitarization of the Rhineland, the officers corps began to split up. The bulk of the

older generals, backed by a substantial part of the elder officers, still stood behind Fritsch's efforts to preserve the independence of the Army. But many of the younger men went over wholeheartedly to the new regime, and the mass was indifferent to all political issues.

Finally, in January, 1938, Fritsch decided to utilize Blomberg's "objectionable" second marriage in order to get rid of him and to reaffirm the Army's position. The swiftness with which Hitler broke up that attack and turned the tables on the attackers revealed how little Fritsch and his backers had realized the weakness of their position. Instead of reaffirming the Army's independence, the incident ended with the retirement of both Fritsch and Blomberg, the breaking-up of the circle of elder generals in the Army and Air Force that had been his main support, the abolition of the post of Minister of War, and the assumption of direct personal command by Adolf Hitler.

6

THE clash of February 4, 1938, was the real dividing line in the relations between the leaders of the Army and Adolf Hitler. Up to that time the relationship between the two had still been more or less that of equal partners, and the generals, despite all concessions which they had been forced to make, could believe, as Fritsch did, that in a final crisis they would still be capable of making their will prevail. From that moment onwards the superiority of the Nazi regime over the Army was clearly established. Six months later General Beck, Chief of the General Staff and next to Fritsch the leader of the opposition, left after the Munich crisis because he had not been able to have an order enforced forbidding officers on active service to be members of the Nazi Party.

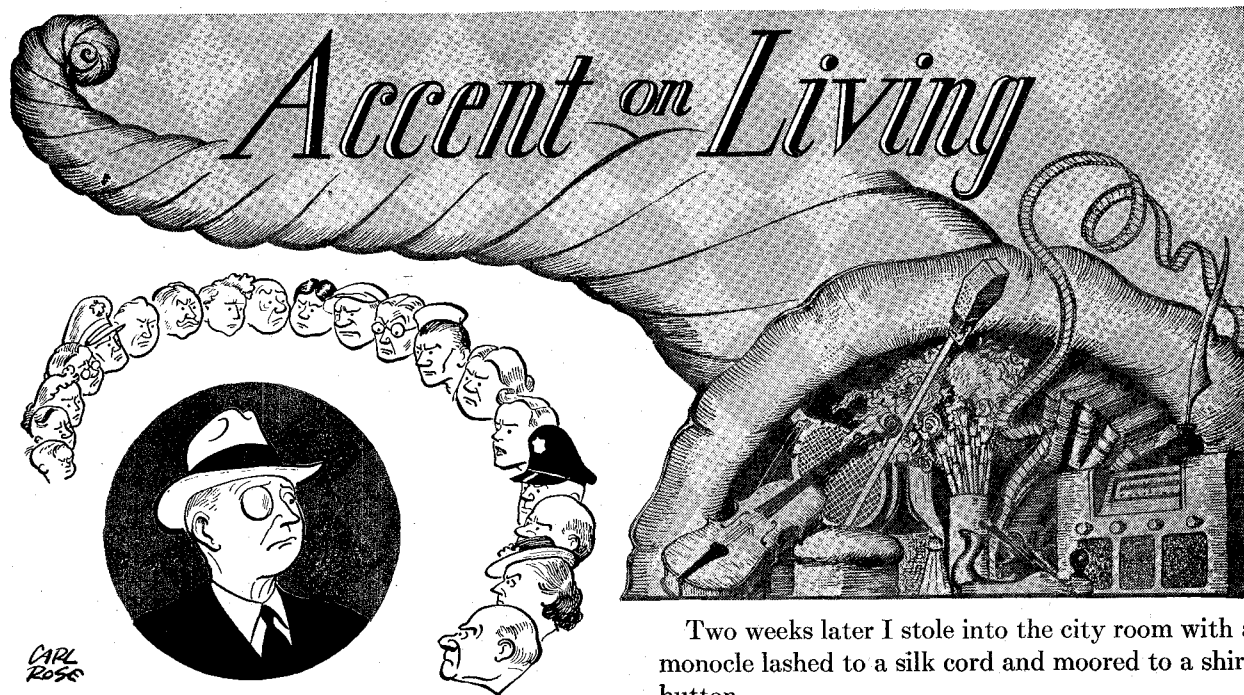
With the outbreak of the war the amalgamation of the Army into the Third Reich was concluded. With the exception of Fritsch, who chose suicide,

and Beck, who seems to have kept completely aloof, the ousted generals returned to their posts, if they had not already done so during the preceding crises.

In the prosecution of the war, that collaboration between the two groups, the Nazi leaders and the generals, has functioned more effectively than most outside observers had believed possible. Some of the staunchest supporters of the Army group, like Leeb and Rundstedt, developed into outstanding commanders on the German side. But in all other respects the fundamental differences between the two camps has remained, and beneath the surface the tug-of-war between them has gone on with undiminished intensity.

It is plainly impossible to discern more than the salient points of that struggle from the flood of rumors pouring out from Germany and from the neutral press. The war greatly extended the Army's prestige and importance, but not to the extent of giving the upper hand to the Army again, as many believed it would. Many decisive controls in the administration of the country passed into the hands of the military. Officers of the General Staff took key positions in propaganda and censorship, in the Ministries of Transportation and Economics, and through the net of armament inspectors controlled the industrial organization of the country. This control, although somewhat modified in 1942, does not appear to have been conspicuously altered during the course of the war.

Nevertheless the military leaders have at decisive moments proved clearly unable to make their will prevail — primarily because Adolf Hitler's supreme command has been a reality. Obviously he could not have fulfilled even half the military functions attributed to him. But there can be no doubt that the supreme decisions of the war, involving simultaneously military and political issues, such as the invasion of Denmark and Norway, the decision to attack Russia, the decision to persist before Moscow in the autumn of 1941 and before Stalin-grad in the following year, have been his — and his alone.



Memoirs of a Monoclist

By GORDON KAHN

FOR thirteen years now, I have been viewing the world through a monocle. There will not be, I am afraid, a fourteenth. Until the day the lens was fitted to my right eye, or *oculus dexter* as it is known to the guild of optometrists, Creation for me had but two dimensions: height and width. A nimbus floated before everything. As in GENESIS, i, 2, "the earth was without form, and void." Nothing had depth or substance until I touched it or fell over it.

I thought this was the way the world looked, hazily drab, but not unpleasant. How dreadfully mistaken I was, I realized one day in 1930 when I went to a flying school on Long Island and asked to be taught to fly. Nothing showy — just enough to enable me to take off, scud about, and land with the flesh and the spirit in the same container. I was assured that it could be managed, but first would I submit to a series of simple tests.

My hearing was above average, my blood pressure normal. I was properly startled when a sudden loud noise was made behind me. The last test was for eyesight and depth perception, and it was here they returned my deposit on the lessons. I was assured that no offense was intended, but that they were saving me money and the instructor's neck. They gave me the address of an eye specialist and warned me not to browse around the landing field lest I be fanged by a propeller.

GORDON KAHN gave up newspaper reporting in New York to become one of Hollywood's more stalwart scenarists. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

Two weeks later I stole into the city room with a monocle lashed to a silk cord and moored to a shirt button.

Today as a journeyman monoclist and not one of your desultory or secret wearers of the single glass, I possess two monocles. The spare is in my safe-deposit box in the subcellar of a solvent bank. The working monocle is in my eye except when I retire, and frequently then as well. In the morning the muscles around the frontal bone, conditioned by more than a decade of unflagging embrace of the glass, virtually snap at the frame. I shave with it on, wear it in the shower stall, and frequently hunt for it, unaware that I'm wearing it.

Only twice has it fallen, and both times it remained miraculously whole. Once, during a blizzard, the whirling tire of a bogged automobile shot a stone off the roadbed; it struck me in the temple and sent my monocle spinning.

The second near-disaster occurred in a barroom and the offender was a woman. She advanced beerily upon me and asked to try my monocle. When, naturally, I declined, she returned to her escort and pleaded, "George, *make* him let me wear it." It was either yield the glass, fight, or flee, so the woman pressed it in her eye. It clung for a few seconds and then catapulted to the floor. Again, preternaturally, no damage resulted.

Requests to handle the glass are not so frequent as questions about it. The commonest is not, "Why do you wear it?" but, "How do you keep it in?" Most people assume that a monocle isn't worn as an aid to sight, but is affected for reasons of vanity and unique adornment, like tattooing. During my monocular novitiate, self-consciousness made me defensively curt and often sarcastic with people who asked how I kept the glass in my eye.

"Don't tell the General... but I helped put his army on synthetic rubber tires!"

"It all began back home before the war, with a road test that totaled 80,000,000 miles"

"Here's what I mean," said the P.F. "The tires I drove in the test were the ancestors of the ones on the buggy. The B. F. Goodrich Company wanted to prove that synthetic rubber would work in passenger tires. So they sold several thousand tires, and asked people to send in mileage reports. All together we rolled up 80,000,000 miles, and that's a lot of miles. When this thing's over—and I got me a new car—it's going to have Silvertowns all around!"

In that early B. F. Goodrich test the passenger car tires used had more than 50% of their natural rubber replaced by our own synthetic—Ameripol. Today's all-synthetic passenger car tires are made with government synthetic—"GF S." And 99% of the natural rubber has been replaced by it.

But here's the point: That pre-Pearl Harbor test gave us a 3-year head start. It gave us the "know-how" that only time can give—experience that has already enabled us to produce a synthetic passenger car tire almost as good as the Silvertowns you used to get! It's easily the best synthetic tire you can buy today.

There are some synthetic tires today available to those who can qualify. But our fighting force still needs every ounce of rubber they can get. So do everything you can to make your present tires last—don't drive even on unnecessary miles.

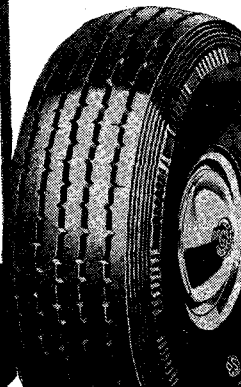
The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio



In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
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The simplest and truest answer of course is: "It stays in place naturally. If you stop to think about it, it falls out."

The wearer of a monocle doesn't shop for his glass as one does for spectacles, with an eye for such refinements as white- or rose-gold, or embossing across the bow. A monocle must be tailored carefully with frequent fittings to a fraction of a millimeter. Even then the first few weeks are perilous. Each step seems to jar it from its anchor in the flesh. The horizontal axis must always be at a level with the center of the pupil; otherwise vision is distorted to a degree where every angular structure trails off in curves like a Doric pillar. But if the monoclist perseveres he can dispense with the silk lashing — let the slivers fall where they may.

My own confidence wavered for a long time until, at a horse show, I watched a monocled Frenchman take the loftiest hurdles and recover from every spine-jarring vault with his glass still in place. I went forth with fresh aplomb.

Rain, snow, and high winds may be inconveniences to the round-the-clock monoclist. But for actual terror, nothing equals the sneeze. If there is a warning of it, the subject is well-advised to pluck his glass out first or cup his hand over it. But the spasm which comes suddenly is quite likely to propel the monocle out of the head and dash it to powder against the nearest wall.

Although Hungarians and Italians actually outnumber all other Europeans in the per capita use of monocles, the device in the public mind is most often associated with the German Junker and the upper-class Englishman. Even Émile Gauvreau, my former managing editor, who knows me to have addressed copyboys as "Please, sir," describes me in his book, *My Last Million Readers*, as "a peppery little man with the stern face of a Prussian officer, [who] wore a monocle."

The popular affinity of monocle and Teutonism was assumed as well by fellow newspapermen who covered the Hauptmann trial with me in 1935. When Hauptmann finally consented to be interviewed, he made the condition that he would speak to only one reporter and only in the German

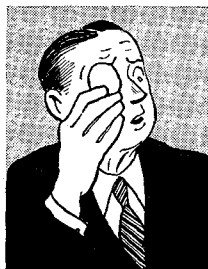
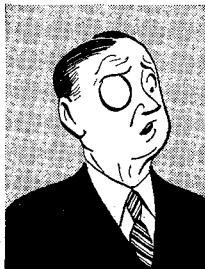
language. I was delegated, and when I pleaded that I didn't speak German well enough to worm information out of a celebrated and canny criminal, the other reporters said, "What do you mean, you don't talk good German? You wear a monocle, don't you?"

Recently I was asked to lecture to a group of soldiers who were preparing for duty with Air Force combat units as newsreel photographic teams. The officer who presented me felt constrained to assure my audience that, despite the monocle, I was a loyal American. Even then the discussion later was not so untrammelled as I should have liked.

That incident was the most recent of a series of embarrassments induced by the post-Pearl Harbor monocle. One involved a policeman who caught me redhanded in the offense of overtime parking a scant eleven miles from a war plant. Instead of the customary "Lemme see yer license," he wanted to know my *true* nationality, and did I have proof or, failing that, my Selective Service card. I have since fattened my wallet with a birth certificate and a whole sheaf of documents to show that I am an honest, law-abiding, bond-buying and War Stamp-licking burgher. But that proved no talisman against another incident.

An investigator called upon me, politely enough at first, to inquire into the character and probity of a friend who had applied for a position in one of the Federal bureaus. The interview progressed agreeably during the oral questioning, but when he showed me some papers, I had to put on my monocle, which I did not happen to be wearing when he came in. That did it! The line of questioning took an abrupt jog. How long had I lived in this community? Did I correspond with members of the Armed Forces? Yes, with my brother, occasionally, a lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. And then, of course, the inevitable, "Of course you speak German?"

The next day I went to an eye specialist. I told him frankly why I wanted to get rid of a perfectly practical monocle. Spectacles were out of the question with a condition like mine. There was, however, the contact lens, which is worn under the lid, directly upon the living eye. That, he warned,



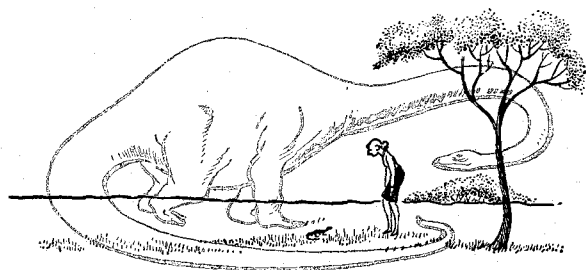
would be a nuisance since it couldn't be worn for more than a few hours at a time, requiring frequent immersion in a special solution.

He fell upon me with instruments, with probes and with scopes, and dazzled me with wands that flashed lights of every color. He fastened to my head something that resembled the upper part of the Iron Maiden. With monocle and with naked eye I gazed upon pictures and read tracts. He conjured up a birdcage and told me to sing out whether it was a squirrel or a parrot inhabiting it. An hour later, when this ordeal by chimera was over, the specialist looked grimly at me. He asked me how long I had been wearing this monocle. I told him thirteen years, almost to the day.

"Throw it away," he said. "You can see better without it than with it. Twenty dollars."

Of course a man doesn't cast away a monocle that has served him faithfully and well for thirteen years. I put it in my pocket and groped my way out, felling *en wobbly route* a coat-tree. The specialist mercifully led me to the elevator. "I don't mean," he explained, "just throw it away. You'll have to dispense with its use gradually. Try it a half hour tomorrow without the glass and increase it a half hour or so every week."

So, at present, for two of the brightest daylight hours, my *oculus dexter* is unadorned. And at this rate, sometime next April I shall at last sheathe my monocle in a little envelope of velvet and entomb it with its forlorn twin in the safe-deposit box.



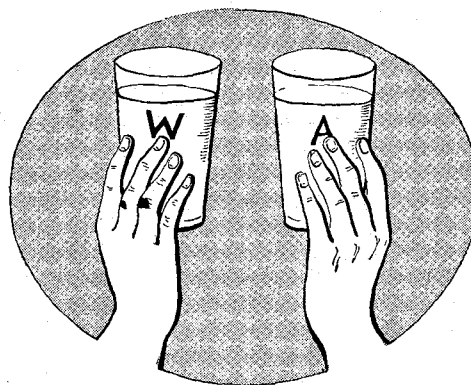
The Minutiae

By LOUISE McNEILL

I HAVE seen the dragon, spotted black and red,
Creep into the frog pool, lower his beaten head.
I have walked on mosses, known that once they
were

High above the mountain, giant trees of fir.
I have caught the sea horse, dwarfed in evil form,
Thought of ocean stallions charging in the storm.

Now the silent pygmy asks with knowing eyes:
"When the dwarf hand strikes you, what will be
your size?"



Quiz

By HUGH GRAY LIEBER and
LILLIAN R. LIEBER

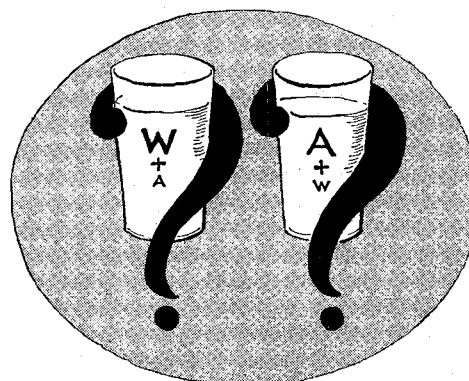
SUPPOSE you have two glasses,
One containing pure water (W),
The other containing
The same amount of pure alcohol (A).
Now suppose you take
One teaspoonful of alcohol
From glass A and
Transfer it to glass W,
Stir it well,
Then take a teaspoonful of
This mixture from W
And put it into the first glass, A.
(Neither glass was originally full,
And hence will not run over
In the process.)

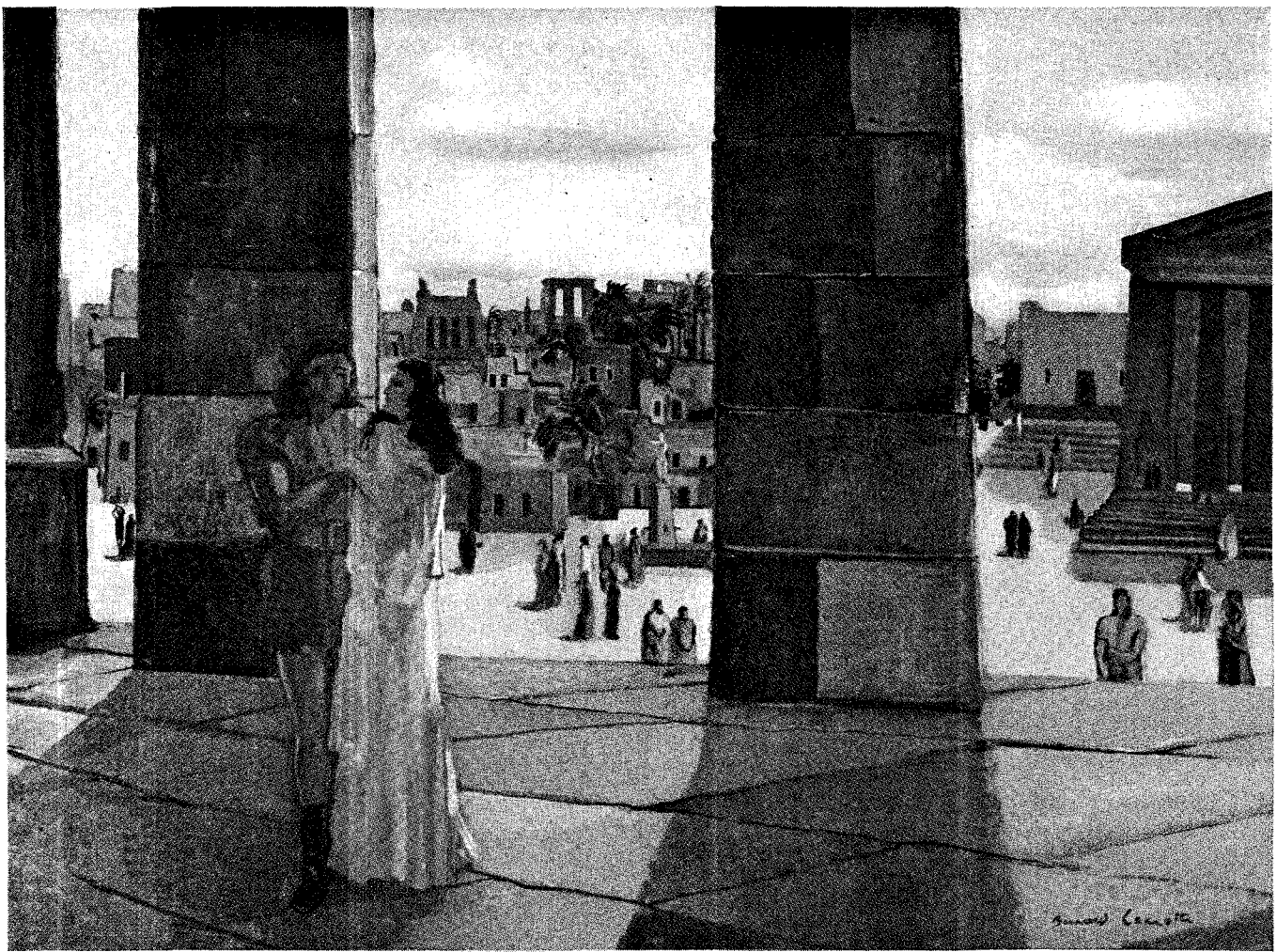
QUESTION: —

Compare the *per cent* of alcohol
Now present in glass W,
With the *per cent* of water
Now in glass A: —

- (a) Are they the same
- (b) Or, if not,
Which is greater?

THE ANSWER is: —





TEMPLE OF THE GODS

Man's mood changes with the day. His spirit, yesterday alive and joyous, is today clouded by uncertainty and turmoil.

Music, in man's darkening hour, is a spiritual haven. For the exultant chorale, opera and symphony—like great soaring temples—inspire the soul with truths that are eternal. The horizon grows bright. A new hope is born!

This is the reward, particularly, of the Capehart owner, for the Capehart Phonograph-Radio is a supreme interpreter of the world's fine music.

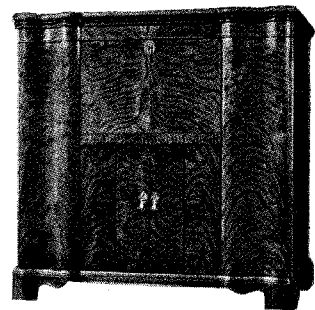
The building of this superb instrument has ceased now, because the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, maker of the Capehart, is developing and producing highly scientific electronic instruments

for our armed forces. Therefore, only the few models remaining in dealers' showrooms are available.

If your Capehart dealer does not have any of these superlative instruments, he can still serve you in many ways—for Capehart dealers are headquarters for the finest in music from records to grand pianos. For example—he has excellent recordings of arias from the opera "Samson and Delilah"—sung by Bruna Castagna (Columbia Nos. 71058-D and 71390-D), by Gladys Swarthout (Victor No. 14143), and "Bacchanale" conducted by Stokowski (Victor No. 6823).

Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Ind.
INVEST IN VICTORY — BUY WAR BONDS

"Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saëns, interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Bernard Lamotte. Delilah is singing her great aria, "Song of Spring." Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal charge from your Capehart dealer, or from the Capehart Division, Fort Wayne 1, Ind.



The Capehart (George II) with the time-proved record changer that turns the records over, and FM reception. Control stations may also be placed throughout your home and the grounds.

Capehart—Panamuse

PRODUCTS OF

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

N. W. AYER & SON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wine in Wartime does special duty in your kitchen!

Wine has a way with the foods of wartime. You add a little wine in cooking dishes like those shown on this page and the result is something of almost forgotten goodness. Then you pour friendly glasses of wine at table, to kindle spirit and appetite. It's a sensible way to entertain these days. It's simple, on the moderate side, and easy on your ration points



Soup

To Make Something Divine of most any soup, simply add wine, to taste, shortly before removing soup from the heat. You'll probably prefer Sherry in cream soups . . . dry Sauterne or Rhine Wine in chowders . . . Claret or Burgundy in the clear soups. And all soups, gourmets emphasize, are at their best in the company of a glass of Sherry



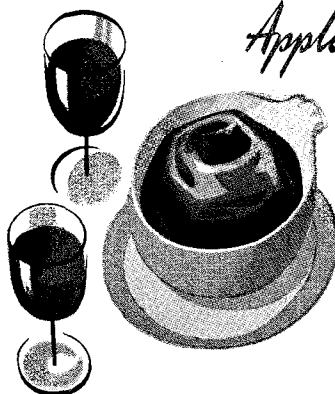
Veal

Veal Scallopini Sauterne. To serve 4 or 5 persons, cut into small pieces a one-pound veal cutlet that is $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Roll in seasoned flour. In heavy frying pan heat 2 tbsps. oil with a clove of crushed garlic, and brown the floured meat. Remove garlic, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 2 tsps. lemon juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sauterne wine. Cover and let simmer about 30 minutes, or until meat is very tender. With this toothsome dish, set out Sauterne or Rhine Wine well-chilled. Or Semillon or Sauvignon Blanc

Meat Balls

Swedish Meat Balls with Red Wine Sauce.

To serve 5 or 6 people, have a pound of lean beef ground twice. Add 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs, a tsp. each cornstarch and salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper, dash of allspice or mace, a beaten egg and 1 cup top milk. Saute a minced small onion in 1 tbsp. oil and add. Mix thoroughly and shape into tiny balls, 40 to 42 in all. Brown lightly in a little oil. Take up balls. Make gravy by stirring 3 tbsps. flour into fat in pan, add 2 cups water, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Burgundy wine. Season. Put back meat balls, simmer 20 min. Serve with hot buttered noodles, a green vegetable, and glasses of Burgundy or Claret, Or Cabernet, Pinot Noir or Zinfandel



Apples

Pommes au Port. Wash, core and peel upper portions of 4 large apples, place in casserole. Dissolve $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, pour over apples, cover, and bake at 375° 30 to 40 min. Remove apples to serving dishes, pour 2 tbsps. Port wine into each. Boil down remaining syrup until fairly thick, pour over apples. Serve with small glasses of a rich, full-bodied Port, a royal finale to any meal

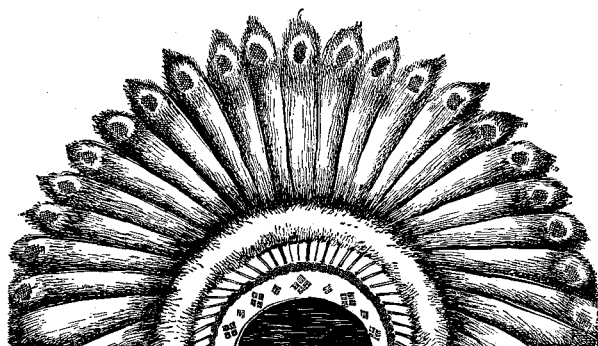
BEFORE ALL ELSE — BUY BONDS

• Want additional wartime recipes and wine service hints? Write for new booklet, Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California

The per cents are the *same*,
As shown below:—

	A	W
1st step	4 tsp. alcohol (4a)	4 tsp. water (4w)
2nd step	3a	$4w + 1a \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \frac{1}{5} \text{ alcohol} \\ \frac{4}{5} \text{ water} \end{array} \right.$
3rd step	$3\frac{1}{5}a + \frac{4}{5}w$ total = 4 tsp.	$3\frac{1}{5}w + \frac{4}{5}a$ total = 4 tsp.
4th step	$\frac{\frac{4}{5}}{4} = 20$ per cent water	$\frac{\frac{4}{5}}{4} = 20$ per cent alcohol

This will be true no matter what
The specific quantities involved.



The Indian's Message

By JOHN J. ROWLANDS

WHETHER or not old Tibeash was a Cree chief by heredity, appointment, or common consent, I never knew. But if dignity and wisdom and concern for the welfare of his people are the qualifications of leadership, he was indeed chief of the Indians of the Larger Lake region.

The Chief was a little man, lean as a sparerib and just as sinewy. His skin was the warm brown color of muskeg water, and in the glare of the sun his dark eyes would quickly narrow to thin bright slits that emphasized the lines webbing his face in a pattern as intricate as the filling of a snowshoe. For a Cree it was a remarkably sensitive face, with a narrow straight nose and a good mouth built around a

JOHN J. ROWLANDS is Director of News Service for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and was formerly Manager of the United Press Association's Boston office. The experience which he has set down here for the *Atlantic* is true in all respects, reported precisely as it occurred on a Sunday afternoon in 1917.

short-stemmed pipe. I sometimes wondered whether, if his forebears could be summoned, there might not be a handsome *voyageur* among the darker skins.

It was a journey to test the value of a military gig in rough country that brought Chief Tibeash and me together in a Northern Ontario silver mining camp in the autumn of 1911. He was leaving for his winter trapping and agreed to guide me across a hundred miles of trackless wilderness in return for the transportation of most of his winter supplies. I got the job because I was in from a prospecting trip and wanted something to do.

For the first few days I was uneasy, for Indians don't always like prospectors, and I wasn't sure how the trip was going to work out. Although he was not unfriendly, the old man seldom spoke, and he went about his work in the manner of one who felt the easiest way was to do it himself. We forded icy brooks, built log bridges over deeper streams, and dragged the gig through tamarack swamps and muskeg. Twice we made rafts and ferried across lakes with the snorting and bewildered horse swimming behind.

Not once during that difficult and dangerous journey did Tibeash raise his voice or lose his temper. He was patient in the way of a man who knows you can't hurry trees and water and hills.

At the end of a week the Chief was talking a little more. Now and then he drew my attention to something that otherwise I should never have seen — a mink scurrying under the bank of a stream, a sharp hoofprint in the leaf mold, and geese out of Hudson Bay flying so high I could barely see the outlines of the wedge or hear their honking. And he could catch the scent of wild things to an extraordinary degree.

Tibeash had a sense of beauty. He liked the ragged shape of jack pine tops against the moon and the mirrored images of a white birch on quiet water. One night when the rose and green and golden streamers of the Northern Lights were rippling across the heavens he remarked: "When the ice is in the sky the rainbow dances to keep warm." He liked to look at the stars and listen to night sounds. He knew them all, from the irresponsible frisking of wood mice to the much more cautious rustlings of a browsing moose.



A substantial cross-section of the American public was accosted in a civil manner by one of our foremost researchers a couple of years ago and was asked a human question: *which recreation do you enjoy most?*

The answers, in the rank of his finding, said:

1. Listening to radio
2. Going to the movies
3. Reading magazines and books
4. Hunting and fishing
5. Watching sports
6. Playing games outdoors
7. Playing games indoors
8. Reading the paper
9. Going to a show

That may or may not point a moral in a nation in which Freedom of Choice is paramount, but if there is a moral, it is probably this: *If you insist on swinging a niblick in the living-room, mind you don't crack the radio or there will be hell to pay from the folks.*

Norman Corwin is coming back on the CBS air Tuesday, February 29 at 10 p.m. EWT in the first of a new regular series of half hour programs. Nobody but Corwin knows what they're going to be. Nobody but Corwin ever knows in advance just how he's going to push the frontier of radio technique back once more, but that's what he keeps doing.

He has been doing it since he joined the experimental CBS Workshop group almost 8 years ago—along with Orson Welles, Max Wylie, Archibald MacLeish, Irving Reis, William N. Robson and Vic Knight—a group of inventive people determined to find out what could be done with this astonishing new art-form. CBS gave them carte blanche to shove and haul and needle radio miles ahead, and most of them haven't stopped doing so—especially Corwin. *Life* calls him "radio's top genius," which is quite a load to carry. But remember *The Plot to Overthrow Christmas?* Remember *They Fly Through the Air With the Greatest of Ease?* Or the *Pursuit of Happiness* series—or *Ballad for Americans?* Corwin was up to his neck in all of them. Remember the prize-program *We Hold These Truths?* That one

played on 4 networks to honor the 150th birthday of the Bill of Rights, on December 15, 1941—and it was followed by the President of the United States. Corwin thought that one up, too.

So his new series will be a true chain of important "first nights." First-line critics will now stand by... Corwin does not produce failures.

★

In the racing 21 years from 1923 through 1943 the U.S. families who own at least one radio set increased from 400,000 to 30,800,000. The sets owned rose from less than 2 million to nearly 60 million. The listeners increased from 6 million to about 125 million. We aren't the last word on economic history, but we don't know any other invention offered in the public interest by private enterprise which was more swiftly or widely taken to the heart of the vast majority of the American people.

★



In a race through the stacks of a library between a bookworm and CBS' new symphonic director, our dough is down on the latter.

At 32 Bernard Herrmann goes through books like a goat. His double-appetite for words and music led him once to dig up and play a forgotten overture by Samuel Butler, novelist. After a dose of Melville he composed a dramatic cantata called *Moby Dick* which the New York Philharmonic-Symphony played—as indeed it played his *First Symphony* and his short piece *For the Fallen* under his own direction. In Hollywood he did the score for Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane*, and for *Jane Eyre*. His score for *All That Money Can Buy* won an Academy Award. At 13 he wrote an opera. At 20 he made his professional debut. He enters his second decade at CBS wearing his new honors becomingly and securely. He will bear a lot of listening.

★

"Trans-Atlantic broadcasting, if properly used, is capable of bringing

about a real cross-fertilization of the culture of two countries," says Edward R. Murrow in a special article for the BBC yearbook of 1943, which has landed here. "I believe that the common man on both sides of the Atlantic shares the same hopes and fears, and wants to live in the same kind of world... Trans-Atlantic broadcasting is becoming more and more a job of transportation. Transporting the individual listener from his home in Maine or Idaho by saying to him: 'Look, if you were over here this is what you would find. This is the sort of thing you would hear, see and smell. The kind of food you would eat; the people you would meet; the books you would read, and all the rest.' I for one do not believe that a people who have the world brought into their homes by a radio receiving set can remain indifferent to what happens in that world."

★

If you'd like a reprint of Edward R. Murrow's eye-witness broadcast of bombing Berlin, just write CBS New York and ask for a copy of "Orchestrated Hell."

★

Walter Pidgeon, one of the foremost actors in America, makes his debut on CBS as star, narrator and m.c. February 6 in a national half-hour from the Coast which promises to be the most brilliant new program on any air. Notable guest stars will act, with him, the plays which represent the peak-performance of their several careers. Junior, please go get mother's lipstick and write "8:00 p.m. EWT February 6, CBS" on the mirror. Big letters.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

How old he was the Chief didn't know. That autumn he thought he must be seventy, but he wasn't sure, for his mother had told him he was born in the year of many blizzards, which could be any year. Whatever his age, he traveled with the tireless easy gait of a young man, and his good quick eyes missed not the slightest movement of life in the woods. I was nineteen and just learning to see.

For me the triumph of that journey, when we finally reached the prospecting road to Larger Lake, was not that the gig came up to expectations, nor that we had overcome the obstacles and dangers of a country that had never known the touch of a wheel before, but that as a woodsman I had won a measure of the old man's respect. I was accepted as a working partner.

I had planned to take the gig back to the nearest railway as soon as we reached our goal, but I stayed on and time added up to a month and the freeze-up had come when I finally went out. In those weeks the thongs of our friendship became strong and secure, and I stayed with Tibeash for varying periods during the next five years. When I came to know him well, he began teaching me the Indian way of living in the north country. I learned to paddle a canoe with the short and powerful stroke of the Cree, until he said one day: "You paddle like my own people." I went with him on his trap line, carrying pails of stinking rotten fish entrails, which is prime bait for bear. And the old Chief would swing along mile after mile with seventy-five pounds of bear traps in his pack-sack. He showed me how to aim my rifle with both eyes open, and to kill grouse with the edge of a paddle when they stupidly sat on the lower branches of the spruce. That saved ammunition. I learned to tan deer hides for moccasins and to smoke fish, and how to make a sort of jam from the delicious little high-bush cranberries that grow at the edge of the muskeg. I could call a moose.

From time to time I wondered why Tibeash took so much trouble to teach me his ways. It's not like an Indian, and there was a strange eagerness in the manner in which he went about it. The more I thought of it the more I became convinced it was part of a plan. The answer came one night while we were sitting by the stove in his cabin. He was whit-

ting a thin spruce slat for a water mouse-trap when he remarked without looking up that I had become a good man in the woods — "like an Indian." He added that I could be a trapper. And then he did look up and I knew by the way he asked the question that the answer would mean a great deal to him. "Perhaps you would like to stay here with me, my son?"

Tibeash made no protest nor did he show any outward sign of disappointment when I told him that I had decided that I would go back to the States to begin newspaper work. He didn't mention the subject again; he was too much of a realist for that, but I knew in my answer I had destroyed a hope that was founded on a deep affection for me.

I left the north country in 1916, and though I wrote Tibeash often, I never expected a direct reply. The Chief couldn't write, but I knew someone would read my letters for him. Now and then a prospector friend sent me messages from him. He always hoped he would see me again.

In 1917 I was in newspaper work in New England and living in the house of an old lady and her widowed middle-aged daughter. They were kind people, hospitable to the point of embarrassment. Their one great interest in life was a belief in spiritualism and I had been with them only a few weeks when in their sincere enthusiasm they began trying to awaken in me an interest in communication with the dead.

I don't like experiments in the supernatural and I dodged frequent invitations to séances. There came a time, however, when my excuses seemed too apparent to be convincing, and I finally accepted an invitation — not, however, for a séance, but to dinner one Sunday in September. There was to be company, "a lady from Maine," they told me.

Just before dinner that day the daughter confided to me in tones of suppressed excitement that our visitor was a medium of extraordinary powers. Noting what must have been an involuntary sign of dismay, she quickly assured me that there was nothing to worry about. But, just in case by some remote and quite unexpected chance a spirit desired to express itself through our visitor, I was not to be in the least disturbed. Spirits, she gave me to understand,



should not be turned away. In fact a good medium never denied them.

Our guest was a plump woman of the type common to any New England small town. You see her airing the pillows in an upstairs window after breakfast. She still believes in flannel on the chest for colds, her doughnuts are good but greasy, and she thinks linoleum rugs are lovely. You know what her hair is like — drawn back and held in a lump at the top by a comb ridged with rhinestones. Her conversation that Sunday was about the tricks of her tiger cat and the size of her dahlias. Her husband was about as well as usual and still liked whist. They often thought they'd try bridge but it seemed to take so much thinking, and anyway she liked to talk, which you can in whist. The only thing about the woman that stirred my interest was her very dark brown eyes. They had the peculiar fixed-focus expression of the zealot, and their steady gaze persisted much longer than polite attention requires.

The meal went along normally enough for a while and I was about to give expression to my increasing peace of mind by accepting a second helping of chicken when I noticed a change in our visitor. I heard her draw in her breath with a queer sucking sound and then she became almost rigid. Her eyes, now extraordinarily bright, were fastened on me. But fastened is not just what I mean, for although she was looking directly at me, I got the impression that she was actually seeing something beyond.

My landlady and her daughter were sitting spell-bound, their faces lighted by expressions of ecstatic anticipation. I was almost as rigid as the woman opposite me. For a few seconds there was complete silence and then the woman from Maine began speaking in the voice of a child — not an adult's imitation of a child, but what sounded very much like a little girl. At first I could make nothing of it and then a few sentences came clearly. Interspersed with the English words were Indian terms that I remembered vaguely. She went on for several minutes, and again I lost the thread of her message until suddenly, her eyes staring straight at me, she said: "Behind you stands an old, old Indian. He will always be with you

to watch over and guide you. And from him you will gain wisdom and your judgment will be good."

Startled, I whirled in my seat. All I saw was the crayon portrait of the daughter's dead husband hanging above the golden oak sideboard.

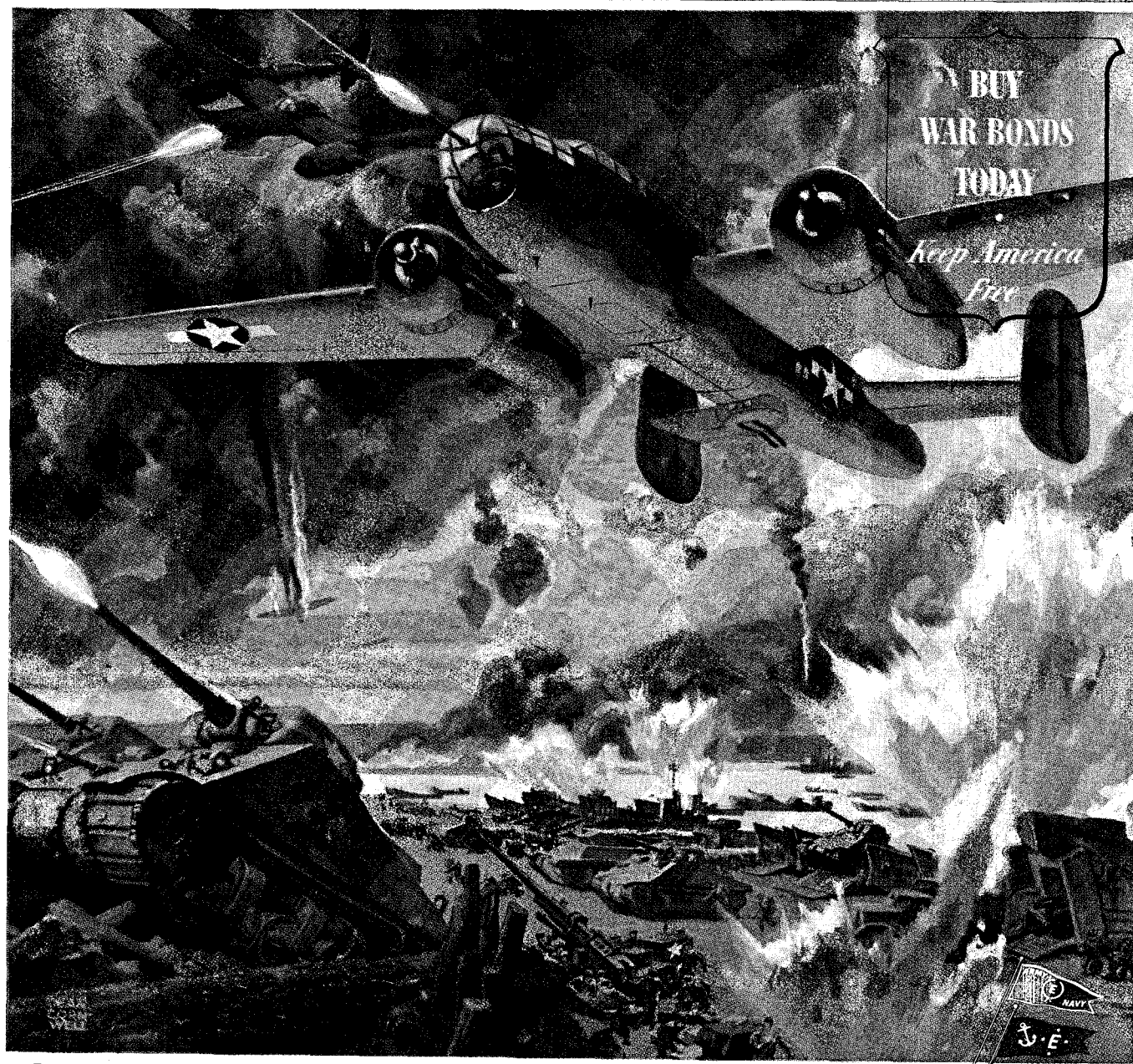
A little ashamed of myself, I turned back to the table. The medium was coming out of her trance and immediately I became the center of attention. There was great excitement. My landlady wanted to know whether I knew any Indians. Where had I known them and were they young or old? By that time I was thoroughly uncomfortable and I decided the quickest way to end the discussion was to deny all knowledge of Indians. And I did so emphatically. The old lady and her daughter were obviously disappointed that I could not confirm what seemed to be a most astonishing and unusual manifestation. Our guest appeared not at all disturbed, and while the two women talked she kept looking at me with that strange fixed-focus expression. When there was a momentary silence she said: "I am only the voice of the spirits."

That night I decided to seek new lodgings. I knew that from that day on my kind but persistent friends would give me no peace. I was a person set apart, someone worthy of exhibition perhaps, and spirits would be my daily fare if I stayed on. So I found some friends to take me in, and departed much to the regret of my landlady.

So far as I was concerned that was an experience which, while interesting in retrospect, was not one

to be repeated, and I had all but put it out of my mind when at Christmas I had a letter from a prospector friend in Northern Ontario. He gave me news of the people I had known and their doings. There had been a gold strike in Northwestern Quebec and he was going to prospect the region. A number of people I knew had gone away, and several had died; I would be sorry to hear that my old friend Tibeash was among them. He had died on September 9. At first the date held no particular significance for me, but as I looked at it again it somehow seemed familiar. I flipped back the pages of my calendar. It was the day of my strange dinner with the medium.





On every fighting front *Fisher*

The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher plant for its naval ordnance work.

THE men who do the fighting whether on land, sea or in the air, know how important it is to have the best equipment.

They realize that the work we do in our factories can, if done well enough, give them a combat advantage.

We realize that, too. That's why we are devoting all the skills we

have developed, all the crafts we have mastered, to give our armed forces the all-important edge.

Whether it's a plane, an anti-aircraft gun, a tank, or a highly sensitive flying instrument, each gets every technical plus we can give it — and that's several.

Craftsmanship is a Fisher tradition. And today we believe that

craftsmanship carries a particular punch of its own to give a fighting man a break when a break is more than welcome.

Every Sunday Afternoon

GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR

NBC Network



armament
BODY BY

Fisher

D I V I S I O N O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S

What's your coal question?

That's what we asked you. Here are our answers to a few of your questions.

An accountant in Boston asks:

Are miners paid all they deserve considering the hazards of their work?

American coal mines are the safest in the world, and American coal miners are the best paid in the world. Moreover, coal miners' hourly earnings are higher than the average for all manufacturing industries. Fatal accidents in the mines have been reduced by approximately 40% in the past fifteen years, while the pay of miners has more than doubled. Progress in the development and installation of new mechanical safeguards never stops. Teaching miners themselves to be careful is part of a consistent, well organized safety program. Federal and state inspection is constantly going on. In the event of accident, miners and their families receive definite, specified compensation.



A garage mechanic in Nashville asks:

What kind of homes do miners live in today?

For the most part, miners live in homes as attractive and comfortable as those of any other well-paid workers. Washing machines, radios, refrigerators and other home appliances are commonly found in miners' homes. A miner is just as free to choose where or how he will live as anyone else. The automobile makes it possible for him to ride or drive to and from his place of employment like a worker in any other industry. When a miner lives in a company home, it is because he wants to. Today company homes on company property are usually better than the average home in the sections where they are located. Rents average around \$15 a month.

A New York policeman asks:

Are miners always "in hock" to company stores?

The answer is that they are not. And there is no reason why they should be. Most miners may draw against their pay any time they want to for taking care of their living expenses. They may trade at an independent store, a chain store or a company store. In a small mine in West Virginia, the pay roll figures show that only about 9¼% of the combined pay of all the 296 miners employed there was currently owed to the company store. Besides all this, the OPA forbids any store, and of course this includes company stores, to extend credit to any individual for more than 60 days. The only exception is credit for heavy consumer goods, and these would normally be financed on time payments anyway.



In war and in peace America depends on bituminous coal for most of its warmth, most of its electricity, most of its industrial power.

That makes it important for the public to know the real facts about this fuel, and about the people who mine it.

So we take this method of reporting to you.

And to make sure that we cover the subjects of greatest interest we have asked thousands of people what they most want to know about the coal industry and the way it is run.

On this page we present three questions asked over and over again. Next month we will present further questions and answers.

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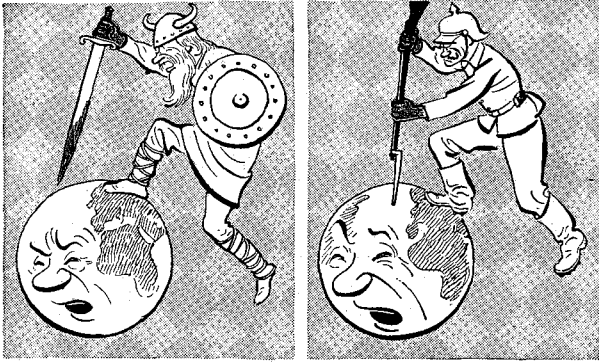
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Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans

By NOEL COWARD

1st Verse

WE MUST be kind, and with an open mind
 We must endeavor to find a way
 To let the Germans know that when the war is over
 They are not the ones who'll have to pay.
 We must be sweet and tactful and discreet
 And when they've suffered defeat
 We mustn't let them feel upset
 Or ever get the feeling that we're cross with them or
 hate them —
 Our future policy must be to reinstate them.

2nd Verse

We must be just and win their love and trust
 And in addition we must be wise
 And ask the conquered lands to join our hands to
 aid them —
 That would be a wonderful surprise.
 For many years they've been in floods of tears
 Because the poor little dears
 Have been so wronged and only longed
 To cheat the world, deplete the world, and beat the
 world to blazes.
 This is the moment when we ought to sing their
 praises.

1st Chorus

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans
 When our victory is ultimately won.
 It was just those nasty Nazis who persuaded them
 to fight
 And their Beethoven and Bach are really far worse
 than their bite.
 Let's be meek to them and turn the other cheek to
 them
 And try to bring out their latent sense of fun.
 Let's give them full air parity and treat the rats
 with charity,
 But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.

2nd Chorus

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans
 When we've definitely got them on the run.
 Let us treat them very kindly as we would a valued
 friend.
 We might send them out some bishops as a form of
 Lease and Lend.
 Let's be sweet to them and day by day repeat to
 them
 That "sterlization" simply isn't done.
 Let's help the dirty swine again to occupy the Rhine
 again,
 But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.

3rd Chorus

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans
 When the age of peace and plenty has begun.
 We must send them steel and oil and coal and
 everything they need,
 For their peaceable intentions can be always guaran-
 teed.
 Let's employ with them a sort of "strength through
 joy" with them —
 They're better than us at honest manly fun.
 Let's let them feel they're swell again and bomb us
 all to hell again,
 But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.

4th Chorus

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans,
 For you can't deprive a gangster of his gun;
 Though they've been a little naughty to the Czechs
 and Poles and Dutch
 But I don't suppose those countries really minded
 very much.
 Let's be free with them and share the BBC with
 them —
 We mustn't prevent them basking in the sun.
 Let's soften their defeat again and build their bloody
 fleet again,
 But don't let's be beastly to the Hun.

Ever since this topical song by Mr. Coward appeared last year in England, parts of it have turned up in print and on the radio; we are glad to reproduce the lyric in its entirety. Some of Mr. Coward's difficulties with reverse English may be inferred from the fact that many of his British audience denounced the song for what they considered its unwarrantably pacifistic purport.



His home town
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*"Oh, the moonlight's fair
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TO Howard Barlow, symphony conductor—one of the great American-born music masters of his time—the words of the popular song had always held a special significance.

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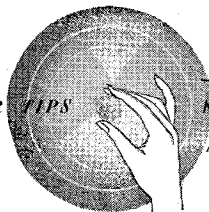
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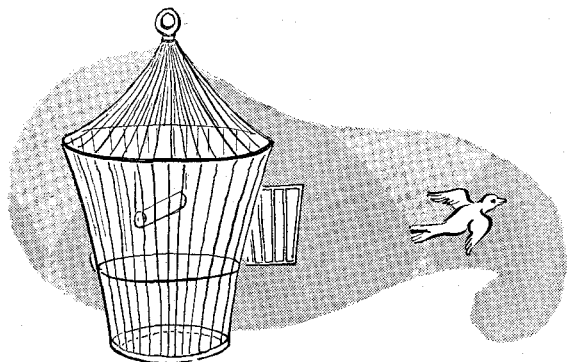


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The Canary Who Lived a Full Life

By ROBERT FONTAINE

MY FATHER has always had a theory that he could communicate with birds and animals quite clearly. If he were pressed, I think he would insist that insects and even flowers be included, too. We have never pressed him.

My father was a concert violinist for over a quarter of a century. Now he plays when he feels like it, and for himself and a few close friends. Every day, however, he plays the scales. I think he can play a violin with mittens on and the bow in his teeth. Still he always plays the scales. Every day.

It was one day when he was playing the scales, and Millie and I were watering my mother's geraniums, that the canary came to visit us.

We were on the front porch with my mother, who was fearing her geraniums were not going to be so vivid as Mrs. Costello's. Suddenly a flash of lemon-yellow went by us! We looked at each other, surprised.

"It was a very big bee, if it was a bee," my mother offered.

My wife picked a dead leaf from the geraniums and smelled of it.

"It was a bird," she said.

"It was a canary," I said. "I hope no one in this family is secretly thinking of bringing home a kitten."

We followed each other into the house, and of course the bird had gone into my father's room. Father was not playing the scales now. He was improvising: delicate, birdlike music. The canary was perched on the brass knob of the bed and was trilling away. Together they made a fine duet until my father became very tricky and the bird got all mixed up. He put his head under his wing as if he were

ashamed. I say "he." I know very little about birds.

My father smiled and wiped off the violin carefully with his old, white silk scarf and he put the instrument away carefully. Then he sat in his rocker and filled up his pipe, keeping his eyes always on the bird.

Millie and mother and I were sitting on the bed.

"The canary belongs to someone. It flew out of the cage. Someone has lost a canary," my mother said.

My father tapped the tobacco into his pipe.

"The canary has made a free choice," he said.

Millie laughed delightedly. "We'll get a cage," she said.

"We will *not* get a cage," my father contradicted gently. "The bird has come freely. It shall go freely."

"What about winter?" I said. "A canary does not know anything about winter. A canary would be very upset by a good New England snowfall."

My father lighted his pipe.

"You are very young and you consider yourself an artist — a writer. But you do not understand the first thing about life. The canary has, in his song, expressed explicitly the desire to live his own life. This is a desire which should be granted anyone who expresses it."

He puffed on his pipe with malicious pleasure.

You cannot argue against words like that. I smiled. "Since I am not *en rapport* with canaries, I shall have to take your word for it."

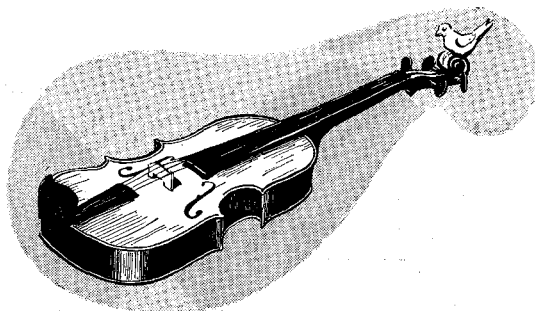
"An excellent notion," my father agreed.

Three times a day, before meals, my father and Arturo, as we named the canary, had a concert together. It is impossible to say who suggested the theme and who developed it. In time they were making music as if they had studied together in a conservatory.

A week later, at the end of one of their duets, my father said: "This bird has possibilities."

What could I say to a remark like that?

Then the news came that Mrs. Costello had lost a canary. Naturally an alarm had been sent out weeks before, but we were all very careful not to



ROBERT FONTAINE is a young Massachusetts writer. The first of these family memoirs of his, "A Rare Roast of Beef," appeared in the August *Atlantic*.

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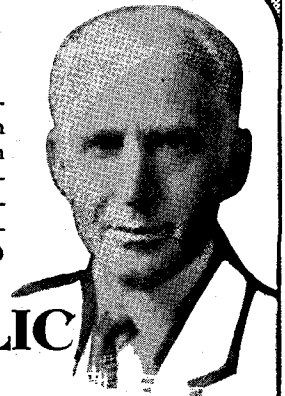


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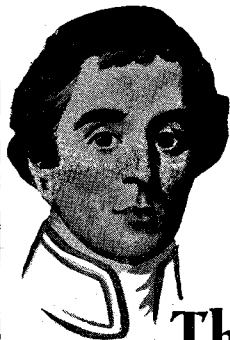
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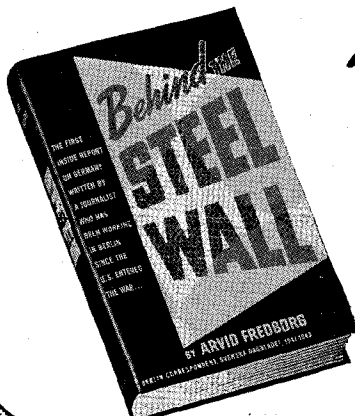


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Behind THE STEEL WALL

hear it. We skipped the local news in the paper and held little converse with the neighbors.

Once Millie said, "Doesn't Mrs. Costello have a canary?"

The way we all looked at her was enough.

Millie, after all, is new to our family. She cannot be expected to understand everything all at once.

But this day my mother could not resist the temptation of comparing the vividness of her best geranium with that of Mrs. Costello's best. My mother bakes better than Mrs. Costello. She washes faster and whiter than Mrs. Costello. She finds beef and bananas away ahead of Mrs. Costello. But when it comes to geraniums, Mrs. Costello is always out in front by a shade.

Said Mrs. Costello: "You hear about it? How I lose a canary? The beautiful singer. Like a lark."

According to my mother, she blushed a little and said, averting her eyes from the empty cage: "A lark does not sing very much like a canary."

"The canary," Mrs. Costello persisted, "flew out the window. He flew up the stairs. I mean outside, not inside. Sometimes in the night I think I hear him sing."

"You should drink warm milk before going to bed," my mother said. "You will not have strange dreams."

Later, as I say, my mother told us.

"The canary is Mrs. Costello's," she announced, after we had finished a piece of her deep-dish green apple pie. It is difficult to be angry at such a time.

"I understand," my father said solemnly, "that there is now a method of growing flowers with nothing but chemicals and water. You must try it with your geraniums."

Millie said: "It's a shame to lose the canary. He has become part of the family."

"For ten years," my mother explained, "Mrs. Costello and I have been friends. We have shared butter and sugar and coffee. I have made pie for her and she has made ravioli for me. Is a canary so much?"

My father wiped his lips with his napkin and put it slowly back into the bright silver ring.



"There is no proof that the bird belongs to Mrs. Costello. Mrs. Costello has lost a canary. We have found one. Does the bird answer to a name? Does he have perhaps a mole on his left leg? Think of the injustice of giving to Mrs. Costello a bird who is happy and contented and who might very well be repulsed by Mrs. Costello's small mustache."

Millie and I smiled at each other.

My father sipped on his hot, black coffee.

"No," he averred, "the bird, I repeat, is a free agent. He may go to Mrs. Costello

if he wishes. He may stay here and partake of our hospitality if he wishes. It is up to the bird. Nothing could be more impartial."

He patted himself twice on his bald head and then went to his room for an unscheduled duet. It was one of the best we had heard.

In the middle of October the bird disappeared. My father said nothing. He went back to the scales and that was all there was to it.

"I often wonder where the canary went to," my mother said, a few weeks later. "I saw Mrs. Costello today and she seemed to be in high spirits."

My father shrugged. "It is none of our business," he said. "The bird has gone where he wanted to go and done what he wanted to do."

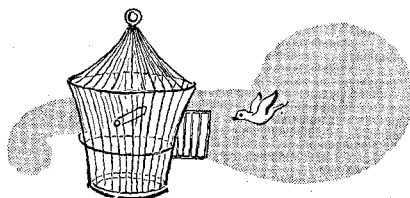
The last week in November we found a canary on the back porch, dead.

"It tried to come back, you see," Millie said sadly.

We called my father out from his room and he looked at the bird calmly.

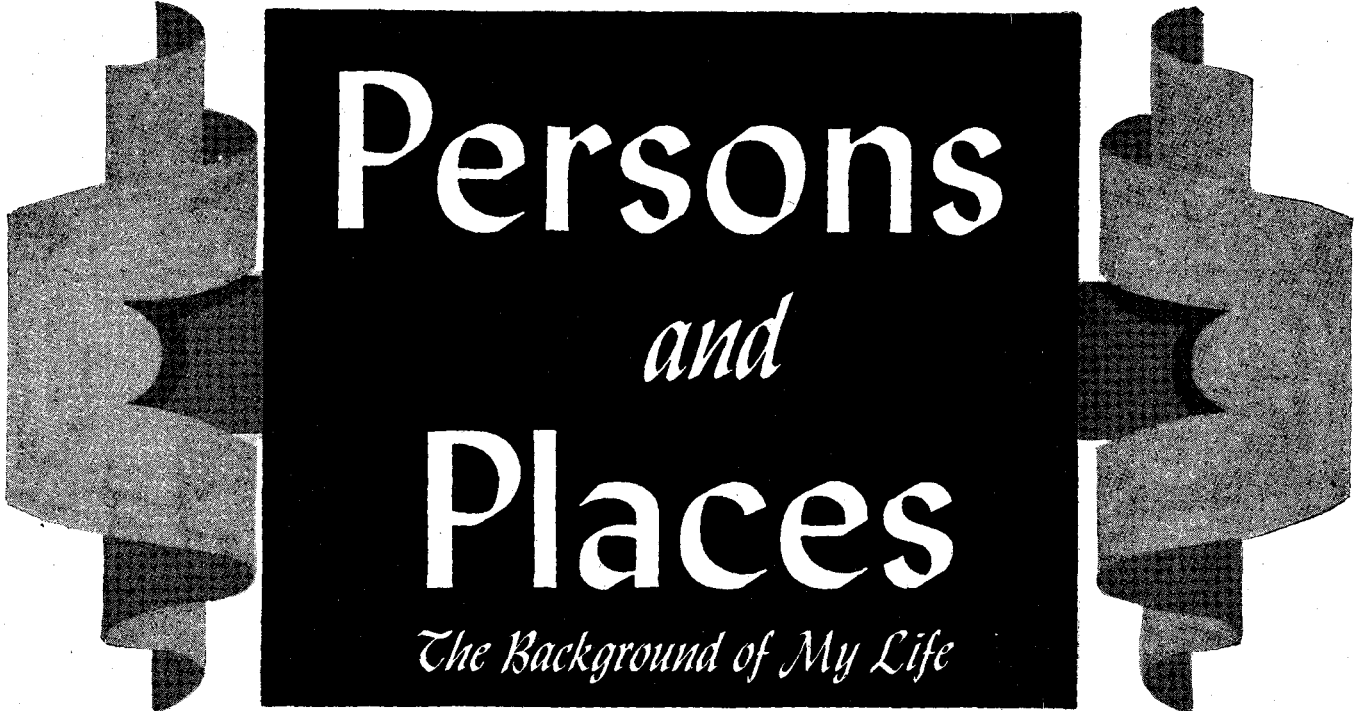
"Yes," he said quietly, "this is Arturo. He was alive and bright and singing. Now he is dead. Dead — but he lived a full life. He had good food, good friends, and good music." My father went to his room and played a gentle, delicate variation on Chopin's funeral piece while we buried the bird.

The next day Millie bought a Persian kitten. My father was very indifferent. He said the kitten knew nothing about music. He said he was not complaining. He was merely stating an unfortunate fact.



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HISTORY AND THE NOVEL

by HERVEY ALLEN

EVERY history, as well as every historical novel, contains two kinds of truth: first, the factual and literal truth in the recording of actual events, people, places, and time; second, the philosophical and logical truth of the comment which the historian or novelist makes in writing about his data.

History and the historical novel differ in aim, and are, therefore, different kinds of books, different art forms. They belong in separate literary categories, and are not subject to the same methods of construction or to the same critical strictures. They differ in kind. History and the historical novel are similar in that they both offer a philosophical comment on the past, direct or understood, based on the same kinds of factual data drawn from the same sources. And they both combine similar kinds of truth, factual and artistic.

Critical confusion results from the supposition on the part of either the writer or the reader, or both, that the historical novel is a kind of mule-like animal begotten by the ass of fiction of the brood mare of fact, and hence a sterile monster. In writing historical fiction, the author uses the inner and outer facts of human experience precisely in the

same way that he employs them in writing any other type of fiction — with this exception: his facts must be congenial to the kind of past he has undertaken to depict.

From the consideration that the historian is fundamentally bound not to vary from a literal adherence to physical and temporal facts in depicting his events, and as to his comment must stick essentially to the scientific deductions largely drawn from his material, the false conclusion arises that the novelist is also bound by the same rules in handling his material, and that he is at best a bland and genial liar when he departs from literal truth to “deceive” his reader — that he is, withal, a sorry juggler with fact, and so a faker.

The historian is morally bound not to vary or to rearrange his data so as to depart from their literal, factual truth in time, place, or person, in so far as he knows. Consciously to do so is instantly to cease to write history and to commence writing, not fiction, but an untruth. That is the minimum contract the historian makes with his readers, the only basis on which their minds can meet in a book described as “history.”

Illusion — not delusion

The novelist, on the contrary, deliberately sets out to produce a fiction. His function is to produce a complete illusion in the reader's mind. And in writing historical fiction the novelist tries to make the reader feel that he has actually had a living experience of the dead past. In effect, the historical novel is simply a door through which the novelist leads his readers into other times than their own. But it is not a door to a storehouse of records and specimens of the past. The novelist's door is the portal of a theater. Once the reader passes it, what he sees going on is not the actual past, but a drama

With the publication of *Anthony Adverse*, HERVEY ALLEN moved into the front rank of American historical novelists. In recent years he has been working on a large-scale narrative, *The Disinherited*, which will tell of the exploration and early settlement of our country. The first novel in this series, *The Forest and the Fort*, appeared in 1943, and the second, *Bedford Village*, is to be published this spring.

“You may remember,” writes Mr. Allen, “that when *Anthony* came out a number of people discovered that the book actually had sources and rushed into print, pointing out that I was a thief, or words to that effect. I finally met that by an article in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, which gave the whole background and method of composition of *Anthony*. All this kind of thing reminds me of a little girl I knew, now a lady with glasses, who used to have tears forced to her eyes and go into jitters when people told her she had progenitors. It sounds like a pretty bad disease.”

arranged by the author *about* the past. The reader may then succumb to the spell of the dramatic illusion, but that is not to say that he has been deluded into thinking what he sees is the real past, any more than a man who buys a ticket to a play showing the assassination of Julius Caesar has a right to complain that he has not seen the actual event.

It is in this capacity to produce an illusion of reliving the past that the chief justification for the historical novel exists. Since no one, neither historian nor novelist, can reproduce the real past, one may infer that, if supremely well done, the historical novel, by presenting the past dramatically, actually gives the reader a more vivid, adequate, and significant apprehension of past epochs than does the historian, who conveys facts about them.

This is not to suppose that history must not transcend the literal. It may, and often does. But the novelist appeals to the imagination and emotions in full play; the historian, whose function is partly judicial, coolly informs the intellect about past events. In historical novels, as elsewhere, it remains true that "the play's the thing."

Living in the past

In making his drama of history, then, the novelist is morally bound, as a good craftsman, to give his readers as complete an illusion as possible of having lived in the past. He is, therefore, *under obligation* to alter facts, circumstances, people, and even dates — to play hob, if necessary, with strict literary history — provided the psychological truth he is trying to project demands that the literal and factual truths be altered to produce a more significant effect.

The novelist, to be sure, alters literal historical facts at his own peril. But it is an artistic and not a moral peril that he braves. The novelist is under no moral compulsion to record facts literally as they occurred, for he has already given full notice to his readers, by labeling his book a novel, that this is fiction and not fact; that it is a theater which he is conducting and not an office of facts and figures.

Readers, therefore, or critics who complain that they are the victims of a hoax, because they have been taken in by an historical novel, are simply proclaiming the fact that they do not understand the meaning of a literary label, or the difference between a playhouse and a reference room in a library. Inadvertently, they are also complimenting the novelist on having achieved the effect which he set out to produce. Their taste has been assaulted, they say. But how? Because they ate pie, liked it,

and were then outraged to discover it was not whole-wheat bread.

All this, however, is not to say that the responsibility of the novelist to his material is not a strict one, since he may very well be responsible for the ideas and ideals of the past cherished by the reading public, even more than those for which historians are responsible. And, since what people believe about the past largely fixes their action in the future, the responsibility of the historical novelist is actually a great one. He ought not to fool with his sources. He may, quite properly, commit grand larceny on history, but he should not indulge in ill-designed counterfeiting. The notes he utters on the bank of the past must be good enough to pass current from hand to hand in the future: fine examples of the engraver's art, meticulous in detail, bold and beautiful in general design, indelible. Anything else is wastepaper.

The treatment of motives

Long, and sometimes difficult, experience with trying to use the materials of history in constructing a work of the imagination in the historical novel has convinced me that the chief difficulties encountered are two. The *first* is the shaping of the whole story into a design that is part of a grand pattern of historical events, pregnant with important meaning. To do this gives the whole book a ponderable message, fits it into a supposed scheme of things. Not to do it is to write the weakest kind of romance, a poor adventure story in which X things happen to Y persons, with certain arbitrary results, all equally mysterious in meaning. But the trouble is that in the final honest analysis this "romantic" way is the only truly discernible manner in which events do happen and people exist — mysteriously! All arguments for a grand scheme, "God's purpose," or a teleology that runs through all history, leading up to some "far-off divine event," rest on the sorriest kind of bad analogies, special pleadings, and arrogant or ignorant arrangements of materials. And that is true not only of mystical but also of "scientific" explanations of what history proves.

Logically, history proves exactly nothing. It has simply occurred. Yet the business of the historical novelist, as an artist, undoubtedly compels him to shape his story out of meaningless data into a form and a pattern which have human meaning, rich, if possible, in emotional and philosophical values. That is a tall order, and the only way to face it is to assume or to invent some supposedly discernible pattern in history and to shape the material in his book into an accommodating design that *goes with*, and is part of, the whole general pattern that he has chosen. Rash and silly assumptions about history

will, of course, inevitably result in a silly historical novel.

The fixing upon a general design, then, is the first great difficulty. The *second* difficulty is contained in the first, but arises more specifically once the plan has been decided on. How fit the source material into it? This is not a mechanical problem, to be solved by mere arrangement of facts, however, like the fitting together of the jumbled pieces of a picture puzzle. It is a psychological, artistic, and dramatic problem — one not only of selection, but of the preparation of material. The artist is now mixing his raw colors — his facts — on his palette so that they will blend into the tone of his picture as a whole.

Awkward intruders

Every good novel has its own atmosphere and its predominant tone. But that atmosphere and tone are not of the actual world; they are not to be obtained by gluing facts together into a kind of composite photograph in the album of the past. The atmosphere of the book, like the tone of a fine painting, is an emotional and mental experience, to be conveyed only by a successful artistic fiction. It must be a complete work of art, not a blueprint for the reader to work from.

To produce that finished result, the raw colors must be mixed in advance, blended, altered, and changed into becoming parts of a whole, and partakers of one general quality. The direct, objective reporting of facts, or the importing of source material into a historical novel, essentially as it is listed in history, is ruinous to fiction. No real people, no raw facts, can be literally introduced without having them appear with all the awkwardness of intruders from another sphere. That that sphere is reality makes them seem all the more unreal in the world of the imagination. To do that is the mistake of the tyro, or of the honest fool, who mistakes reality for realism, moths and mulberry leaves for spun silk.

All this has been said before by others in other ways and in a better manner. The importance of re-saying it now arises from the curious fact that lately all creative literature, but especially the historical novel, has been subjected to evaluation on the basis of something that it cannot convey; that is, literal, objective, unadulterated material and fact. Now no other art, no artist working in any other medium than writing, is subjected to any such literal-minded, critical nonsense. What sculptor, for instance, who has a commission to make a statue of George Washington is blamed for not dressing it in a real pair of pants, authentically borrowed from

Mount Vernon? The smile of the "Mona Lisa" would not be enhanced by exhuming the subject's actual teeth. Yet it is for *not* committing similar artistic solecisms in writing that the historical novelist is most usually attacked.

The Disinherited

The historical novelist's real difficulty is, in fact, how to avoid the direct use of raw material. There are several devices. In writing *The Disinherited* I have principally employed the device of imaginary sources.

The Disinherited is based on several imaginary books, letters, diaries, and documents. In addition to those invented sources, the story has been founded on the fictional biographies of the main characters. These imaginary biographies of the characters are in fact the main basis for the whole story. They will not always be directly evident in the text. Only the biographies of the main characters are given completely, but I have, in every case, even of very minor characters, carefully imagined their entire life history, fitting them into the entire scheme of the story, so that two things will happen: *first*, every character, major or minor, will act consistently; *second*, each one will act in that peculiar way in which only an individual would. In dealing with Indians especially, I have carried out this method to project them, not as types only, but as individuals.

Thus, the whole novel is based on a general scheme of history, on imaginary sources, literary and human, constructed to fit into that general scheme, and all partaking, therefore, of the predominant atmosphere of the book. But these imaginary sources have been most carefully constructed, assembled, and given the details of life from authentic historical documents and records.

In order to give the imaginary sources as wide, authentic, and carefully rooted a basis as possible, I have for many years filled my mind with a vast deal of reading in books and other material of all kinds covering the epoch with which I deal.

I have tried to use this material, in constructing my imaginary sources, so that the characters in the book will think and act as contemporaries of the world which they inhabit, and not as a party of modern-minded people making a tour of the past. That comment of the present upon the past I have left to the reader. In reproducing the "scenery" of the past, and even its landscapes, I have not neglected the archaeology, botany, and biology required, but I have tried to "paint" the scenery as it would have appeared to people who were contemporary with it, and not to us. To produce this effect, and yet to keep it plausible to the modern reader, has been the most difficult problem of the book.

A REPORT TO
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Lend-Lease

WEAPON FOR VICTORY

By **Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.**

UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE

*written while Administrator
of Lend-Lease*



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•
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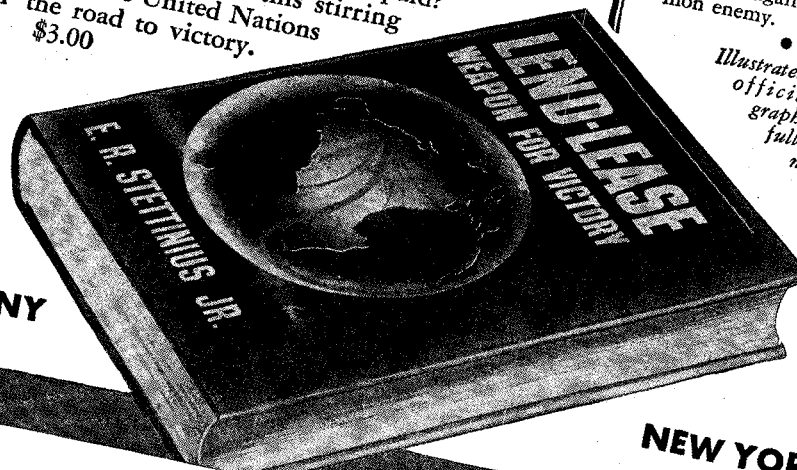
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Here, in truth, is the story of a mighty weapon for victory, one which is being wielded by all the United Nations against our common enemy.

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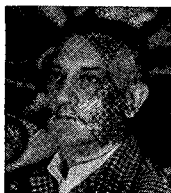


THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK

Good Night, Sweet Prince

By GENE FOWLER



GENE FOWLER

ALIMONY," Jack Barrymore once said, "is the most exorbitant of all stud-fees, and the worst feature of it is that you pay it retroactively." Asked what he thought of prohibition, he replied: "Fortunately, I don't think of it." I quote these two extracts from Gene Fowler's excellent biography of the greatest actor of our time, in order that you may be sure it is no stained-glass treatment. Nor is it a circus piece.

Good Night, Sweet Prince is, in fact, the most moving theatrical biography I have come across since Nijinsky's *Diary*. But it is not a sad book. It is a strong book, fluently and sympathetically written, yet pulling no punches. Two factors stand out as determinants of Barrymore's erratic character and career: his amatory initiation, at fourteen, with a young woman of whom his father was enamored, and his later fear that he might lose his reason and be committed to an institution for the insane.

Of the earlier factor he apparently spoke little in later life but, as Fowler perceptively points out, it may well have had a bearing on his unsurpassed interpretation of Hamlet. Barrymore's fear of insanity he did confide to his closest friends; and it certainly did not fail to contribute to his drinking. But — perhaps mistaking the effect for the cause — Barrymore tried, heroically, to cure himself of alcoholism, even going so far as Madras, India, where he underwent Hindu therapy. It was no use. Back in America, his last seven years were emotionally cyclonic and economically desperate. In Fowler's indignant words, these years were filled with "fair-weather leeches and foul-weather bleeders who drank at the veins of an impaired memory." What Ashton Stevens called Barrymore's "clownish crucifixion" was duly and bravely played, and the curtain fell.

Incidentally, Fowler's firsthand reporting of Barrymore's death has the simplicity of great writing. *Good Night, Sweet Prince* is highly recommended for the general reader as well as the theatrically inclined. *Viking, \$3.50.*

SCHUYLER WATTS

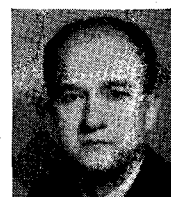
My Native Land

By LOUIS ADAMIC

I SUSPECT that Louis Adamic is a completely honest man — or at any rate as honest as they come. I have felt this quality of honesty in everything of his that I have read, and, on occasion, when I have heard him speak. At all events I am disposed to pay close attention to his words. I have found his diagnosis satisfying and convincing, though I may not always be in agreement with his sug-

gested therapy. Doctors disagree on treatment, but good ones should at least recognize the disease and tabulate the symptoms.

In his latest book, *My Native Land*, he relates the contemporary history of Yugoslavia, including as background an historical review of the unhappy nationalistic groups which compose the present state. If you have read Rebecca West's *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, you have surveyed this ground, but from a different angle and through wholly foreign eyes. Adamic's account has a momentary advantage in being sustained daily by the march of events, while he is himself a Yugoslav, born in Slovenia, though now an American citizen.



LOUIS ADAMIC

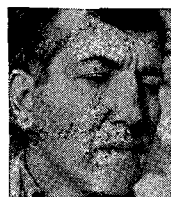
His fragmentary reconstruction of these present war years is a record of incredible disaster: of political chicanery and poltroonery, of collaboration, liquidation, starvation, persecution, mass murder, war and civil war, wheels within wheels — a ruthless, savage record of extermination. His documentation is convincing, though it comes through devious routes and by subterranean channels. But it all adds up to a compelling statement by a competent and unprejudiced observer who has no axe to grind, who is not interpreting or tampering with the facts to make them conform to a brief of special pleading, who is not suppressing evidence or attaching undue weight to it: a story of rebellion against shrewd and ruthless Fascist tyranny, from within and from without, in the face of overwhelming odds, by a little group of heroic and determined men and women — Tito and his Partisans.

Americans should read this book, if for no better reason than that they might come to understand in a very modest way the part they will be called upon to play in the making of a peace that will involve such complicated problems as those which exist in Yugoslavia. *Harper, \$3.75.*

MARTIN FLAVIN

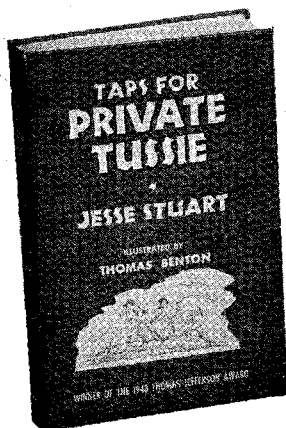
The Reader Over Your Shoulder

By ROBERT GRAVES and ALAN HODGE



ROBERT GRAVES

THIS handbook for writers of English prose is another sign that English literary critics work on their problems with a zeal and seriousness absent from present-day American criticism. We are sadly lacking in technical criticism of the type of Saintsbury's study of prose rhythm, or in the theory of criticism which has engrossed I. A. Richards, or in the discrimination and sharpening of the critic's tools which is the concern of Robert Graves and Alan Hodge in *The Reader Over Your Shoulder*. The last have briefed themselves to represent the reader's point of view, and their object is to induce a keener awareness of the reader-writer



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author of "The Trial of Helen McLeod"

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Lewis Gannett says of this first work by a new talent in American letters: "A first novel with a sense of intimate authenticity. It's sensitive; it's seen fresh; you know it's true." \$2.50

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An imaginative novel in the Robert Nathan vein, this work won an Avery Hopwood Fiction Award and is a Catholic Book Club Selection. \$2.50

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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

relationship. By scholarship, taste, and skill they are extremely well fitted for their task and have achieved a "must" book for prose writers.

Starting with the peculiar qualities of English, derived from its being a vernacular of vernaculars, Graves and Hodge then outline modern reading habits with which the writer must contend; they then draw specifications for a clear, unencumbered prose style that will in their judgment be best suited for conditions expected to prevail after the war. One of their many interesting suggestions is designed to correct the prevalent abuse of official English: "what perhaps is needed in every Department of Government is a trained Minute-master, charged to read through samples of Minutes by junior officials, carefully checking and explaining all infringements of the official decencies."



ALAN HODGE

They next give a marvelously condensed history of English prose styles in which they champion the simple, the polished-simple, and the grand-simple styles. This is followed by chapters devoted to twenty-five principles of clear statement and sixteen principles of graceful conveyance, after which the authors examine for carelessness numerous passages from such eminent contemporary writers as T. S. Eliot, Lord Keynes, Bertrand Russell, and H. G. Wells.

It might seem that *The Reader Over Your Shoulder* would be unavoidably dry on questions of punctuation and grammar, but even here it is witty and stimulating — a desk-book for the writer that should never fail to key him up. *Macmillan*, \$3.00.

GORHAM MUNSON

A Pictorial History of the Movies

By DEEMS TAYLOR, BRYANT HALE and MARCELENE PETERSON



DEEMS TAYLOR

A Pictorial History of the Movies is an engaging visual chronicle of the American movie from its beginnings to now, with incidental human-interest captions by Deems Taylor, of all people. As Mr. Taylor himself suggests, it is a book to be looked at rather than read.

The fun begins when you look through the pictures of all the movies you remember (and some that you'd forgotten) and find the place where you can say, "This is where I came in." You stop history for a time and appraise that moment. Then you start turning the pages again and other memories start floating in, and pretty soon you're in a rose-colored phantasmagoria of yesterday. It sensibly makes no attempt to be a comprehensive history, which it isn't; as a survey it is uncritical; and as an analysis of movie trends it is gossamer. But none of that matters. It is a souvenir program not only

of fifty-five years of movies: it is also, in a curious way, a souvenir program of oneself.

You will have to pick up the book yourself and open it to any page to discover the extraordinarily hypnotic effect of this catalogue of one's years of escape. The fact that it is pictures, and that one has associations with almost all the 700-odd pictures, adds to the Olympian omniscience which a perusal of the book affords. Topping all this, the fact that the pictures are necessarily "stills" gives them a nostalgic potential far greater than seeing old films run off: you arrest the moment, actually "capture" the memory, and, in addition, thanks to a voluminous index, you know where you can always find it again. *A Pictorial History of the Movies* is a veritable warehouse of memories. *Simon and Schuster*, \$3.95.

SCHUYLER WATTS

On Understanding Russia

RUSSIA AND POST-WAR EUROPE. By David J. Dallin. *Yale University Press*, \$2.75.

A SHORT HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By B. H. Sumner. *Reynal and Hitchcock*, \$3.75.

THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA. By William Henry Chamberlin. *Scribner*, \$2.75.

THESE three books, written by a Russian émigré scholar, an English academician, and an American journalist, illustrate, in complementary fashion, the thesis that Soviet policy today is dictated less by Marxian or Communist doctrine than by nationalistic considerations.

Professor Sumner's book is an admirably concise introduction to Russian history. Its major virtue to understanding present-day Russia lies in its organization, for instead of the conventional chronological treatment, this Oxford scholar treats Russian development in terms of seven basic institutions which shape its history, economy, and cultural growth: the frontier, the state, the land, the church, the Slavs, the sea, and the West. While Professor Sumner's treatment results in the comparative slighting of the 1917 revolution, and of the internecine struggles within the Bolshevik Party culminating in Stalin's triumph, the value of the book lies in the author's remarkable sense of continuity of Russia past and present.

Mr. Chamberlin approaches the "Russian enigma" drained of the emotional heat that usually colors discussions of it. His closely written book surveys the basic changes in the Soviet state since the revolution, the nature of its economy, and the political absolutism that prevails. His concluding chapters, dealing with Russia's wartime position and foreign policy, are a plea for coöperation based on understanding the dictatorial character of Russia and on a respect for our own national dignity.

Dr. Dallin's book is a more intensive analysis of Russian foreign policy, continuing his earlier *Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy, 1939-1942*. Based almost entirely on Soviet sources, Dr. Dallin's book advances the notion that the Russians are fighting not a coalition war with England and America against Germany, but a parallel war. He outlines Russia's ambitions in the Baltics, Eastern Europe,

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK at all bookstores



and the Balkans. If Russia is able thus to dominate the "middle zone" of Europe, the plain meaning of its foreign policy is hegemony over the continent for the next decades. This trend is understood by several British statesmen, whose fears were voiced openly by Jan Smuts, after the Moscow Conference, when he called for stronger ties between Britain and the small European states.

Russia is now at the crossroads where she can choose a policy either of the political mobilization of Eastern Europe and a strong Germany in an independent role of her own, or coöperation with the other big powers in the demilitarization of Germany and an international police force. History picks up the threads from here.

DANIEL BELL

Cartoon Cavalcade

Edited by THOMAS CRAVEN



THOMAS CRAVEN

AMERICANS pride themselves on their rough-and-tumble humor. This is the country of the belly-laugh and the wise-crack, the sock-in-the-bean joke, the kick-in-the-pants side-splitter, and latterly the delightfully mad psychopathic-spoofing of Thurber and the macabre and sophisticated Charles Addams' pleasantry. We also laugh loud, long, and healthily at ourselves, and we are suspected of having invented pie-throwing as a form of amusement.

In *Cartoon Cavalcade*, Thomas Craven, taking time out from publicizing the more serious arts, has compiled a much needed, inexpensive picture-history of some sixty years of American laughter and, inherently, American social and moral comment. As toastmaster and host at this typically American feast, Mr. Craven is perfection. His three informal essays on American cartoon artists, trends, and personalities are meaty after-dinner speeches — not too long, anecdotal, well-informed, casual, personal, charming, nostalgic. And he is also unusually fortunate in his feasting, for his delicacies have been prepared by master graphic chefs ranging from A. B. Frost '83 to Carl Rose '43. There are entire comic strips in this ample book; big slices of Charles Dana Gibson, Tad, Thurber, R. Taylor, Peter Arno, Steig, Soglow, John Held, Jr.; and examples of the work of some 168 others. William Murrell's *A History of American Graphic Humor* is a more monumental work, but *Cartoon Cavalcade* will be treasured, especially by all those who love to laugh and to look back.

A cartoon is, corporeally, a transitory thing — a climactic concentration of wit or satire with or without caption, a graphic bit of gay or biting ephemera to be chuckled at and recalled with pleasure. Some people clip cartoons and save them; others wish they had. Both groups will delight in *Cartoon Cavalcade*. It's as much fun as a family album, and in a sense it's just that — the American people's family album. *Simon and Schuster, \$3.95.*

LEO LERMAN

The Bookshelf Museum

ART histories and biographies, art reproduction books, books of art criticism and aesthetics reflect and frequently epitomize the taste of the times in which they are written, edited, and published. On my desk are three volumes. *The Gallery of Famous Painters: A History of Art in All Countries and Ages* is a collection of 120 beautifully made steel engravings, after paintings, principally of crumbling abbeys, pseudo-historical scenes, and demure cow-eyed females fondling demure cow-eyed dogs of a strange and since unheard-of Pekingese variety. It was published in 1878 in Boston and was a fashionable art picture-history book of its day. It contains a history of art which bears almost no relation to the engravings.

A Gallery of Beautiful Women: Masterpieces of Painting is a selection of sixty half-tone reproductions of famous portraits "with their titles and the gallery where each may be found." This was published in 1924 by Dutton. It is a representative, dollar, pocket-sized, fairly popular art guide of that day, depending, of course, upon a sex angle — the appeal of beautiful women. In December, 1943, one or two fresh copies still lingered in the publisher's stock room. *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*, edited and annotated by Thomas Craven in 1939, contains 144 color plates of masterpieces ranging from the works of Giotto to those of Grant Wood and includes many less obvious master painters. Each painting is accompanied by text. The book weighs eight pounds, measures ten by fourteen inches, and represents the combined 15,000-mile European junketings of some twenty-four technicians. Their American journeyings were comparable. It topped 1939 best-seller lists, represented an investment of over a quarter of a million dollars, and has sold almost 100,000 copies at \$10 each. When the last of these 100,000 go, there will be no more for the duration — war conditions prohibit their manufacture. This book has created precedents for years to come in art picture book size, shape, weight, color plate and general content, and price.

1943 was a boom year in book sales, and art books were in great demand. "Art book sales were double what they were in 1942," reported R. H. Macy & Company, New York, the largest bookstore in the world. And the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, sold, at ten and fifteen cents each, from midsummer, 1942, to November 20, 1943, 51,675 color reproductions of favorites from their collection. England's Lawrence and France's Monet and Degas were among the best sellers. The Museum of Modern Art reported: "Sales of clothbound books have increased, showing a desire for more permanent books, and from July, 1942, to June, 1943, 293,243 persons visited the museum collections, showing an increase of 44,281 persons over the previous year."

America is buying art books — not only inexpensive books of reproductions but highly priced and specialized monographs. The emphasis is on American art, some of the classic masters, and, strangely enough for a country in which French Impressionism was almost unheard-of thirty years ago, the work of the French Impressionists.

THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Grant Wood's "American Gothic" and Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" — he sold only one painting during his lifetime — have, to a great extent, supplanted Maxfield Parrish's sentimental "Garden of Allah" and Paul Chabras's coy nude, "September Morn," 1913's million-copy sensation.

On May 25, 1943, Macmillan published *Medieval American Art*, a two-volume work by Hungarian art expert Pál Kelemen. Its title distinguished it as a specialized work with little or no popular appeal, and its price, \$22.50, made any popular sale almost an impossibility. Macmillan optimistically printed 1500 sets. By mid-November all sets had been disposed of, and plans were being made to print another 1000. Under any normal conditions, it would have taken over a year to dispose of the original 1500. Erwin Panofsky's superb *Albrecht Dürer*, published by the Princeton University Press in September, 1943, and sold at \$20 per set, was out of print by December 1. And even so esoteric an item as Wittenborn & Company's monograph on French *pointillisme* master, Seurat, printed without any color reproductions, sold almost 1000 copies at \$6.00, and its publisher is planning a second edition with color plates added. There is irony and some sort of poetical justice in this Seurat interest, for Seurat himself sold only two paintings during his entire lifetime.

The Phaidon Press Art Books have justly achieved international fame. They have been imported into this country since 1937 by the Oxford University Press, and as a group they are without peer in all art book publishing. In subject they range from Etruscan sculpture to Van Gogh, and they are priced at \$4.00 or \$4.50 each, the best current art book buy in that price range. In November, 1943, Oxford announced for sale *Leonardo da Vinci: Paintings, Drawings, Sculpture*, edited by Ludwig Goldscheider, containing 152 plates — twenty-four in color — and replete with copious notes, Vasari's famous biography, and detailed chronologies and bibliographies. This is a lot of book, supervised by experts, amply supplied with color plates, and astonishingly low-priced. Oxford ordered 10,000 from England, but because of war conditions, this order was not completely filled. By mid-December all available copies were gone, and Oxford discovered that it could have disposed of more than the original 10,000 had they been procurable.

Thomas Craven's books on art have sold, since 1931, when his *Men of Art* made national best-seller lists, over 600,000 copies. Since 1931, art has made sensational news, museum exhibition techniques and art reproductive processes have improved, there have been national art projects, and American readers have come to expect certain values in their art books and so have created definite art book trends.

American consumers want color in these books. They want at least eight color plates, and the more color the better. Shoolman's and Slatkin's *The Enjoyment of Art in America*, published in 1942, is priced at \$12.50, a moderate sum for a twelve by nine inch, 792-page book containing 740 excellent illustrations. It is an item unique in the annals of bookmaking, for in one volume it combines an art history and a guidebook to the great art col-

lections in America. But it sells slowly. One of the chief reasons for this, according to booksellers, is its lack of color plates — it has only one, its frontispiece. This prejudice is regrettable, for color plates, even the best of them, when mass-produced, rarely give as comprehensive an approximation of the original tonal values of a painting as good modern photographs.

1944's art picture book consumer wants a lot of book, well-bound and durable, replete with chronologies, bibliographies, adequate text, and he doesn't mind paying for this book. To the average consumer, \$2.75 seems a lot to pay for a novel, but non-fiction has always come higher than fiction, and art books priced from \$5.00 to \$10 seem a bargain, especially when newspapers headline the \$50,382 take on the recent Crowninshield art book sale at which a volume of Manet reproductions, valued in 1934 at \$30, went for \$360. The consumer, seeing a book of Manet reproductions on sale for \$3.50 at his corner drug-store, will surely be interested.

LEO LERMAN

SOME MORE ART BOOKS FOR A BASIC HOME MUSEUM

HISTORY OF ART, *Elie Faure*. Five monumental volumes: *Ancient Art; Medieval Art; Renaissance Art; Modern Art; Spirit of the Forms*. (Each \$1.98; Garden City.)

THE CIVILIZATIONS OF THE EAST, *René Grousset*. Four definitive volumes: *The Near and Middle East; China; Japan; India*. (Each \$5.00; Knopf.)

MASTER DRAWINGS, edited by Bryan Holme. 128 pages of graphic masterpieces from Michelangelo to Matisse. (\$3.50; Studio Publications.)

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS, *R. H. Wilenski*. Fifty years of art critically analyzed. (\$6.00; Reynal & Hitchcock.)

GREAT AMERICAN PAINTINGS FROM SMIBERT TO BELLows, selected and edited by John Walker and Macgill James. A companion to Jean Lipman's *American Primitive Painting (1790-1875)*; both volumes form a verbal and pictorial panorama of American art. (Each \$5.00; Oxford.)

CONTEMPORARY ART: THE MARCH OF ART FROM CÉZANNE TO NOW, edited by Rosamund Frost. All the newer isms and modern personalities. (\$4.00; Crown.)

THEY TAUGHT THEMSELVES: AMERICAN PRIMITIVE PAINTERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, *Sidney Janis*. Of special interest to the amateur painter. (\$3.50; Dial.)

MODERN NEGRO ART, *James A. Porter*. From pre-Civil War to today by a Howard University art professor. (\$3.25; Dryden.)

ART FOR CHILDREN, *Ana M. Berry*. A companion to Katharine Gibson's *Pictures to Grow Up With*; both excellent for children from seven up. (\$3.50 and \$3.00; Studio Publications.)

ART AND FREEDOM, *Horace M. Kallen*. A two-volume masterly interpretation of the relationship between art and freedom in Western civilization since the ancient Greeks. (\$6.50; Duell, Sloan & Pearce.)



LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND!

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

SITWELLS have lived at Renishaw in Derbyshire since 1625. Hot-tempered and reckless, scholarly and adventuresome, this family is in miniature a portrait gallery of England. The present owner, Sir Osbert Sitwell, served in the Grenadier Guards from 1914 to 1918. During the Long Armistice he led the attack against the English Philistines, and now in his early fifties, he combines the duties of a country squire with the pleasures of a biographer.

In his Autobiography, Sir Osbert traces some of the multitudinous influences, both of heredity and association, that have affected him and his family. The result is a frank and fascinating study of a family that has produced three notable authors in the present generation — the poets Edith and Sacheverell, and Sir Osbert himself, the master of prose.

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NOW I turn to my mother's side of the family, and first to her father's grandfather and grandmother, Lord and Lady Conyngham. The Conynghams derived from an Anglo-Norman family, long settled in Ireland. The 3rd Lord Conyngham was created a marquis in 1816, and he served as Constable of Windsor Castle and Lord Steward of the Household for nine years. These posts and dignities he owed, it is presumed, to the influence of his wife with the Prince Regent, later George IV.

For the whole florid decade of King George's reign, the three most caricatured and ridiculed persons in England were the Monarch himself, his friend Lady Conyngham, and the Duke of Wellington; the lengths to which the cartoonists and pamphleteers pushed their libels, even though one of the trio was the King, and another the hero of England and, more than that, of the whole of Europe, was startling indeed. And toward the end of King George's life, the coarse and brutal attacks upon his physical infirmity — he suffered from dropsy — are, even in this ruthless age in which we now find ourselves, almost unbelievable; though they are paralleled by the description Fielding, a sufferer from the same disease, gives in his *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, of the crowds at the docks in London laughing at his swollen form as he was carried on board ship.

Sometimes, then, looking at these caricatures, you will find yourself wondering whether, if the Duke of Wellington were so plainly and vindictively misrepresented, the same may not be true, in at any rate a lesser degree, of the two other victims. The verdict which, in conversation with Raikes, the Duke of Wellington passed on George IV, many years after his death, is well known: "He was, indeed, the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy, and good feeling — in short, a medley of the most opposite qualities with a great pre-

ponderance of good that I ever saw in any character in my life." His judgment on Lady Conyngham is less familiar; he remarked that during the King's reign, no great decision in English policy or matters of State had been taken without her counsel and consent.

It is singular that when so much labor has been spent in rehabilitating people of far less historical and personal interest, this woman, so powerful in her own day, should have found no writer to undertake her defense. No champion comes forward to refute with incontrovertible evidence the vague but general accusation of greed, stupidity, and want of feeling leveled at her by her contemporaries. My own purpose, however, in trying to summon her for a moment from oblivion, is in no way to whitewash her, but merely to recall to memory a few points in her favor to set against those to which, if the public at all remembers her, it yet clings in her despite, and to examine the curious circumstances wherefrom she sprung. Apart from this, she is too far away now for me to feel much of the piety of a descendant rushing to the rescue of an ancestress.

The beginning of Lady Conyngham's real ascendancy over the King coincided with the beginning of his reign — and it may be noted that he had succeeded to the throne on the twenty-ninth of January, 1820, at the age of fifty-seven, and that Lady Conyngham herself was already over fifty — and only ended, after ten years, with his death. During this entire decade the public attention was fixed upon her every action and word. And if, as I have said, the Duke of Wellington, most unbiased of observers, did not join in the chorus of her dispraise, the rest of her contemporaries were not so lenient.

Princess Lieven, that rattling bag of bones animated by so lively an ill-will, and a person as much feared by the stupid and uncritical as Lady Oxford in our day — but

with more reason, since Lady Oxford's kindness in act as opposed to word never fails — opens the attack. On April 26, 1820, she ends a letter to Metternich: "... can one imagine anything more absurd than an amorous and inconstant sexagenarian who, at the beginning of his reign, gives up all his time to a love affair? It is pitiable."

Then, on May 24 of the same year, Charles Greville proceeds to the assault with a triple-barreled firing of anecdotes of an uncomplimentary nature. The first is that delightful story of Lady Hertford, the discarded and supplanted favorite of the new King. "Somebody asked Lady Hertford 'if she had been aware of the King's admiration for Lady Conyngham' and 'whether he had ever talked to her about Lady C.' She replied that 'intimately as she had known the King, and openly as he had always talked to her upon every subject, he had never ventured to speak to her upon that of his mistresses!'" Then he tells us that when the King was riding in the Park with Lady Conyngham, Lord Beauchamp, Lady Hertford's grandson, exclaimed, "By God, our grandmother must learn to ride, or it is all over with us." And finally he repeats that when members of White's were discussing Lady Conyngham's looks, someone said she had "a leg like a post," and Copley added, "A poste royale."

In June of the following year, he notes: "The King dined at Devonshire House. . . . Lady C. had on her head a sapphire which belonged to the Stuarts, and was given by the Cardinal of York to the King. He gave it to the Princess Charlotte, and when she died he desired to have it back, Leopold being informed it was a crown jewel. This crown jewel sparkled in the headdress of the Marchioness at the ball." And, at the end of 1821, Princess Lieven obliges Metternich with a characteristic vignette of the favorite. "Not an idea in her head; not a word to say for herself; nothing but a hand to accept pearls and diamonds with, and an enormous balcony to wear them on." After a visit to Windsor in June, 1822, she treats us to a remarkable conversation piece, etched with the purest and most corrosive acid: "... here is one of the scenes between the trio — King, Favorite and Myself: —

"The King, pointing to Lady Conyngham. 'Ah, heavens, if she were what I am!' I was at a loss to understand what this meant. Ought Lady Conyngham to be a man? The King stopped, sighed, and then went on: 'If she were a widow, as I am a widower, she would not be one for long.'

"Lady Conyngham: 'Ah, my dear King, how good you are.' . . . The King: 'Yes, I have taken an oath'; then turning to me, he added in a low voice, 'Patience; everything in good time.'

"I could not help thinking of the mysterious nocturnal visits of the man midwife [Princess Lieven's name for Sir William Knighton], and a whole chemist's shop flashed through my mind. I am not sure I did not shiver as if I were cold."

All through the reign, the volume of ridicule and denunciation continues until it culminates in two passages from Greville. On May 14, 1829, he writes in his

diary: "... the influence of Knighton and that of Lady Conyngham continue as great as ever; nothing can be done but by their permission, and they understand one another and play into each other's hands. Knighton opposes every kind of expense, except that which is lavished on her. The wealth she has accumulated by savings and presents must be enormous. The King continues to heap all kinds of presents upon her, and she lives at his expense; they do not possess a servant; even Lord C.'s *Valet de Chambre* is not properly their servant. They all have situations in the King's Household from which they receive their pay, while they continue in the service of the Conynghams. They dine every day while in London at St. James's, and when they give a dinner it is cooked at St. James's and brought up to Hamilton Place in Hackney Coaches and in machines made expressly for the purpose; there is merely a fire lit in their kitchen for such things as must be heated on the spot."

After the King's death, again, Greville had an enjoyable gossip with one of the *Valets de Chambre* or Pages of the Backstairs, as they were known, and makes the following entry of what he had learned in that direction. "It was true that last year, when she [Lady Conyngham] was so ill, she was very anxious to leave the Castle, and that it was Sir William Knighton who with great difficulty induced her to stay there. At that time She was in wretched spirits and did nothing but pray from morning to night. However, her conscience does not ever seem to have interfered with her ruling passion, avarice, and She went on accumulating. During the last illness wagons were loaded every night and sent away from the Castle, but what their contents were was not known, at least he did not say. All Windsor knew this."

In the copy of the *Greville Memoirs* in the library of Windsor Castle there are a few marginal comments, some thought to be by Queen Victoria, others by Lord Sydney, who had been page to George IV. One such note, probably by Lord Sydney, relates to the statement I have just quoted and runs: "Believed not to be true." This is almost the only favorable contemporary reference to her — and it is a later aside.

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FEELING against the favorite was so strong that, in their violence, the writers contradict themselves. Thus some refuse to believe she was ever the King's mistress, and at the same time assign her children to him, while others maintain that she *was* his mistress and that the children are Lord Conyngham's. Greville, in referring to the King and Lord Francis Conyngham, alleges: "Now Bloomfield sits among the guests at dinner at the Pavilion; the honours are done by the Father on one side and the Son on the other." And Creevey, in a letter to his stepdaughter headed from Croxteth, December 23, 1822, writes: "... Brougham says *many of the best informed* people in London, such as Dog Dent and others, are perfectly convinced of the truth of the report that dear Prinney is really to marry Ly. Elizabeth Conyngham;

on which event the Earl here humorously observes that the least the King can do for the Queen's family is to make Denison 'Great Infant of England.' To this statement a footnote is appended, which informs the reader that the Infant in question was "Lord Albert Denison Conyngham, third son of Elizabeth Denison, Marchioness of Conyngham. He was born in 1805, and was supposed to be the son of the Prince of Wales (George IV)."

In the middle of all the accusations that fly through the overheated air of that short reign, we remember suddenly that Lady Hertford was a deeply wounded and resentful woman whose vindictiveness age could not stale, and that Charles Greville was always jealous of success of every kind, and on every occasion manifested a total lack of feeling, fed by the prying mind of a born sycophant and lackey. Surreptitiously his fingers turn the pages of his master's letters; he says nothing at the time, takes his orders, and then returns home and jots down in his diary what he has read, and his disgust at it. Certainly we are the richer for the scavenging of this golden dustman, for his little talks with the Pages of the Backstairs; but we need not think him a nice character or believe all that he says. We recollect, too, that Princess Lieven, with her moral strictures and her very witty descriptions, was, at the very moment of writing them, the scraggy, undecorative mistress of Prince Metternich.

The pictures they give us of Lady Conyngham are too vehement, too emphatic, for all their vividness. Resentment at the influence of the favorite enters into each mention of her, and, though certain features in the delineations of her tally, in the main they are contradictory. A famous beauty, — though admittedly past her prime, — they show her to us as a fat, middle-aged woman totally lacking in charm. At one moment we are told that she was stupid, ugly, and grasping; at the next we are asked to believe — which is true — that she was able to capture and, until his death, retain the affection of the most capricious, cultivated, elegant, and original, if eccentric, prince that England had seen for two centuries. We are told that she was avaricious in the extreme, but we are not informed that she was herself a rich woman, the daughter of an immensely rich man, and the sister of a multimillionaire.

Similarly the gossips maintain that she was the mistress of the King, and that certainly one, and probably two, of her children were his; and then we find out that, unless during the period that Lady Conyngham was living chiefly in Ireland, some previous connection had existed between them, — and of this, though a few curious hints exist, there is no evidence, — Lord Francis was born some seventeen years, and Lord Albert fourteen, before their mother's acknowledged ascendancy began. Also Lord Conyngham's marquisate is said to have been due to her influence with the Regent, but he was created a marquis four years before the friendship is supposed to have started!

But everything she does is wrong; the diarists and letter-writers attack her for her influence in politics, and at the same time accuse her of taking no interest in public

affairs; she is pilloried for inducing the King to abandon the Whigs and support the Tories, and then, when she becomes the powerful advocate in royal circles of Catholic emancipation, the fury of the same Whig diarists knows no bounds!

As to whether she was, or ever had been, in fact, the King's mistress, it is impossible now for us to judge. Nobody even tells us definitely when they met. But, quite apart from such speculations, it is plain, I think, that in his mature years the King, that extraordinary man, so unanchored to reality for all his talents and kindnesses and social graces, valued her friendship especially for the atmosphere which she provided in his home. He admired, no doubt, the particular type of beauty which she possessed — since, with her massive frame, fair hair, and fine complexion, she a little resembled Mrs. Fitzherbert, his wife and the woman who, in spite of his frequent anger — and with how little reason! — against her, remained his ideal.

But, above all, he enjoyed her company, and that of her sons and daughters, because he loved family life — so long as it was not that of his own family — and he loved young people — so long as they were not his own young people. This, of course, is the meaning of the scene witnessed by Princess Lieven, who told Lady Harrowby, who, in her turn, made it grist for Greville's mill; a scene which, since he misunderstood it, so deeply shocked, and therefore enchanted, him. Lady Conyngham had given the order for the hundreds of wax candles in the chandeliers of the Saloon of the Pavilion to be lit. "When the King came in, she said to him, 'Sir, I told them to light the candles, as Lady Bath is coming this evening.' The King seized her arm and said with the greatest tenderness, 'Thank you, thank you, My Dear; you always do what is right; you cannot please me so much as by doing everything you please, everything to show you are Mistress here.'"

Another cause of her power over him, and its long duration, is to be found in the King's laziness. As he grew older a kind of torpor enveloped him, until, at the end of his reign, he was called at six or seven in the morning, breakfasted in bed, transacted what business his Ministers could induce him to transact, still in bed, read every newspaper all through, got up in time for dinner at six, and retired to bed again between ten and eleven. In the night he would often ring his bell forty times, and, though a watch hung by his side, he would not make the effort of turning his head to look at it, but would ring for a Page to tell him the time; similarly, he would not even stretch out his hand for a glass of water. This was at Windsor, when he was in failing health; but even at the Pavilion, in the early twenties of the century, though he liked feminine society, he did not wish to be bothered and fussed. Lady Conyngham never offered her advice unless the King sought it — and her triumph was that, in consequence, he always did seek it.

Otherwise, she did not interfere, except to make life more pleasant for him. She left him in peace, in his stifling rooms, of which others — but not she — complained that

they were like a furnace, to concentrate upon the Things That Mattered; to consult with his cook upon the acquisition of an old master or the invention of a new dish, to design a piece of jewelry — composed, no doubt, of a Crown jewel or two — for Lady Conyngham, a new wig or waistcoat for himself, a new sling jacket for the Hanoverian Hussars. There were tailors to be seen, and the makers of chandeliers and curtains. He had thought out a new carved dragon, with golden and silver scales, for the Music Room, and a new draping for the curtains. He must order a new kind of shoe that, though elegant, gave room for gout. He must see the architects about new ideas for the Royal Pavilion itself, for the Cottages and the Fishing Temple on Virginia Water.

He might, too, if he had time for it after he had read the papers, think of a new battle in which he had taken part — he was tired of Salamanca and Waterloo, and that fisticuff battle with the butcher that he had been relating lately — to tell to that old stick-in-the-mud, Wellington. (He, the King, might be only a constitutional monarch, but he still retained some prerogatives: the King's truth was different from other men's truth, and even Wellington, the most truthful man alive, could not question it.) So there was plenty to do, really important things; and if the Ministers wanted to see him, well, they could wait. Let them wait! He had already saved Europe once, with his plan for the league of Continental Powers which culminated in 1814; it had been his idea. And no acknowledgment for it, no gratitude had he received! So now they could kick their heels in the anteroom. Sometimes he kept them there for four or five hours.

Caroline was dead, the old King was dead, so he could do what he liked. He most emphatically did not wish for the influence, which he knew he *must* have in his entourage, to be wielded by someone who would attempt to interfere with his genuine passion for the arts and for music; who would try to frustrate his continual and immense plans for rebuilding palaces and cities, or would want to help him by urging economies and by endeavoring to curb his extravagances — after all he was King now, and the money was his, and bore on it his likeness (not a very good one, by the way, he reflected).

And, in other directions, the woman presiding over his house must be one who would never protest at his suddenly, without a word, summoning the choir from St. George's Chapel to sing to him after dinner in the Dome; who would not deprecate his action if, when his private orchestra was playing a favorite piece, he decided to join in its rendering with a dinner gong; or tell him that it was unwise to mimic his Ministers or a foreign Monarch in front of a large gathering (and his new imitations, he was aware, were better than ever!); or declare that it was undignified of him to receive that young Italian composer, Rossini, whose work he so much admired, but whom many of his friends regarded as rude, conceited, and flashy, not a fitting guest for their King. Lady Conyngham filled this role; if she liked jewels, and spending money on them, so did he. He would design them for her. And it was a pleasure, too, to have Francis and Albert and Lady Elizabeth about him.

In these ways that we have mentioned, and in the company he liked, the King was able, if only for a time, to banish the specter of boredom which he so much dreaded. Ever since he could remember, he had sought, by means of diversions and pleasures, often deliberately unworthy, and with the aid of his charming manners and lively company, to avoid the form, the ceremony, the constraint, that his presence had, all along, inevitably imposed, and now, since he had succeeded to the throne, more than ever entailed. Looking back, it seemed as though his whole life had been spent in this vain attempt to escape from his own gilded and unwieldy shadow — the splendid, pompous shadow that passed like a wind over every room he entered, as the men bowed their heads and the women swept down in a curtsy. Only in this circle, and with these individuals, could he relax.

Lady Conyngham, for her part, loved power, no doubt, and in her composition had some of a pirate's qualities. Perhaps the jewels and the compliments reminded her, too, how far she had traveled, for she, also, may have been trying to escape a shadow, though a shadow of different sort, of early poverty and disregard. Certainly she was not merely the middle-aged woman of coarse appearance with whom the caricaturists of the period make us familiar. The portrait of her by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the possession of the Countess of Londesborough, shows her as a very beautiful and dignified woman. And it is to be observed, in respect of this, how many of her descendants, Conyngham as well as Denison, have been noted for their beauty. As her granddaughter and my great-aunt, Lady Treowen, when an old lady, remarked to me of herself and her several sisters, "We gals were a damned good-looking lot!"

But the most curious and unexpected tribute to Lady Conyngham that reaches over the years is that Greville, writing a quarter of a century later, admits that Queen Victoria entertained a regard for her, and was grateful to the favorite for her treatment of the Duchess of Kent and herself in the time of her domination.

There seems at this distance to be no means of deciding whether Lady Conyngham enriched herself at the expense of the Crown or not. If many Crown jewels had passed into her hands, Queen Victoria, I imagine, would not have pronounced so favorable a judgment upon her. Doubtless she received presents of jewels, but, where money was concerned, the Conynghams were at that time a very rich family, the income of Lord Conyngham's inherited estates being estimated at £70,000 a year, while, though it is true that Lady Conyngham at her death left some £200,000, it must be remembered that this was probably her portion, for her father died a very rich man, and her brother became even wealthier, bequeathing to his younger nephew, Lord Albert, in 1849, a fortune of over £2,300,000 — then an even greater sum than it would be today.

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As I have said, there were those who alleged that Lord Albert — pronounced "Orbert," by the way — who in-

herited this great fortune in 1849 and assumed, under his uncle's will, the name of Denison, was the son of George IV. Certainly in appearance he in no way resembled that monarch, for he was tall and thin and dark, being described by a contemporary as "like a comb, all teeth and backbone." But he was, as his picture by Grant that hangs at Blankney shows us, an extremely imposing and romantic figure, with his great height, — he was six feet four or five inches, — his dark, curling hair and side-whiskers, his features of a rather Latin regularity, and his eyes of a Spanish pride and melancholy. He had also the reputation of being a wit, and things he said I have heard repeated in my own lifetime. Age, however, seemed to have dulled them.

For a time Lord Albert was a cornet in "The Blues," then he served in the Diplomatic Service and translated a fashionable novel by Carl Spindler, a German author who wrote dozens of romantic stories. This book, *The Natural Son . . . a German tale descriptive of the age of the Emperor Rudolph II (1552-1612)* by Lord A. C. in 3 volumes, appeared in 1835. Later he entered the House of Commons, sitting as Whig member for Canterbury. But the real business of his life was the collecting of beautiful and rare objects, and in this connoisseurship resides the single resemblance that can be found to his reputed father. In addition to his London house, he purchased Londesborough Lodge at Scarborough, — a house which played so great a part in our own young lives, — Londesborough itself, and in 1850 the magnificent classical house of Grimston in Yorkshire.

Lord Albert was responsible for the publication of two sumptuous illustrated catalogues of the pieces of art and antiquity in his possession, and was an author as well as a translator — though of only one book. In 1849 he caused to be printed a small volume of travel sketches for private circulation. In 1848 he had been very ill, and towards the end of that great revolutionary year he set out to find a warmer climate, accompanied, as he tells us, by "a wife, a plump and rather pretty English maid, and an English valet . . . an exception to the latter part of the rule 'that a servant may be a good servant for the first five years, a good master for the second five years, but is a hard master for the third five years of his service.'"

The book that my great-grandfather wrote as a result of the voyage that he thus undertook opens a window upon the eastern end of the Mediterranean as it existed in those days, and his accounts of it — and of Malta, Sicily, and Italy — are authentic and lively, albeit his mind appears to have been somewhat formal despite its Whiggish mold. At the same time, a certain unintentional air of originality had been imparted to the chapters concerned with Greece, by the insistence of the printers on rendering "Armenian" as "American"; thus, "I met a group of American peasants, and asked to buy a terracotta they had recently excavated" is a common adventure.

Lord Albert married again in 1847, six years after the death of his first wife in 1841, and had a large family by his second wife. I have been told that he was very highly strung, and that, as he became older, all servants and gardeners had to be banished from his sight, or he would

be menaced with a nervous breakdown! Though his various large houses required great staffs to work them, he liked to assume that the rooms, the carpets and furniture, the pictures and lamps, the flower-beds, terraces, and clipped hedges of ilex, all looked after themselves, miraculously swept and tidied or renewed. It can have been no easy matter to quell the sounds of dusting, the rustling of dresses in the corridors, and to make sure that no clumsy garden boy blundered across his path when he walked in the grounds of Grimston or Londesborough.

Lord Albert died in January, 1860, and to his rent-roll of £100,000 a year, and, it was said, two million in stocks and shares, my grandfather then succeeded at the age of twenty-six, and set himself to its dispersal, itself the work of a lifetime, with zest and abandon. Meanwhile let us note in passing that his grandmother, Lady Conyngham, was still living. Thus I have been able to talk to — and discuss her with — many people who remembered her well.

Long gone, now, were the days of piracy and power, and she had become a very strict, religious, and dignified old lady of whom it was impossible to think evil. The Crown jewels she had worn had — many of them — been long returned; it was whole decades since she had ruled Windsor and the Royal Pavilion, forty years since Princess Lieven played the piano to King George and wrote afterwards, ". . . he was overcome, and for five minutes could not speak. At the end of that time a flood of tears relieved his feelings. I have never seen a man more in love," nearly forty years since the Russian Princess had stayed at the Cottage in Windsor Great Park, and had described how, after dinner, she had looked up to find "the King gazing at Lady Conyngham with an expression in which somnolence battled against love; Lady Conyngham was gazing at a beautiful emerald on her arm; her daughter was toying with a ruby hanging round her neck."

How far away they must have seemed now, those days when she and her friends dined on warm summer evenings in the Fishing Temple on Virginia Water, with a garden full of flowers, shut out from everything, while opposite on the smooth, light waters was moored a barge on which the King's band used to play. She found it a strange age now, this entirely different epoch into which her life had been projected by her iron constitution; the demure little hats, the little parasols, the huge crinolines, how different from the orchidaceous fashions of the Regency or of her King's reign! The royal idyl that had endured for two decades was nearly over (Lady Conyngham died at the age of ninety-one, two months before the Prince Consort, who was half a century younger than she).

The occupant of the throne was now more respectable than any of her subjects, and had increased immeasurably its influence, though art and humor had become continually further removed from it. Only the old Guelph passion for music — from which Lady Conyngham, who had not cared for opera or concert, had so often suffered — survived. How different England was, scarcely recognizable! And the old lady may sometimes have

sighed to herself and thought that, if she had been younger, she would have migrated to Paris, where persisted at the court the sort of life to which she had been accustomed. She would have been more at home across the water in the gilded and *parvenu* empire that had yet inherited the ways of the old European monarchies. But she was too old for such fripperies; religion was her chief joy, and she attended church every Sunday, a large and beautiful old lady in a vast black *crinoline*, walking with the aid of a small gold-headed cane that the King had given her; looking "very different," her granddaughter, Lady Treowen, told me, "from all those regrettably coarse and scandalous caricatures in the press."

My grandfather, who will figure later in the pages devoted to my childhood, married his cousin, Lady Edith Somerset, youngest daughter of the 7th Duke of Beaufort, a magnate who owned, in addition to estates in England, nearly three whole counties in Wales. These Welsh possessions descended to the Duke from the ancestress who, in 1477, had married the 1st Lord Worcester. The mother of the 7th Duke was the sister of Granville Leveson-Gower, 1st Earl Granville — in whose eyes Lady Bessborough tells us she "dreamed her life away" — and he perhaps took after him, for my grandfather had great charm, and all his life, from the time when, as Lord Worcester, then a very young man, Harriet Wilson attached herself to him with ardor — only equaled in vehemence by the spite she evinced subsequently against him — he seems always to have been greatly loved. He married, first, Georgina, daughter of the Honorable Henry Fitzroy and Lady Anne Fitzroy, — afterwards Lady Anne Culling Smith, — the only sister of the Duke of Wellington. She died, after a few years, leaving two daughters.

A little over a year later, Lord Worcester married again — his former wife's half-sister, Emily, the daughter of Mr. Charles Culling Smith and Lady Anne. This match gave rise to endless gossip, for it was said to be within the prohibited degrees of affinity, "voidable though not void." Some echo of the excitement can still reach us. Princess Lieven wrote to Metternich on July 2, 1822: "Society is all affairs of gallantry — there is a positive epidemic of them — and yesterday a clandestine marriage took place under the most extraordinary circumstances. What strange beings these English women are. Think of it, a little miss running away at nine in the morning from her parents' house, arriving at the church door, seizing two passers-by in the street and forcing them to be witnesses of the ceremony. The young man for his part had hired a parson and caught a passer-by too. They were married and left at once, meaning to cross to France. When they got to Rochester, they realised they had not a halfpenny; and there they are stuck, living presumably on love, for they have nothing else. The girl is own niece to the Duke of Wellington, and the young man is the Marquis of Worcester, future Duke of Beaufort."

The Marriage Act of 1835, by specifically forbidding all such marriages in the future, legalized those that had taken place in the past. Lady Worcester, later Duchess of

Beaufort, was the mother of the 8th Duke and of several daughters. She lived to be an exceedingly old woman, and my mother used to describe her, a formidable figure still, but rather vague mentally, taking her pet parrot out for a drive in the New Forest. She always wished to go for a new drive, but the coachman invariably took her the same way; she was too old to be aware of the deception. The parrot, too, had long been dead and stuffed so as to give an illusion of life and to prevent the storm that, even then, would have rained down on the heads of her retainers had she discovered that they had allowed this lovely creature to die. She was also too old, fortunately, to tell the difference between animate and inanimate.

Of the Wellesleys, her mother's family, no account is necessary. The Duke of Wellington and his four brothers are now legendary and fabulous. But perhaps it is permissible to stress the love of building that ran in their blood — as evinced particularly by Lord Mornington and by his son the Iron Duke — and, still more strongly, the love of music.

Lord Mornington had learned to play the violin when he was nine years old, and soon after was taking his part in difficult sonatas; at fourteen he could play both harpsichord and organ and, before long, could improvise fugues. He composed the glees "Here in cool grot" and "Come, fairest Nymph." The great soldier himself played the violin as a boy, and was so passionately attached to it that, the night before he joined the army, realizing that he now must abandon the instrument, he broke it in half. This same love of music I have in my own lifetime watched developing among many of those descended from Lord Mornington.

But the quality which, for the majority of these families I have mentioned, counted more than any other was the love of Sport. So famous have the Dukes of Beaufort been in the field of sport for three centuries that I will not dwell on their passion for it, or their prowess in its exercise, but will turn to other facts concerning them.

This family has two early associations with great poetry. One is to be found in Spenser's "Prothalamion," with its enchanting refrain of

Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song;

this is described as "A Spousall Verse, in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and vertuous ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth, and the Ladie Katherine Somerset, daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of Worcester," and in it the two sisters are called

The worlds faire ornament
And heavens glorie.

The other link resides in the fact that Katherine Swynford, our ancestress, was the sister of Philippa, Chaucer's wife.

There, reader, you have, in any case, the converging roads down which three travelers came, to meet, and thence start on a new journey. And as I am, perhaps, the most earthbound, it is fitting that I should describe its beginning.

I do not know that it is easy to deduce much from these diverse prenatal tracks lying behind us. Out of the sixteen great-great-grandparents, there seem to me to be three strains of original talent, Wellesley, Heber, and Sitwell; one of music, Wellesley, two of religion, Tait and Heber, two of marked practical capacity, Wellesley and Hely-Hutchinson, and many of the spendthrift, a trait which most certainly I inherited and which, though by now repressed of necessity, still troubles me. In every, or nearly every, direction there is, too, — especially during the last century, — a frenetic attention to sport. Above all, and from every source, my ancestors have for generations been used to getting their own way.

Further, common to all four of my great-grandfathers is one other thing I have not mentioned, but have most specifically inherited: gout. Of this illness, mysterious in origin and manifestation, the late Dr. Havelock Ellis wrote that it "occurs so often, in such extreme forms, and in men of such pre-eminent intellectual ability, that it is impossible not to regard it as having a real association with such ability," and again that it would be impossible to "match the group of gouty men of genius, for varied and pre-eminent intellectual ability by any combination of non-gouty individuals on our list. . . ." He adds that they have frequently been eccentric and irascible, and in the eighteenth century were termed "choleric" by their contemporaries.

Another earlier writer and most famous physician states that gout kills "more rich men than poor, more wise than simple." But Havelock Ellis supplies a reason for the connecting of this pathological condition with mental activity. The poison which causes it, he declares, acts as a stimulant to nerves and brain, while in addition the periodic fluctuations of it from the blood to the joints and back again afford the victim the benefit of two different points of view, almost, as it were, of two different brains: one, when the poison is in the joints, melancholy and overclouded; the other, when it is in the blood, unusually clear and vigorous.

So, as I lie in my bed, from time to time, comfortable, as Horace Walpole writes of himself, during an attack of gout, "as St. Lawrence on his gridiron," I try to soothe my pains with the personal implications of this theory. Certainly gout stimulates the brain, influencing it at the time of an acute attack, almost as though a drug were at work (during one such short period of torment, I was able to make drafts for seven short stories). Groaning, afraid to move an inch upon my rack, I say to myself angrily that the decay of great men, the disappearance of consummate generals and statesmen, is in reality only due to a decline in the numbers of gouty subjects.

Bound together by the tie of an agony that brings its own reward, this small but privileged community of victims to which I have the honor to belong knows no boundary of faith or creed; Kubla Khan and Talleyrand, William Pitt and the Bacons, father and son, Wesley and Darwin, Gibbon and Fielding, Milton and Newton, and many another name as famous, go to compose the roll of honor of this martyred but happy band; and of Ben Jonson, Drummond of Hawthornden tells us that the

great poet "heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination."

10

I HAD come into the world in London, rather unexpectedly and with nothing prepared for my reception, on a very cold December afternoon, and the place of my birth was 3 Arlington Street, opposite to where the Ritz Hotel now stands; described contemporarily, I find, as a "nice house with electric light," which my father had taken for a year or two in order to attend his parliamentary duties. My arrival, I think, cannot have impressed my parents so much as I should have liked, for they forgot to register my birth until six years later, in 1898, after my brother had been born.

Perhaps London, a year or two subsequently, is the first place I remember. Exploring dim recesses of memory, I seem to have a recollection of being wheeled down Piccadilly, of the trees of the Green Park and the old wooden gates of Devonshire House opposite, and of my mind's being occupied with the polysyllabic music of the word "Piccadilly . . . Pic . . . ca . . . di . . . lly," which seemed to me then, as it does today, a very strange and beautiful name. But London did not then occupy an important place in my existence; the two backgrounds of my childhood were Renishaw and Scarborough. In any case, though, being a slow rather than a quick child, it is places more than people, and words more than thoughts, that remain to me from my earliest days. The first words I learned were "Rags and Bones."

At Scarborough the night nursery was at the top and back of the high old stone-pillared house we then occupied, and looked out above a narrow alley. When the rushing and bellowing winds of the winter ceased for a moment to roar down this passage made for them, tearing the words from the throats of the speakers right away into the void, and only the background of tumultuous seas remained, you could hear very distinctly what was said below. In the winter dawn, before it was fully light, these houses resounded with the loud cry, "Rags and Bones! Rags and Bones!"

And so it came about that these words were the first I learned, and who knows that such countersigns to mortality, pronounced at an impressionable age, may not have influenced my mind, making me seek behind the flattering disguise for the mortal and immortal core. It served, perhaps, as a warning not to take too seriously the comfortable life of the senses developing round me, and emphasized the same lesson to be learned in my favorite nursery rhyme: —

Hark, hark, the dogges doe bark,
The beggars are coming to town.

"Rags and Bones!" the old man used sometimes to shout, sometimes to insinuate slyly, in a voice that was between a song and a whine, into the frozen air, beneath where the fleeces of the sky were now showing their

flayed and bloody edges, "Rags and Bones!" And so, since I associated him with the first words I had taught myself to utter, I took an interest in him and can still see very clearly his figure as he was a few years later, his bearded face crowned by a battered top-hat, — the survivor, it seemed, of innumerable orgies, just as it had been the witness, too, of countless interments, — vacant and smiling eyes full of an ineffable crankiness and guile, his whole impression and his jerky movements, as he pushed his barrow along, giving a little the flustered yet inanimate air of a scarecrow subjected for many seasons to the force of an intolerable wind.

Of such human beings, feckless, unable to extricate their weighted limbs from this terminus in which they found themselves, Scarborough in those days offered an inexhaustible supply: the Negro, locally known as "Snowball," who limped with a pitiful exoticism through the winter streets, trying to sell flowers, bunches of violets and button-holes, a figure from a warm Italian picture strayed into these prim, northern streets, with their frozen gutters and their roofs saw-edged with icicles; the bearded and witless tramp, known as Lousy Peter, ever tormented by various gangs of small boys, who would hit him when he fell asleep, warm in his rags, in the deserted squares at the hour which for everybody else was the dinner hour, or throw buckets of water over him — and then run away; or experiment upon him daily with a new booby-trap of their own skillful invention; the Cat Man who mewed to himself on the sands; the cretinous cherubs, children of the rich, but no less fantastic than the beggarcontingent; and more ordinary, but yet alien, players of the hurdygurdy, now extinct, with their pleading, broken English, and their coated and capped attendant monkeys, decked out in the remnants of a brighter age. And there were the more subtle and rare specimens of whom I will write in their proper place, though the observation of them, albeit it belongs to a later day, when I could more fully remark and comprehend, was nevertheless the fruit of this cry that I learned so early, "Rags and Bones! Rags and Bones!"

My father considered sons, especially elder sons when they were small, as a valuable extension of his personality, and my mother preferred small sons to small daughters, and the newest arrival to the earliest, and so my birth caused my sister Edith to be relegated to a second place in the nursery, a position which her very nature forbade her to occupy anywhere, even at that tender age. It never altered, I believe, her feeling for me, but all the same it must have constituted, like an inoculation, a first experience of the cruelty and fickleness of men and women. In consequence, it was only a few months after my birth that this little creature tried to run away from home, making an escape from our house in Scarborough so far as the outskirts of the town. Only the fact of her being as yet unable to lace her own boots, and of their being, as a result, so loose that further walking became impossible, was responsible for her capture and enforced return after an outing of three or four hours.

As for my parents, they were furious, for where she was

concerned, a sense of humor, usually so noticeable a trait in both their natures, entirely deserted them. They had produced, instead of what they had expected, — a "charming" toy reproduction of themselves in fifty-fifty proportion, — a changeling, a small being with an intensely individual character and appearance, quite unlike those nearest her, with an aquiline nose instead of the straight one for which my father had been prepared, and (it became clear in time) with no love of sport, as my mother had hoped — worse, a small creature with an alien and immortal soul, difficult to bend or mold to the comfortable, late Victorian conventions of her class. No, their sense of humor, and even of pity, completely vanished when in contact with her.

I doubt whether any child was ever more mismanaged by her parents. They failed entirely to comprehend the sort of being who was in process of flowering before their eyes; they mistook nervous sensibility for awkwardness, imagination for falsehood, and a capacity for throwing the cloak of drama over everyday events — often the sign of an artist — for "being affected." As she grew older, instead of allowing her to find her own range, in the same manner that she had taught herself to read, they tried to force her to comply to their own measurements. Her seriousness, and an attitude of criticism which gradually developed in her concerning current class beliefs (such as that the poor deserved to be poor, and the rich, rich, or that sport was of more value to life than art) terrified my mother, albeit she enjoyed, and always more with the passing years, the immense sense of fun that my aunt Florence noticed in the child early, and which continually developed.

My father, on the other hand, insisted on her admiring the things which he, with a taste he held to be infallible, himself admired. If she wanted to play the piano, no, it must be the cello instead, for he, profoundly unmusical though he was, had in his own mind decided that the cello was the finest of all instruments. Then, where poetry was concerned, Swinburne must be bad for her to read, for he had not read him, and therefore could not like him: she ought to be content with Tennyson for beauty. Austin Dobson for charm, and Kipling for strength. Besides, Swinburne was not the sort of poet to read; my mother agreed. "Morbid," she pronounced, with some lack of conviction, for she never read a line of poetry of any sort — or rather, "Morb," for she clipped her words. But I am going too far ahead.

11

THE traditional upbringing of children, in a family such as mine, implied, before the present nursery days of vitamins and orange juice and the use of Christian name between the employed and the children of the employer, a frank acceptance of the situation. Parents were aware that the child would be a nuisance, and a whole hedge of servants, in addition to the complex guardianship of nursery and schoolroom, was necessary, not so much to aid the infant as to screen him off from his father and

mother, except on such occasions as he could be used by them as adjunct, toy, or decoration. Thus, in a subtle way, children and servants often found themselves in league against grownups and employers. The female child sought shelter with nurse and housekeeper and cook, the male in the pantry.

Certainly I learned more, far more, from talking to Henry and Pare in the pantry, from their instinctive wisdom and humor, than from more academic sources. They prevented the atmosphere from becoming too rarefied or refined. Their expressions nourished the writers hidden within the children, just as the food which Davis favored on special occasions, when my father was, for some reason or other, not likely to interfere, nourished our bodies. For though she held boiled mutton and rice pudding to be the correct everyday food, and though she thought bananas "common," she often added winkles, bought as a treat on the sly (because of my father's fear of ptomaine), to our diet for tea, or shrimps, measured out in an enamel mug at the fish-shop or dragged, sandy and recalcitrant, from the pools along the shore, by ourselves. It would be vulgar for ladies and gentlemen to indulge such tastes, but children were children.

As for Henry, in after years, he himself recognized the part he had played in the development of Sacheverell and me, for in a letter I received from him, in retirement at Scarborough in 1938, he says: "There is often a bit in the newspapers about you and the members of *my club* rush up to me and show me. I see in Monday's *Scarborough News* a bit in about your hobbies, saying your education was not got at school or college, but during your holidays. Well, Sir, I make bold to claim some of that, because whether you were at Scarboro', Renishaw or abroad, if you or Master Sachie wanted to know anything about things on the earth, the sea under the earth or in the air above you generally came to me, even when you had a tutor, and often the tutors came too."

In the days when I first remember the pantry, it contained as its permanent figures Jones, Henry, and Pare. Jones was in charge, a lean individual, who had been my father's scout at Oxford, and possessed an extraordinary physique, thin and long-chinned: it was, really, a memorable chin, all the more so because, contrary to the usual reading of such a feature, it spelled indecision and a lack of organizing power. Under him served Henry, who later became butler, and Pare, while a few friends or former retainers like James Broadbent, my grandmother's fat and jovial coachman, then retired — or, rather, discharged — would look in, especially late at night.

But Henry Moat, even before he superseded Jones, was always the chief personality there. How often he used to imitate for me some guest, to whom I had taken a childish dislike, or talk to me about "Sir George's latest idea," or tell stories about the sea, or sing in his handsome bass bellow, which resembled the singing of a whale — could a cetacean be induced to sing — that won him, I found out later, so many female admirers; his atmosphere was always of the sea, for he came of a long line of sailors, fishermen, and whalers. His humor was in no way esoteric, but belonged to the genius of the race. Stephen

Pare was his foil, intensely appreciative of Henry's jokes and general character, but sad himself — and not without reason, for his wife, whom I only remember dimly — though she was often mentioned in my hearing with a lowering of the voice — and to whom he was devotedly attached, had gone mad, and he was losing his sight through having been struck by lightning. Thus he introduced a contrary and Biblical element of Job-like patience into the happy and robust eighteenth-century atmosphere of the pantry.

Henry first came to us as footman in 1893, as his signature, cut with a diamond on a windowpane of the pantry at Renishaw, still testifies, and remained with us, on and off, for forty-two or forty-three years. His absences were caused by his giving notice to my father, usually because of the introduction of some new idea of which he disapproved. And, as Henry used to complain to me, you "never knew what Sir George would do next." He lacked continuity, it seemed, in the smaller items of behavior, though, regarded in another light, each fresh contradiction seemed hallmarked with his personality. "There's only one certain thing, and that is, you can't do right."

Thus, at the age of one and a half to two years, I had unknowingly provoked a crisis, for while if Henry broke anything, or allowed it to be broken, he was always severely taken to task for it, yet on this occasion, when he had grabbed a valuable wineglass from me, just as I had smashed one, and was evidently going to smash another, my father's aesthetic theories were disturbed, and he reproved him sternly, in the words, "Don't do that, Henry! Leave him alone, or you will spoil the boy's sense of touch."

And there were his innumerable other theories, or "Sir George's fads," as Henry called them. New ideas, or, indeed, ideas of any sort, were a great trouble, for servants, even the most unusual, always like their master to be conventional. In spite of his antiquarian attitude towards life, my father, for example, was fond of reading the latest scientific treatises and of trying to keep up with modern inventions. (He considered he had made some discovering himself on occasion.) "Henry," he called one day to the great man, "I've a new idea! Knife handles should always be made of condensed milk!" (I must explain that a substance, derived from milk, a sort of paste in various colors, had lately made its appearance.) Henry looked particularly disgusted at the idea and very worried at its application. Then, with emphasis, and with an unusual air of correctitude, he countered, "Yes, Sir George. But what if the cat gets at them?"

At other times he left because it was a tactical move in the lifelong strategic game which he and my father played together; or, again, he disappeared in a trail of mystery and disapprobation, because his enjoyment of sensual pleasures had been too pronounced.

Sometimes Henry would ask to come back, sometimes my father would invite him to return; but one thing was certain: whatever the cause of the break had been, however permanent it might have appeared for the moment, or for the month, back he always came in the end. He and

my father, though mutually critical and at the same time appreciative, never failed to gravitate towards each other again, as if influenced by the working of some natural law. My father always referred to Henry as "the Great Man," and Henry for his part, mixed with feelings of the utmost disrespect, cherished towards him, as well, sentiments approaching veneration. Henry realized my father's quality, both mental and physical, and that he was an uncommon, if difficult, character. This singular mixture of regard and ridicule is best illustrated by the following very typical letter which I received from Henry many years later, describing experiences abroad.

Hotel Bristol, Berlin
Sept. 23, 1929

DEAR CAPTAIN OSBERT,

We have been travelling a good deal in Germany since the 12th of August and very interesting it is Sir George taking me and sometimes Miss Fowler [my mother's maid] with him to see the Castles, Palaces, and Museums. We have become well-known in Germany Ginger visiting the above places over and over again and giving the attendants a hell of a time so that when we enter a door and they see him they scatter like scalded cats some through doors, some through windows and others up the chimneys one fat old woman wanted to take his umbrella from him and then commenced a vigorous tug of war result the fragments of the umbrella has been sent to the Castle to be put away in the armoury. At present he is looking remarkably well and looking well after himself — and after us too. He has dined us all of soup, meat and sweets for our dinner, for fear that we get fat — her Ladyship too — and of course pays half-price for us where he has to eat double portions to get built up again, himself. But joking apart Sir George is very good to me and took Miss Fowler and me to Potsdam. Very interesting. The palaces and gardens are truly beautiful. In the ex-Kaiser's private palace in Berlin we saw the table on which he ordered the mobilisation of his Army and Navy "I.VIII.XIV. at 5 o'clock" the table is made from the oak taken from Nelson's ship the *Victory* and for the writing paper, envelopes etc to stand in there is a model of the *Victory* the stem and the stern and small enamel flags showing the famous signal "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." There was also a beautiful atlas globe of World in the Kaiser's study and I showed Sir Geo where you was in Spain.

We went the other day (friday) to the Hohenzollern Museum (Sir Geo and I) of course I marched behind him and really I think and others say so too that if possible Sir George looks more distinguished than ever and the attendants eyed him intensely the head one especially and we had all of them bowing and scraping. The head guide ordered a special catalogue to be brought and given to Sir George and then he came and asked me his (Sir Geo's) name I felt very proud of him.

Now dear Master Osbert, take great care of yourself. We leave her this Wednesday for Munich stay there at the Continental Hotel until the 3rd October then H.L. departs direct for Florence and G.R.S. and self for Verona. I remain your obedient servant,
HENRY MOAT.

Henry claimed that he was descended from Italian jet-cutters, called Moatti, who had settled in Whitby in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and certainly his family had lived for well over two hundred and fifty years in the house, which later he inherited, in the fishermen's quarter of Whitby; a delightful old house, built into the rock, its front concealed in a passage as narrow as a medieval street. Whether or not of Italian ancestry, nobody could have looked a more complete Yorkshireman than Henry. He stood well over six feet, and, with his high color, gave an impression of great physical strength; in character he was robust, original, vigorous, and audacious.

When Henry had grown old, Walter Cooper, my chauffeur, who thoroughly understood his character, asked him what he most regretted, and Henry replied, "If I had my life over again, I'd go in for scholarship and deep-thinking." He had, as his letters show, a natural gift for a turn of phrase, and, when he retired, I repeatedly offered him sums of money if he would write his life, which had been of a most entertaining order, just as his ideas had always been his own. But he was then too tired and ill, I think, to undertake it.

A letter of Henry's — also a literal transcription — written to my mother in 1918 or 1919, during one of his absences from the family, gives a good picture both of himself and of the pantry as I first remember it: —

To The Lady Ida Sitwell

MY LADY,

Big thanks for the beautiful letter you sent me, it was like a ray of sunshine. I was very sorry just to miss Captain Osbert last Saturday, if I could just have seen him before I left I would cheerfully have cancelled my visit to Stokesley and Stockton. . . . all being well I will come over to Scarboro' tomorrow (friday) when I hope to find your ladyship in the best of health and spirits although it takes a mighty effort these times but it is worth it to try. My lady if I had gone to Scarboro' last Saturday it would have been the 26th anniversary of me entering your service (Oct. 26th 1893). You were a fine young lady then full of high spirits and fun I would not have missed the career for the earth. The first night I arrived at Belvoir House Sir Geo was expecting a Committee meeting of 18 and so we only had 3 chairs in the dining room. The electricians had not got wired up, Lords, the caterers, had forgot to send, poor old Jones could not get his razor to sail round his chin (I thought I had better put 2 n's to chin, my Lady) and poor old James Broadbent [my grandmother Sitwell's former coachman] sitting sighing on a chair very tired repeating "I wantsh go 'ome." I know you will pardon me for the above my Lady I never feel lonely when I just think of my past life the cinema is not in it. Wishing you well my Lady, I remain,
Your obedient servant, HENRY MOAT.

Yet though, as I say, all these persons played so large a part in my childish life, and though I saw more of them than of my parents, yet the atmosphere for all of us was distilled by my father and mother: by my mother's unusual beauty and strange temperament, her kindness, indulgence, and furious, sudden rages; by my father's clever-

ness and determination, and his view of life — a plotting of detail, of each move in the countless games in which he was engaged, which seems to me more Chinese than European. The atmosphere they provided was unmistakable.

12

I WAS in the happy position as a small child of being my mother's favorite. I played on her bed, and upset everything with impunity. I adored her. Yet there were two things about her which I could not understand. The first time she lost her temper with me (I forget about what, but now I deeply sympathize with her), the whole world temporarily assumed a more tragic tone. I had been so sure of our relationship, now growing out of darkness into light, in which neither could do wrong for the other. I would not have believed that such a thing as this could happen, that so radiant and lovely and considerate a creature, always gay and gentle, could contain so dark a shadow within her. Moreover, though we were on such equal terms — for she treated every child as a friend and contemporary, never let him see that she was laughing at something he had said (and this no doubt was the secret of the easy influence over children, the affectionate intimacy with them, which all her life she was able to establish) — I had not until that moment suspected its existence. But the dreadful day at last ended, and by morning, time had restored the old relationship.

I used to wander in and out of my mother's room as I liked. I upset everything, as I have said — that was my privilege. I used to lie for hours in the morning on her bed, which was a drift of every newspaper published, of letters, and of cards, for she had been playing patience. I knew so well every familiar object: the flat, folding, leather card-tray upon which she had arranged her game, the clock like a huge watch in a green morocco case, the vases of flowers, the bottles of scent, the handkerchief laid on top of one of them ready for the day, the pincushions, with every size of hatpin in them, always with black shiny tops, pins that had continually to be rescued from me by my mother's prim and patient maid, who would edge into the room, holding a newly arrived or newly brushed dress at arm's length, as though it were a corpse, instead of an object of pride to her. But she would always have to drop it, and remove the pins from me before irretrievable harm was done.

I recognized the use of all the detail on the table, the diamond and ruby horseshoe brooch, the gothic pendant that had been made for Lord Albert to give his wife, with its fantastic shape and its black pearls, the silver hair-brushes, the innumerable photographs, the bottles and jars; but I did not understand one thing, a loop of thick rope, a foot or two long, twisted in a knot round the head of the bed. Eventually, after many implorings, I was told what it was. "It's a bit of a hangman's rope, darling. Nothing's so lucky! It cost eight pounds — they're very difficult to get now. Old Sir William got it for me." And, suddenly, I was back again in a world instinctively comprehended of Hogarth and Gay.

Now a barrel-organ struck up a tune called "Queen of My Heart," and the sunshine was pouring in at the three wide windows, which showed an expanse of light-blue sea, of a sparkling gayety that was imbecile. A German band, also, was playing at the corner of the Crescent, and a voice somewhere was singing "Linger Longer, Lucy, Linger Longer, Lou!" The gardenias my mother had taken off the previous night were lying on the dressing table and were scenting the room, and competing with the fragrance of tuberoses and sweet geraniums that stood in a vase. It was nearly noon, and she must begin to get up, for she was going to play a game of croquet before luncheon, and at the same time to rehearse with her partner and opponents a conversation — for a man, who had the reputation of being "most amusin'," was going to show her and three friends how to make a phonograph record, and they were to pretend to have a quarrel over a croquet match.

The record itself was to be made after luncheon, but already the vibrant tin trumpet and the virgin cylinder that looked as though fashioned of cheap brown chocolate, soft and smelling of oil, stood ready to catch the impress of their voices, and fix their tones, it seemed, their inflection and laughter, in the throat of Time. No need now to depend upon a signature, glittering like rain, incised upon a sheet of brittle glass with a diamond ring for a particular kind of immortality: this was a much more secure method. And the phonograph was a new invention — not that my mother took any interest in scientific progress for its own sake, but it was a novelty, and it was fun. She left the theoretical side to my father.

Shut up in his study that smelled of strong Egyptian cigarettes, of which he smoked from twenty to thirty a day, my father was meanwhile, though quite unaware that an expensive phonograph had been imported into his house, reading a paper that had just appeared in a scientific journal upon the more recent discoveries of Edison, with especial reference to a machine — apparently called a phonograph — which recorded voices. (It was an interesting idea, but what a pity, he reflected, that he did not know Edison — he might have offered some valuable suggestions to the inventor, if only he had been consulted!) Then, he must run through a thing in the *Athenaeum* on "Modern Modifications of the Theory of Evolutionary Survival."

But, alas! he could not spend so much time upon it as he would have liked, would have to leave making notes on the subject until another day, for he had also to think out a scheme for the discomfiture of "the other side," and he must work, too, at the pedigree of the Sacheverells, the origin of part-singing (a subject in which, except that it *had* an origin, he was not really much interested), make notes for a speech that he was to deliver to a large audience the following evening, ending with the quotation of a couple of lines from Byron, and consider the decorative motives employed in the leaden jewelry of the Middle Ages.

The household bills were again too high — such a mistake to entertain all these friends; people never did it in the thirteenth century, but were content to live mod-

estly and quietly within the castle except on some great occasion! He must send for the cook about them, and also explain to her about the making of that sauce — she did not do it right. Henry polished boots the wrong way, and he must show him how to set about it. He must enter in his architectural notebook what he had found out about the origin in the East of Romanesque architecture. He must write to Turnbull, to say that the yew hedges were not being properly planted, and that he wanted all the levels taken again in the Eckington Woods for the new twelve-mile drive. He must send a letter to that new shoe place, pointing out that he refused to pay more than 18s. 6d. for a pair of shoes, and send a check to an architect, whose name he had temporarily forgotten, for £346:6:11.

He must revise, since seeing that last exhibition, his notes on "Greek Sculpture of the Golden Age." The editor of the *Scarborough Post* ought to bring the leading article to him every day, so that he could approve it: he must think out a letter to him at once. (Sometimes he felt he would never get all these things done!) He must also enter his endorsement about the tints of spring foliage. "I have been trying to formulate my ideas as to the Spring Tints in planting. The 'old gold' which some oaks assume in May seems to me the finest colour in that month, especially when against a background of Scotch Fir. The contrast between apple trees in bloom and yews is fine, though too strong for most positions, but I have on several occasions been pleasantly surprised by it in the right place." He must drop Sir Henry White a line to tell him his law was incorrect where the sale of copyhold coal was concerned, and write to Ernest, the gardener, about the proper way to plant roses (they understood these things much better in medieval times).

In a notebook entitled "The Wisdom of Life" he wrote down an aphorism, or a caution, "Never open a letter from a correspondent known to be troublesome, until after luncheon." Now he corrected the date of "Hugh Fitz Osborne, called Blundus" from 1084 to 1086, and entered in their right place some discoveries he had made about the art of heraldry. In the pages devoted to gardens, he added that the Byzantines used to gild the trunks of cypress trees up to the height of a man, before proceeding to read over to himself a small account he had written of "Domestic Manners in Sheffield in the year 1250."

Then he shut his notebooks and went to his solitary luncheon, with Henry in heavy and dignified attendance. He always had luncheon by himself except on special occasions. People distracted him, and their company prevented "the gastric juices from following their normal course." An hour later, my mother and her friends would have an enjoyable meal, full of laughter and fun, and I

would be in attendance under the table. Several of the guests were staying in the house; others came from the town or the country houses round. (There were sixteen to luncheon, but my father did not know that, and I was not to tell him. He made such a fuss about the household bills. "But whatever one may say about him, there's no one else like him," she would add.) Some friend would admire a bracelet, and she would say "Take it, darling" and give it to her. She would also give away, in the same manner, several dresses after luncheon. Ada, or Ethel, or Amelia, or one of my mother's other devoted friends would try to prevent her from this folly. But it was no use; if anyone liked anything she had, she must give it to her.

Now, if they were all to go down to the Spa at four, those records must be made on the phonograph, at once. So those who were to take part, and their coach, drank down their coffee and went into the next room. I was allowed to accompany them on condition that I kept quiet. The needle ground out the sound of its progression, and there was scarcely a hitch in the making of the records. Only, perhaps, here and there, a voice waited a fraction too long before coming in.

And somewhere, in this house, the records still exist; some are smashed, and even those that are whole cannot be played, for my father's favorite Law of Evolutionary Survival has relegated the instruments for which they were made to that same limbo to which dinosaur, dodo, and our own anthropoid ancestor have at the end of their respective periods been consigned. Nothing remains of that golden hour, which was to be handed on so surely to posterity, except the oily, rather unpleasant scent of the records, that yet takes me — but alas! me alone — back to that gay interval between luncheon and going down to the Spa, as clearly and as surely as would the sound of the voices themselves.

It was time to go on to the Spa.

In the evening my mother and father would both come to say good night to me: it was the high moment of the day, a reception. My father would tell me a story, but his attitude was very different from that of my mother — it was thought-out. He was considering my good, not my pleasure. It would be something about the Crusades, though he was in no way stiff with children, but they existed to be improved, and in the meantime to amuse and interest him with their curious point of view. My mother stayed on with me while I fell asleep, which even then, when I was a very small child, I found difficult because of a fear of not sleeping. She kissed me, and I remembered nothing more until morning came and I heard the cry "Rags and Bones! Rags and Bones!"

(To be continued)

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